

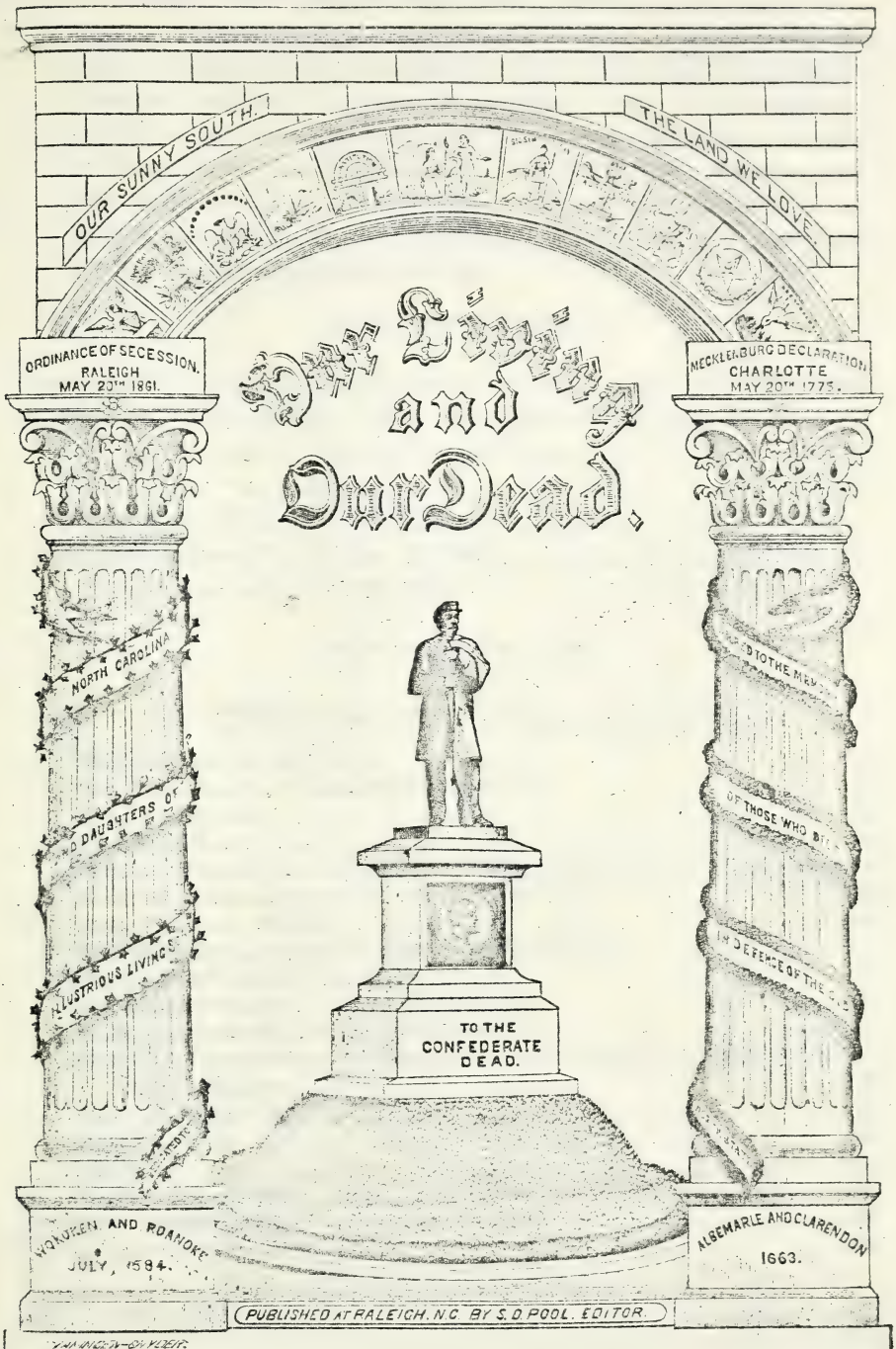
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Vol. 4. MARCH, 1876. No. 1.



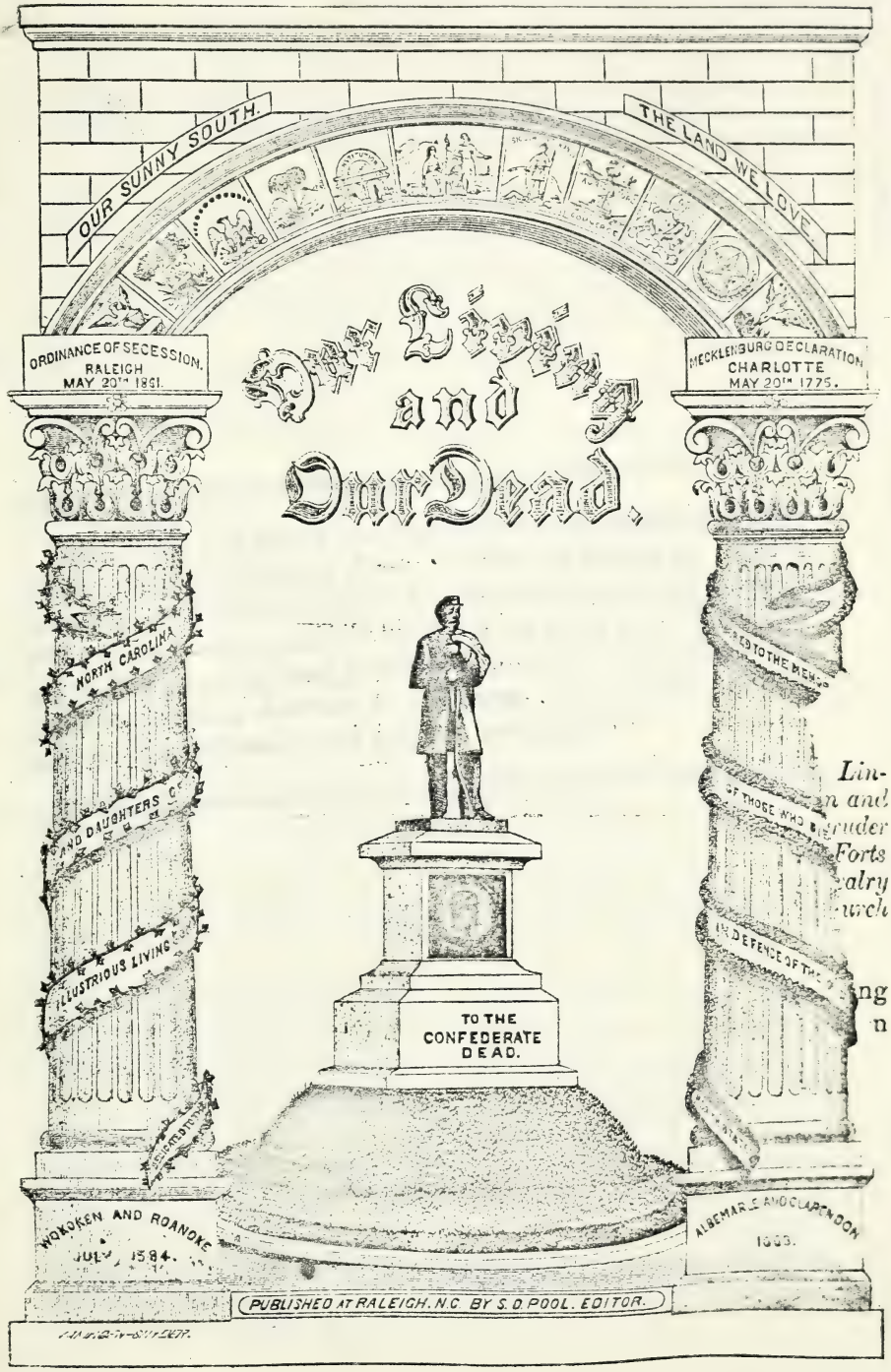
For reasons unnecessary for us to explain at length, we issued no January and February numbers of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD. It is sufficient for our purpose to state that we could not very well get out the *first number* of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY and this magazine in any other way. It will make no difference to our subscribers, although it may have annoyed some of them, as we have advanced each one's time two months, and this number begins a new volume. We ask all to aid us in the good work which we have undertaken, and thus far prosecuted with so large a measure of success.

A FEW ERRORS CORRECTED.—In line 7, page 58, "those first fellows" should read "those fine fellows;" on page 55, lines 13, 25 and 34, for "Cemetery" read "Seminary," and on page 56, line 28, for "only and rigorously" read "duly or vigorously;" page 5, line 3, for "who, shattered to atoms," read "to be shattered to atoms," and the signature on page 60, should be I. R. Trimble and not J. R. Trimble.

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Table of Contents.

Soldier's History of the War,..... 3
Gen. Lane's Report of the Battle of Jericho Ford 19
Pollard's New Book,..... 22
The Roll of Honor,..... 25
Gen. Lee's Final Report of the Pennsylvania Campaign and Battle of Gettysburg, 33
North Carolinians at Gettysburg—By Gen. I. R. Trimble,..... 53
Interesting Facts—Reprint,..... 61
Move Promptly and Strike Hard—By S. D. Bagley, Esq.,..... 62
"At his Post"—By Lee Hampton,..... 65
The Poetry of the Rose—by Miss K. M. Rowland,..... 71
Poetry—Carmenensis—By Maj. J. W. Moore, ... 77
Virginia and North Carolina at Gettysburg—By Randolph A. Shotwell, 8th Virginia Volunteers..... 80
Diary of a Young Lady,..... 97
Fort Fisher, ... 100
Editorial,..... 107
Battle of Moore's Creek,..... 113
Gens Jackson and Lee—An eloquent Eulogium,..... 120
A Confederate Heroine, ... 123


OUR SUNNY SOUTH.
THE LAND WE LOVE
ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.
RALEIGH
MAY 20TH 1861.
MECKLENBURG DECLARATION
CHARLOTTE
MAY 20TH 1775.
Our Living and Our Dead.
NORTH CAROLINA
TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.
ILLUSTRIOUS LIVING
WANCHESE AND ROANOKE
JULY 1584.
ALBEMARLE AND CLARENDON
1663.
PUBLISHED AT RALEIGH, N.C. BY S.O. POOL, EDITOR.



OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD was established to gather and publish the historical record of North Carolina. It has not yet fulfilled its mission, nor will that mission be completed till, with pious assiduity and care, a true and full record of the State is published, till the sufferings, privations, fortitude and heroism of the people and their unwavering devotion to the cause they espoused shall be shown. North Carolinians, will you not sustain it?

Our Living and Our Dead;

DEVOTED TO

North Carolina—Her Past, Her Present and Her Future.

Official Organ North Carolina Branch Southern Historical Society

Vol. IV.] MARCH, 1876. [No. 1.

THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR;

CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF

EVENTS, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES,

WHICH OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

Bloody War, Which took Place in the United States in 1861.

By REV. JOHN PARIS, Late Chaplain 54th Regiment, N. C. Troops.

CHAPTER XI.

Change of Policy on the part of the Federal Government—Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation—Its Effect—Attack upon and Capture of the Town and Harbor of Galveston by Gen. Magruder and Commodore Smith—Attack of Admiral Dupont upon the Forts and Batteries in Charleston Harbor—His Repulse—Battle of Cavalry Forces at Kelley's Ford—Battles of Chancellorsville and Salem Church—Death of Lieut. Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson—His Character.

THE first day of January, 1863, witnessed the struggling Confederacy as bold and defiant as she was on the day when she planted her flag upon the walls of Sumter. Her hopes of success were strong and buoyant. But in the North it was different. The Federals were doubtful of the issue. Public expectations had not been realized. Too many battles had been lost. Too many armies had been defeated; and too many thousands of Federal soldiers had fallen. The Rebels had fought too desperately, and displayed such fortitude and heroism as to challenge the admiration of the world; dissatisfaction with regard to

the situation began to manifest itself. After the Federal army had been driven off from the Chickahominy, and Pope defeated at Manassas and driven back upon Washington, the Abolition party of the North became clamorous for new and extreme measures. The radical wing of this party had been in favor, from the beginning of hostilities, of waging the war so as to free the slaves wherever the success of arms should make the authority of the Federal power to be felt. This time the United States Congress had passed, almost unanimously, a resolution declaring that "the war should not be conducted in hostility to any of the institutions of any of the States." Mr. Lincoln, himself, had declared in his inaugural address, that the Constitution gave him no power to interfere with slavery where it existed in the States, and that he had no desire to do so. Although he had taken an oath "to support and defend" that Constitution, yet the time had now come when Congressional faith should become "*punic*," and the President's oath to support and defend the Constitution, should be laid on the shelf, and a different line of action and of policy pursued.

On the 13th of September, a delegation of Abolitionists from the North, belonging to the fanatical school, presented to the President a memorial praying him to issue immediately a proclamation declaring a general emancipation. This memorial held out to the President for inducement the assurance that if such a step should be taken by him, it would enlist more heartily in the cause of the war the entire abolition party. That the party would feel a confidence in the principles at issue, that would inspire among them an enthusiasm not heretofore felt, and that thus they could be brought up more promptly to the support of the Constitution and the country. According to the reply of the President, as published in the papers of the day, he was undecided upon the subject at that time. But on the 22d of September, just one week afterwards, he astonished all parties by the appearance of a proclamation preliminary to one which he promised should appear on the first day of January, 1863.

In this preliminary proclamation he stated that he would declare at the time specified, one hundred days from the date of his notice, all the slaves held in bondage in any State, or part of a State, which should at that time be in rebellion against

the government of the United States, forever free. This preliminary proclamation seemed to present itself in the character of a menace; was regarded with indifference throughout the South, and as an amusing jest among the officers and soldiers of the Confederate armies.

Congress had previously enacted a law, which met the approbation of Mr. Lincoln, for the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, and likewise one offering encouragement and protection to any that would forsake their owners in the Confederacy and come within the Federal lines. But on the first day of January, 1863, the promised proclamation bearing the signature of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, made its appearance, declaring all the negro slaves within eleven States forever free. This proclamation was in violation of the most sacred provisions of the Constitution of the United States; but such was the corruption of the times, and such the maddened phrenzy of fanaticism, that he had the strongest reasons to believe Congress would endorse and justify his action. Nor was he mistaken. That body stood by him, and sustained him in this outrage upon the Constitution of the country by which the people of eleven States were robbed of property to the value of more than two thousand millions of dollars. The thirteen colonies which declared themselves free from, and independent of Great Britain in 1776, were denounced by the government of England as rebels; a bloody and desperate war took place which lasted seven years; each one of these was a slave-holding colony; yet England was never willing to condescend to the ignoble work of robbing the people of their property, while she was endeavoring to force them back into "the Union" with the sword. England has had her faults, but official and legal robbery of a people she claimed as her subjects, though in rebellion against her authority, has never been one of them. In the war of 1812, her armies carried off a large number of slaves belonging to the citizens of the United States, for which, in the treaty of peace, she agreed to pay to the United States the sum of one and a quarter million dollars as indemnity. This was in accordance with the laws and usages of civilized nations. Hence it remained for the government of the United States to perpetrate an act of public robbery, of a charac-

ter that has dishonored no nation, and which, in point of magnitude, has no parallel in history.

At the time this proclamation was issued it had but little operative effect, except in some parts of the States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. It fired the hearts of the people of the Confederacy to a more determined and energetic prosecution of the war, and inspired them with an intense hatred towards a government and a people, who would thus add robbery to oppression, by plundering them of their property.

This constituted the full and complete triumph of the abolition party. 'Tis true that the elections that came off in the fall of 1862, after Mr. Lincoln's preliminary proclamation had made its appearance indicated the unpopularity of his measure, yet such was the great and corrupting influence of the public patronage which he wielded, with the close military surveilance which he exercised through officers called provost marshals throughout the Northern States, that he found himself sustained by a majority of the populace.

On the first day of January, 1863, an attack was made by Gen. Magruder, commanding the land, and Commodore Smith, commanding the naval forces, upon the town and harbor of Galveston, in Texas. The enemy held the town by a land force of several hundred infantry, which was supported by a fleet of eight armed vessels, mounting upwards of thirty guns. The naval force brought down the river by Commodore Smith, consisted of two steamers so fitted up with cotton bales as to render them impervious to cannon shot. The attack was made just before the dawn of day. The assault was nearly simultaneous by land and sea, and was attended with brilliant success. One steamship and two barques were among the captures, besides the destruction of the enemy's flagship by being blown up; with all the land forces as prisoners of war, with an immense amount of military stores. The remnant of the Federal fleet escaped to sea, and Gen. Magruder published to the world that the blockade was raised and the port of Galveston open to the commerce of the world.

Vicksburg, completely commanding the channel of the Mississippi in her front, and having successfully resisted all the efforts of the Federal Government to reduce the place, had become by the opening of the 1863, the great objective point with the ene-

my. Sherman's fine army on board his transports, with Porter's famous mortar fleet had come down the river. The land troops were disembarked a few miles above Vicksburg. But after some maneuvering and unimportant skirmishing, towards the close of January he re-embarked his troops and withdrew from the vicinity of the place. This failure of Sherman greatly chagrined the enemy. The Northwestern States were anxious that the Mississippi should be opened to their commerce, and a third expedition was set on foot, upon a more magnificent scale, under the command of General Grant. Various schemes and plans were proposed for the reduction of the place, but difficulties seemed to confront the assailants at every point. Commodore Porter with his fleet held the river, and it was deemed of great importance that Admiral Farragut with his powerful naval armament from below should co-operate in the attack upon the defences of Vicksburg. But in order to effect this co-operation, it was necessary that the fleet of the latter should pass the batteries of Port Hudson. This attempt was made under cover of darkness on the night of the 14th of March. The fleet consisted of nine heavy steam vessels of war, and iron-clad gunboats, with six schooners. The Confederates were prepared for the emergency. The batteries reserved their fire until the fleet came within point blank range, and then poured into it a well directed and most destructive fire. The leading ship, the Hartford, and one other, with some damage succeeded in effecting the passage, but such was the destructive aim of the Confederate artillerists, that the remainder of the fleet recoiled from the attempt, and drew off by falling down the river. The Mississippi, one of the most formidable vessels of the fleet, was so shattered by the shot and shell of the batteries as to become unmanageable: she was deserted by her crew and taking fire she blew up, and her fragments disappeared beneath the waves.

In the meantime, the most formidable armament and outfit of land and naval forces that the Federal Government had ever organized in the West, were being concentrated at Vicksburg. The naval force lay in the river above the city, and the land forces under Grant occupied the right bank. Every effort that military and naval science could bring into requistion, in order to effect the reduction of the place was made. and the siege was prosecuted

with redoubled energy—while at the same time the Confederate commander was not indifferent to the dangers that were gathering around him, but strengthened his defences with all the means and appliances placed within his reach ; and as Vicksburg had defeated and driven off two besieging armaments, it was fondly hoped throughout the Confederacy, she would be able not only to defy, but to defeat and expel the third. But an event had occurred early in January that had aroused some fears in the minds of the less hopeful, that all things might not continue favorable at Vicksburg. This was the fall of Arkansas Port situated about two days march from the mouth of the river. It had an effective force of 3,300 men commanded by Gen. Churchill, and controlled the navigation of the river. The reduction of the place was effected by a combined attack of the land forces under Gen. McClernand, and the navy under Admiral Porter. Through some strange oversight, or neglect, this small force had its line, or chance of retreat, effectually cut off, and was thus cooped up and compelled to surrender to overwhelming numbers. The fall of this position afforded the enemy the complete control of the Arkansas river, and the country around, and from its proximity to Vicksburg afforded greater security to the troops operating against it.

But of all the cities in the Confederacy, there was not one against which Federal hate was more vindictive, or Federal ambibition more maliciously directed, than Charleston. It was here the war first opened, and here the "Stars and Stripes" were first pulled down from over the walls of Sumter, and surrendered upon the demands of Confederate authority, and no pains, nor expense were spared in an outfit for the capture or destruction of the place. The most formidable and improved ships of war, of the latest and most improved models that naval architecture could devise, with iron clad hulls, were fitted out at New York and other Northern navy yards ; and a grand and imposing armament was assembled at Port Royal, a harbor held by the enemy not far from Savannah. In this formidable fleet were to be found eight vessels of war, after the model of the "Monitor" which fought the ill-fated "Virginia" in Hampton Roads, and which afterwards went down in a gale off Cape Hatteras on her way to join the fleet. Among these formidable and imposing vessels of

war was the famous frigate Ironsides, whose hull was likewise encased with iron, and supposed to be entirely impervious to any missiles of warfare to be found either on land or sea.

Since the surrender of Fort Sumter the defences of the harbor of Charleston had been greatly strengthened and improved, principally under the direction of Gen. Beauregard, who was believed to be the best engineer in America. This distinguished chieftain had paid particular attention to the improvement of Forts Moultrie and Sumter, in additon to which he had erected Battery Bee. The three constituted the main defence to the entrance of the harbor.

Late in the day, April the 7th, the long expected visit of the hostile fleet took place. Admiral Dupont entered the harbor with nine strange looking ships of war—such as had never been seen in those waters before—carrying the most destructive and formidible guns that had ever been mounted on ships of war. His naval line of battle moved forward in silent grandeur. The Confederate artillerists looked on undismayed, and patiently awaited the signal to open fire. A little after 3 o'clock, P. M., the guns of Fort Sumter spoke out in thundering tones of death-like defiance, while the batteries of Fort Moultrie, and Morris' and Sullivan's islands joined in the terrible chorus. It soon became apparent that Fort Sumter was the prime objective point of the attack, as the main fire of the ironclads was directed against the eastern face of its walls.

But the terrible fire of the heavy guns of the forts and batteries soon began to tell an unmistakable tale. The ironclads grew restless in their positions, and as shot after shot with damaging effect warned them of their dangerous situation, they strove to avoid the impending danger by changing positions for greater security. Amid the terrible thunders of the battle, one of the enemy's most formidable vessels, the Keokuk, boldly moved up within a half mile of Sumter, as if she intended to lay the walls of the hated fortress even with the ground. A few minutes only were necessary to satisfy her of her mistake. Being terribly damaged by the heavy guns of the fort, with struggling efforts she was barely able to pull out of the melee and get from under fire in order to keep from going to the bottom. Her example was soon followed by the whole fleet, and in a damaged

condition it was withdrawn for safety to a secure position, under a galling conviction that they had sustained a severe defeat. The action was over in less than an hour and Admiral Dupont found it impossible to bring off the Keokuk, and abandoning her as a wreck, he returned with his shattered fleet to Port Royal for repairs. The loss of the Confederates was very small, and the damage to the forts and batteries still less. The victory sent a thrill of joy throughout the Confederacy, for the issue had been looked for with great solicitude and anxiety.

BATTLE OF KELLEY'S FORD.

We now turn our attention to events transpiring in Northern Virginia. The Federal army having been strongly reinforced by cavalry, a grand raid was projected, to be conducted by General Averill, at the head of a column numbering between three and four thousand men.

On the night of the 16th of March, the pickets of Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, which were guarding Kelley's Ford on the Rappahannock, were driven in, and the enemy's cavalry force crossed the river with their trains and took up a position, in order to reconnoitre the country in front, before advancing. The brigade of Lee was encamped at Culpepper Court House, and consisted of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth regiments of Virginia cavalry.

General J. E. B. Stuart was at Culpepper with Lee when the news arrived of the advance of the enemy. The resolution was immediately formed to attack the Federals at once, and thus repel the advance. The troops had been inactive for some time, and were "eager for a fight," being elated at the idea of meeting the enemy in a fair fight. The brigade, numbering at the time, less than nine hundred effective mounted men, was moved to the vicinity of Kelley's Ford, and drawn up in line to hear the orders. Gen. Stuart addressed them in his usual style. He told them that the enemy was advancing, and that he was in large force; that they must now meet and whip them. That no Southern soldier, fighting for country and honor, would be expected to do anything less than his duty; that the odds against them were heavy, consequently the greater necessity for hard fighting; that

they must rely upon the sabre alone; no carbines or pistols were to be used. If the enemy should be routed, a vigorous pursuit must be made, and their destruction would be expected by the General commanding.

The enemy had formed his line transversely across the road leading to Kelley's Ford, upon a tongue of land embraced in a bend of the river, somewhat in the form of a horse shoe. Along the front centre of his line ran a stone fence, and parallel with it a ditch. In front the country was open for some distance. In their rear a heavy body of woods would shield them in case of disaster and retreat, while each flank was protected by his batteries. Averill held this line with about three thousand five hundred men, a portion of whom were dismounted and posted behind the stone fence and trees as sharpshooters.

The Confederate cavalry were drawn up in line in front of the enemy's centre; the first regiment being on the right, and the fifth upon the left, while the enemy's line overlapped both flanks, owing to his superior numbers. In the rear and upon an eminence Stuart posted his artillery, in a position which enfiladed a part of the enemy's line, and which would secure a safe retreat in case of disaster. Two companies were dismounted from the fifth, and were advanced to act as sharpshooters.

The line of battle being in readiness, the troops sat in silence in their saddles, with drawn sabres, awaiting the signal of attack. It was given by the bugles sounding the charge. Then opened the dreadful tumult of war. With a wild cheer the brigade dashes upon the enemy's centre, across the field, over the ditch, and up to the stone fence; though a storm of shot and shell charged these fragments of regiments. The enemy, terror stricken, at the headlong fury of the charge, fled from the protection of the fence to the more secure cover of the woods in their rear. There beyond the reach of the sabre they halted and poured volley after volley into the faces of the Confederates with impunity. Desperate efforts were made by some of the command to ride down the fence and thus open a way to reach the enemy, but the masonry was too solid. The efforts were useless. All that human courage could do was done, but the terrible fire that was directed upon the assailants, was too fatal and destructive to be withstood. With broken and thinned ranks they fell back to

their first position and reformed, in order to try it again. Charge after charge was made in rapid succession, followed by repulse after repulse. It was impossible to reach the enemy. After repeated charges, followed by severe losses, the brigade was drawn up in line to make one more desperate effort. The attempt was to charge and capture the enemy's artillery, which commanded the road. The 3rd and 5th regiments were formed on the right of the road, and the others on the left, and immediately in front of the batteries. To have made this attack with equal numbers would have been desperate; but the disproportion was certainly as one is to four. It was the most desperate dash of the day. Stuart and Lee placed themselves at the head of the column, and when the charge was sounded, they led in person the last mounted charge of the day. With a courage undaunted by successive repulses, they charged furiously with a yell, through shot and shell, grape and canister, up to the cannon's mouth, but only to meet with repulse again. Broken and shattered, they retired to the first position of the morning.

Emboldened by the confusion produced by the last repulse, the enemy for the first time gave indications of assuming the offensive.

Quitting their cover, a large body of cavalry were thrown upon the right flank and rear of the Confederate line, while two regiments charged the batteries. The fight was brief and bloody. The enemy was broken and driven back to his lines. Both sides now drew off to their original positions, and for a short time there was a lull in the storm of battle that had been raging for hours. General Stuart having found it to be impossible to pierce the enemy's centre, and drive his force in confusion to the river, determined to change his mode of attack. The brigade was dismounted and required to fight on foot with the carbine. The first regiment, under cemmand of Major Morgan, made a detour to the right, and attacked successfully the left and rear of the enemy; while the other regiments pressed his front. In about thirty minutes the Federals began to give way at all points, and in a short time were in full retreat. Stuart pressed the pursuit as vigorously as possible. A number of prisoners, with some baggage wagons, fell into the hands of Stuart and Lee. From official documents captured during the action, it was evident that

the expedition had for its object the destruction of Gordonsville and the James River Canal. Stuart and Lee won a victory, but at a dreadful cost. Nearly one-half the brigade was placed *hors du combat.* Some valuable officers had fallen and were numbered among the dead. Major Pelham, of the artillery, who had won a well merited distinction on the battlefield at Fredericksburg, though comparatively young, was among the slain. Other officers of distinction found soldiers graves on the same field. The loss of the Federals was not so heavy, as they fought principally under cover.

In the former chapter, we left the armies of Lee and Burnside confronting each other at Fredericksburg, in which positions they spent the entire winter, while their nightly camp fires were plainly visible to each other. The winter in Northern Virginia was very severe. Snows and frequent rains rendered the roads impracticable for the movement of troops or baggage trains, and the infantry of the two armies were doomed to that monotonous state of camp life which is to be found in winter quarters. But the Confederate cavalry, under the chivalrous Stuart, made several aggressions upon the enemy by crossing the Rappahannock, and effecting important captures in his rear.

The signal defeat which Burnside had sustained at Fredericksburg, proved ruinous to his military reputation and the fickle masses of the North became clamorous for his removal from command. He was soon displaced and Major General Hooker invested with the chief command. The bravery of this officer will hardly be doubted, but his capacity for such a position may be questioned, as he so readily afforded unmistakable evidences of his unfitness for such a command, by his stupid and blundering movements. Among the Federals he was generally spoken of as "fighting Joe Hooker." But where or when he won his claim to such an appreciation, it would be hard to determine. The most striking trait of character as evinced by himself was, that of an egotistic braggart; and what had given him the most reputation with the Federal Government was in all probability his illiberal and unkind criticisms upon Gen. McClellan's campaign from Yorktown to the Chickahominy, as a witness before a court of enquiry at Washington, and the use which the Northern newspapers made of it. By this means he engineered him-

self into command, and we shall soon see how he engineered himself out. One of the first things he undertook after assuming command, was "ballooning." On every calm day for about four months, he would keep one or more balloons some hundreds of feet up in the air, in which was placed an observer to watch the movements in the camp of Lee and along the valley of the Rappahannock. Perhaps the greatest amount of good effected by this novel mode of obtaining information, was the amusement it afforded the Confederate soldiers, who were generally pleased to see what they called "the Hornet's nests in the air."

Gen. Hooker proceeded to reorganize his army upon resuming command, and formed it into nine corps; and such was the high estimate which he placed upon his grand military organization, that he pronounced it "the finest army upon the planet," when in conversation with some of his friends in Washington. Its numerical strength amounted to 150,000. Early in the spring Gen. Lee had seen proper for commendable purposes, to send General Longstreet down the right bank of the James River, to threaten Suffolk, which was held by a strong column of the enemy, while Maj. General D. H. Hill was sent to take command of the department of North Carolina. Longstreet invested Suffolk, and the Federal commandant made every possible preparation for the expected assault. In the mean time the forage wagons of Longstreet traversed the country lying between that point and Roanoke River, and in a few days the quartermasters and commissaries had gathered an immense supply of bacon and forage of every description from the neighboring and rich counties of Carolina. This being one of the prime objects to be effected by Gen. Longstreet's movement, no determined assault was made upon Suffolk.

On the night of the 28th of April, General Hooker began his first offensive movement against General Lee. Being aware of the absence of Lieut. Gen. Longstreet with a large portion of his corps, he no doubt concluded that the opportune movement in which to strike had come. Accordingly he threw across the Rappahannock, under cover of darkness, the left wing of his army, comprised of three corps, commanded by General Sedgwick, and supposed to number 35,000 men. With the main body he moved up the river, and crossing at Germania, Ely and United

States Fords, with no other opposition than such as the cavalry pickets offered, he sent forward his cavalry, under Gen. Stoneman to seize and destroy the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad as well as the central road which ran from Richmond to Gordonsville, for the purpose of breaking up Lee's line of communication with his rear, and along which his army must receive its supplies. While with the main body he moved down in the direction of Gen. Lee's left flank, halted near a country tavern, known by the name of Chancellorsville, on the old plank road eleven miles from Fredericksburg, and began to entrench himself. The plan was truly one of bold conception. But notwithstanding his vast superiority of numbers, which was as ten to three, it hazarded too much in the presence of such men as Lee and Jackson. He behaved like one unacquainted with the chiefs he had to deal with.

Early on the morning of the 29th, General Jackson, whose headquarters were near Hamilton's Crossing, received notice that the enemy was crossing near the Bernard House in strong force. Notice was promptly sent forward to General Lee, and the 2d corps was soon under arms, and prepared for his reception. Lee, about the same time, received notice from Gen. Stuart, whose cavalry guarded the fords above, that Hooker was crossing at those points with a formidable body. From the movements of the enemy our chiefs soon penetrated his designs. Sedgwick began to fortify himself as soon as he had crossed, at the edge of the plateau, near the river, in which position his troops would be under cover of the guns in his batteries on the Stafford heights; hence, it became apparent at once that the movement of this column was intended as a feint in order to divert attention from the main object of attack.

General Lee's plan for attack was soon formed. Leaving General Early with his division, supported by Barksdale's brigade of Mississippians, to occupy the long line of works from Fredericksburg to Hamilton's Crossing, he marched with the divisions of McLaws and Anderson, of Longstreet's corps, to meet the main body of the enemy under Hooker in person. Chancellorsville is situated at the junction of two roads running from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House. The one nearer the river is called the Old Turnpike, the other is called the Plank Road. Their

distance apart is generally from one to two miles. From Chancellorsville two other roads diverged. One running in a northeasterly direction crossed the Rappahannock in the direction of Bank's ford. The other after leaving the point called Chancellorsville a short distance divided, when one branch leads to United States ford, on the Rappahannock, and the other to Ely's ford, on the Rapidan, above the junction. Hooker had crossed over his army principally at the fords last named, and concentrating them at Chancellorsville, he proceeded to fortify himself by throwing up works of an irregular character, conforming to the irregularity of the ground, as it rose in gentle ridges or hillocks along the rivulets. The forest around the farm of Chancellorsville, is principally composed of tangled thickets of undergrowth and was known by the appellation of the Wilderness. The strange and irregular works were concealed in these tangled thickets, and nearly embraced two other farms in their compass, and extending nearly two miles. None but a line of battle could discover their true position and that only at a short distance; and what greatly contributed to their strength was a line of abattis in front strongly formed of brushwood, so arranged as to constitute a formidable obstacle in the way of an assailing force. The whole North was jubilant when the news reached Washington and New York by the wires, that "Fighting Joe" had crossed the Rappahannock, entrenched himself upon Lee's flank, thrown his left wing over in front of his right, and had sent his whole cavalry force upon the rear. One general opinion was that Lee could neither fight, nor retreat, but would be forced to surrender.

The divisions of McLaws and Anderson preceded the corps of Jackson on the march, and about three miles east from Chancellorsville they came in contact with the enemy's advance, on the 30th, and immediately drew up in line of battle at Tabernacle Church, which place afforded a favorable position for defence; the right and left flanks being defended by both cavalry and artillery, and awaited the arrival of Gen. Stuart with his division of cavalry.

General Jackson withdrew his divisions after dark, on the evening of the 30th, from his position before Fredericksburg, and marched to the vicinity of Spotsylvania Court House, a distance

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of about ten miles where his troops rested until the dawn of day. This movement was effected without being observed by the enemy, under Sedgwick, in his front. On Friday, the first day of May, Jackson reached the line of battle held by the divisions of McLaws and Anderson, about 11 o'clock, A. M. This line when strengthened by Jackson's corps, covered both the plank and turnpike roads, running from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville and extending beyond the latter to the river. Some lively and desultory fighting took place on this day. The prime object of the Confederate commanders was to develop the true position of the enemy's line. His skirmishers and sharpshooters were gradually driven back by the sharpshooters of Lee, until the front line held by Hooker was plainly developed. Both armies were enveloped in the dense thickets, in which it was almost impossible for the soldier to recognize his foe at a distance beyond fifty yards. Night came on, and the murderous crack of the sharpshooters rifle was lulled to silence. The moon threw her pale light upon the scene, as if to invite the martialled hosts to peace and to rest. The Confederate chiefs met in council. Stuart had made a close reconnoisance with his cavalry, on the west and northwest of Hooker's position, and had learned from prisoners taken something like a correct outline of his position, the plan of his defences, and the configuration of his camp, as well as the actual strength of the vast host encamped around Chancellorsville, which was computed at 90,000. All concurred in the opinion that the enemy must be attacked on the next day, and if possible, driven from his position. General Jackson proposed the plan of a movement around the right flank of Hooker, and a furious attack upon his rear, as the most feasible plan by which to disconcert this boasting General, and thus throw his forces into confusion, and by concert press him both in front and rear at the same time. The suggestion and plan of Jackson was adopted by Gen. Lee; and Jackson with his three divisions marched at daybreak to execute the part assigned him upon the right and rear of Hooker. This movement was one attended with great danger; and was such as could only be successfully executed by a master spirit in the art of war. To divide the inferior army of Lee into two parts in the immediate presence of this vastly superior army of the foe, and by the movement to bring on battle,

by placing one portion on his rear, while the other remained in position offering him battle in front, seems to be without a precedent in the annals of warfare. If the movement had been discovered by Hooker, and his abilities as a commander had been equal to the enterprise, he would have had an opportunity to crush, and thus ruin the Confederate forces in a few hours. But Lee and Jackson were not novices in the art of war. Having furnished himself with the necessary guides who were well acquainted with the country and all its roads, he moved southward and westward along private roads by way of Catharine Furnace, a place of notoriety in the days of other years, while Gen. Stuart with his cavalry and some infantry pickets moving upon his right, and occupying all the roads and passes between the marching column and the enemy, completely masked the movement and kept Hooker in complete ignorance of what was going on; while Lee, with two divisions, was diverting his attention in front. Soon after the corps of Jackson had passed Catharine Furnace, it turned by another road to the northwest, and fell into the old plank road above Chancellorsville, leaving the Stonewall brigade to hold this road, as he was now upon the rear of the enemy, he continued his march until he reached the Old Turnpike, a short distance further northward, halting near a small stream called Wilderness Run, six miles from Chancellorsville. This much had been made between daybreak and 3 o'clock P. M., and his corps, with its artillery and baggage trains had been conducted along narrow and intricate roads a distance of fifteen miles with marvelous success. The divisions and brigades being all up a short respite for rest was allowed. But the anxious mind of Jackson was not at rest. He was close upon the foe, and he wanted to strike. Having penned a short note to General Lee, informing him of his safe arrival at the position upon the enemy's rear, and of his determination to attack, he proceeded at once to arrange his troops in order of battle to move to the assault.

To be Continued.

GEN. LANE'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF JERICHO'S FORD.

HEADQUARTERS LANE'S BRIGADE,
September 20th, 1864.

MAJOR—I have the honor to report that we left the church in the neighborhood of Spotsylvania Court House, after dark on the 21st of May, marched until 2 o'clock that night, resumed our march at 4½ o'clock on the morning of the 22d, and bivouacked about noon that day near Hewlett's Station, on the Central Railroad. At 6 o'clock A. M. on the 23rd, we moved still further down the railroad, and about noon went into camp close to the South Anna River and near Anderson's Station. That afternoon we were ordered up the railroad, formed line of battle on the right of McGowan, perpendicular to the road, and threw forward a portion of our sharpshooters. The 7th regiment was soon afterwards detached to guard a ford on the river. We were subsequently ordered still further up the road, our sharpshooters being left deployed in front of our old position. Formed line of battle again on McGowan's right, but this time parallel to the railroad; and with skirmishers thrown forward, advanced upon the enemy at Jericho Ford in the following order from right to left: 18th, 37th, 33rd, and 28th. We soon drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and after advancing about 400 yards into the woods in our front, we became actively engaged with the main line of battle posted on a commanding ridge, when a portion of the troops on our left gave way. I at once apprised Gen. Wilcox of the fact through my Adjutant General, Captain Hale. The General replied that it was not so, and ordered me to push on. We were then in advance of McGowan's brigade. Soon after this order was received, the 37th N. C. Regiment of my own command, broke and ran back. I then ordered the other three regiments back to the edge of the woods, where the 37th was being rallied, as my line was broken and there was no one on my left. Having reformed the line, in obedience to orders from Gen. Wilcox, I again advanced it into the woods, when the 37th again broke. The other three regiments, however, in both advances, held their ground and fought very gallantly, until ordered back. While the 18th, 28th

and 33d regiments all fell back in a cool and orderly manner. Lieut. Col. Cowan is deserving special praise for the handsome manner in which he withdrew the 33d; the attention of his men being constantly called to Co. B, of that regiment, which, under its brave commander, Capt. E. Price, was marching by the rear rank, with arms shouldered as though it were on drill. We reformed the second time in the open field in rear of the woods, advanced again to the edge of the woods, threw out a strong line of skirmishers and succeeded in bringing off all our dead and wounded. We were relieved that night about 11 o'clock by Davis' brigade of Heth's division. We then formed on the railroad and commenced fortifying, but before day we were moved to Anderson's Station where we entrenched and remained until the 27th.

I regret to have to state that Lieut. H. J. Costner, Company B, 28th Regiment, was killed in this engagement. Lieut. Costner was a brave officer, and conscientious in the discharge of all his duties.

Lieut. Jno. M. Cochrane, Company D, 37th Regiment, behaved very handsomely.

LIST OF CASUALTIS ON THE 23D OF MAY AT JERICHO FORD.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Offi.	Men.	Offi.	Men.	Offi.	Men.	Offi.	Men.	
7th N. C. Reg.	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1	.....	2	2
18th "	.....	.....	.....	4	.....	2	.....	6	6
28th "	1	4	1	23	.....	1	2	28	30
33rd "	.....	5	2	27	.....	4	2	36	38
37th "	.....	1	2	19	.....	2	2	22	54
Grand Total,	1	10	5	74	.....	10	6	94	100

Officers Killed—28th Regiment—Lieut. H. J. Costner, Co. B.

Officers Wounded—28th Regiment—Lieut. R. D. Rhyne, Co. B.; 33d regiment, Capt. J. A. Weston, Co. F., and Lieut. J. W Gibbs, Co. F.; 37th regiment, Lieut. J. B. Somerville, Co. B.; and Lieut. J. M. Grimsley, Co. K.

On the 27th we left Anderson's and bivouacked that night near Ashland. Next morning we resumed our march at 3 o'clock and

camped that afternoon near Shady Grove Church, where we remained until the afternoon of the 29th, when we were ordered back a short distance and bivouacked for the night near Atlee's. Next morning we formed line of battle on the right of McGowan, and entrenched near the railroad. On the 31st we were ordered to Storr's (or Stowe's) farm on the Tottapottamoi Creek, near Pole Green Church, where we relieved Wofford's brigade. We were here engaged in very heavy skirmishing all that day, besides being subjected to a terrible artillery fire, losing about twenty killed and wounded. On the 1st of June we moved back and built a new line of works, the old one being held by a strong line of skirmishers. Next day we marched to Cold Harbor where we entrenched in the second line. That afternoon we supported Wharton's brigade of Breckenridge's division in its advance upon Turkey Ridge, and afterwards took position between that brigade and Thomas' on the right near the McGee house. Here I was wounded by one of the enemy's sharpshooters, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Col. Jno. D. Barry.

CASUALTIES FROM MAY 24TH, TO JUNE 3D, INCLUSIVE.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL.		AGGREGATE.
	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.	
Gen. Staff,	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	1
7th N. C. Reg.	.....	.....	2	4	.....	.....	2	4	6
18th "	.....	1	1	6	.....	.....	1	7	8
28th "	.....	1	.....	6	.....	.. ..	... ..	7	7
33rd "	.....	1	.....	1	.....	.....	.....	2	2
37th "	.. ..	1	1	5	.....	.....	1	6	7
Grand Total,	.....	4	5	22	.....	.....	5	26	31

Officers Wounded—General Staff—Brig. Gen. James H. Lane. 7th Regiment, Capt. J. S. Harris, Co. B., and Lieut. J. M. Alexander, Co. H.; 18th regiment, Lieut. Camden Lewis, Co. B.; 37th regiment, Lieut. A. F. Yandle, Co. I.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE,
Brig. General.

MAJ. JAS. A. ENGELHARD,
A. & A. G. of Wilcox's Light Division.

From an Editorial in Petersburg Index, Sept. 11th, 1867.

POLLARD'S NEW BOOK.

In Pollard's new work, "Lee and his Lieutenants," in the sketch of Major General Cadmus M. Wilcox's career, there occurs an error into which the author should not have fallen, considering his claimed acquaintance with the composition of General Lee's Army.

On page 506 the following occurs:

"From this summary record we must detach one incident that glorified the last days of the Confederacy, and is generally related as having closed, with illuminated scroll, the career of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is the story of the defenders of Fort Gregg. Whose troops they were that gave this last example of devotion on Gen. Lee's lines had been subject to some doubt; but it is now certain that they were of Gen. Wilcox's command."

It is certain that no such thing is the case. The infantry garrison at Fort Gregg was composed of the Mississippi brigade of Harris, formerly Posey's, and the brigade was from the battle of Manassas to Appomattox a part of R. H. Anderson's, latterly Mahone's division.

On the same page, Gen. Wilcox is accredited with three performances erroneously. He was not engaged, except slightly, on the first evening at the Wilderness, his troops did not hold their own on the 12th of May at Spotsylvania, and instead of achieving success at Jericho Ford, May 24th, as Pollard relates, his brigades, (Lane's and McGowan's) behaved most disgracefully and were replaced by Davis' and Cooke's troops of Heth's division.

On page 522, in the biography of Gen. Field, of Virginia, the historian relates that his division, when surrendered, constituted more than half of General Lee's force then under arms. This is not so. The divisions of Field and Mahone, together, did form the larger portion of the army. Why the silence in regard to the latter corps, which rendered as splendid service on the retreat as was ever performed in the Halcyon days of the Confederacy?

From the Richmond Dispatch.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY—A LETTER FROM BRIG. GEN. LANE.

RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 19th, 1867.

The Petersburg *Index*, in its editorial notice of Mr. Pollard's

new work entitled "Lee and his Lieutenants," does great injustice to Lane's North Carolina brigade and the other gallant troops composing Wilcox's division.

That paper asserts 'Wilcox was not engaged, except slightly, on the first evening at the Wilderness," whereas Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were both hotly engaged, and succeeded in keeping back two or more corps of the Federal army. In my official report I stated that we—that is, my brigade—were the last troops to become engaged, and, without hope of assistance, kept up the unequal contest from about 5 o'clock, P. M., until 9. My aggregate loss in the fights of the 5th and 6th was 415.

The next error is in the assertion that "Wilcox's troops did not hold their own on the 12th of May at Spotsylvania." Gen. Early, however, is of a different opinion; for in his "Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence," page 25, he says:

"On this morning the enemy made a very heavy attack on Ewell's front, and broke the line where it was occupied by Johnston's division. A portion of the attacking force swept along Johnston's line to Wilcox's left, and was checked by a prompt movement on the part of Brigadier-General Lane, who was on that flank. As soon as the firing was heard, Gen. Wilcox sent Thomas' and Scales' brigades to Lane's assistance, and they arrived just as Lane's brigade had repulsed this body of the enemy and they pursued it for a short distance. As soon as Mahone's division arrived from the left, Perrin's and Harris' brigades of that division were sent to Gen. Ewell's assistance, and were carried into action under his orders. Brigadier-General Perrin was killed and Brigadier-General McGowan severely wounded, while gallantly leading their respective brigades into action; and all the brigades sent to Ewell's assistance suffered severely.

"Subsequently, on the same day, under orders from Gen. Lee, Lane's brigade of Wilcox's division and Mahone's own brigade (under Col. Weisiger) were thrown to the front for the purpose of moving to the left and attacking the flank of the column of the enemy which had broken Ewell's line, to relieve the pressure on him, and, if possible, recover the part of the line which had been lost. Lane's brigade commenced the movement, and had not proceeded far when it encountered and attacked, in a piece of woods in front of my line, the Ninth Corps, under Burnside

moving up to attack a salient on my front. Lane captured over three hundred (300) prisoners and three battle-flags, and his attack on the enemy's flank, taking him by surprise, *no doubt contributed materially to his repulse.* Mahone's brigade did not become seriously engaged. The attacking column which Lane encountered got up to within a very short distance of a salient defended by Walker's brigade of Heth's division, under Col. Mayo, before it was discovered, as there was a pine thicket in front, under cover of which the advance was made. A heavy fire of musketry from Walker's brigade, and Thomas' which was on its left, and a fire of artillery from a considerable number of guns from Heth's line, were opened with tremendous effect upon the attacking column, and it was driven back with heavy loss, leaving its dead in front of our works. This affair took place under the eye of Gen. Lee himself."

The original of the following communication is still in my possession :

"Hd. Qrs. Army of Northern Virginia,
On the Battle-field, May 13, 1864.

Gen. C. M. Wilcox, Commanding Division :

General :—General Lee directs me to acknowledge the receipt of the flags captured by Lane's brigade in its gallant charge of yesterday, and to say that they will be forwarded to the Honorable Secretary of War with the accompanying note and the names of the brave captors.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
C. S. Venable, A. D. C."

The *Index* is again mistaken when it says: "Instead of achieving success at Jericho Ford, May 24th, as Pollard relates, his brigades (Lane's and McGowan's) behaved most disgracefully, and were replaced by Davis' and Cooke's troops of Heth's division." The 37th regiment alone of my brigade behaved badly on that occasion; but in justice to this regiment, it must be remembered that it lost its Colonel and many of its bravest company officers in the fight of the 12th. The 7th was guarding a point on the river, and was not actively engaged. The other three regiments fought very gallantly, drove the enemy back to a commanding position near the river, held the ground over which they fought, removed all their dead and wounded, and were not relieved by

Davis' brigade until 11 o'clock that night, at which time the fighting had ceased.

Lastly, the *Index* denied that Fort Gregg was defended by any part of Wilcox's command and says: "The infantry garrison at Fort Gregg was composed *entirely* of members of the Mississippi brigade of Harris, formerly Posey's." This assertion is not true. The true defenders of Fort Gregg were a part of Lane's North Carolina brigade, Walker's supernumerary artillerists of A. P. Hill's corps, armed as infantry, and a part of Chew's Maryland battery. Harris' brigade and a few pieces of artillery occupied Fort Alexander, which was to the rear of Fort Gregg and higher up the Appomattox; and that fort was evacuated, the infantry and artillery retiring to the inner line of works, before Fort Gregg was attacked in force. I have letters from Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard and Rigler of my brigade, who were in Fort Gregg when it fell; and these officers estimate the number of Harris' brigade in that fort at not more than twenty, including a Lieut. Col. Duncan and his Adjutant, while they estimate the number from my brigade to have been at least three-fourths of the entire force.

I commanded a North Carolina brigade from the battle of Sharpsburg to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, and during that time, with the single exception of the 37th regiment at Jericho Ford, my entire command always behaved most gallantly, and won for themselves an enviable *Army reputation.*

JAMES H. LANE,
late Brigadier-General C. S. A.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

It will be remembered that while publishing OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD in the form of a newspaper, we extracted from the books of the "Roll of Honor," preserved in the State Library, all that was found relating to the organization and history of North Carolina regiments, omitting personal sketches and remarks concerning officers and men, which the "muster rolls" contained. Although these are so meagre as to give but little idea to the general reader of the splendid material of which our regiments were composed, we have thought it best to publish them, that they may furnish some data for the future chronicler of the heroic deeds of

the "Boys in Gray," furnished to the Confederacy by North Carolina. Introductory to these brief sketches we give the "Resolutions providing for a Roll of Honor, with the remarks of Dr. Beall, who introduced them.

The resolutions in regard to the "Roll of Honor," were first introduced by Dr. R. Lamar Beall, member of the House of Commons from Davidson county, who thus addressed the House:

REMARKS OF MR. BEALL.

I am persuaded, Mr. Speaker, that every member of this Assembly should feel a deep sense of gratitude to that Divine Providence which has raised up such an army as ours, and has enabled that army to stand as a wall of fire between all that we hold dear and the desolating fury and savage hate of our ruthless foes. I am sure, sir, that every North Carolinian, with a true Southern heart, rejoices in the fame won by the arms of her sons, on the glorious plains of Richmond, Manassas, Antietam, in the bloody passes of Boonsboro, and many other hard fought fields. I am sure that he is proud of those great leaders, who, with the calmness of Christian martyrs, relying on the justness of their cause and an Overruling Providence, have borne aloft our flag amidst the storm of carnage and death, and whose names will not perish. We are proud that their great names are on the public records of the day, and that they have become household words. But, sir, while we cherish a just pride in our great leaders, let us not forget those who follow them; those who bear the brunt of the battles; those against whom the hosts of tyranny are broken as the waves that dash against the rock-bound shore. The brave men in the ranks are as much entitled to our admiration and our gratitude as those who point out the path of glory. There are men in the ranks whose patriotism, whose courage, whose heroic daring equal that of our most famous chieftains; and yet we have no public record of their names; they are never mentioned, perhaps never known, beyond the immediate circle of their comrades in battle. It is for the purpose of letting those brave men know that their patient endurance and their gallant deeds are not forgotten, but will be handed down to other generations, that I propose this record.

But, sir, there is another class of our noble soldiery entitled to

a place in this Roll of Honor. Go with me to that lonely tent over which floats the flag of suffering and death. See that manly form wasted with disease and racked with pain, and no soft hand to smooth his hard pillow. See him sink into the silent grave without a stone to mark his last resting place, with no loved ones near to scatter flowers over the sacred solitary mound. That man left a fond wife and tender children, and all the endearments of a happy home; at the call of his country, he sprang forward in defence of liberty; he "endured hardship as a good soldier in his country's cause;" and now he lies down in an unknown grave. That man is as much entitled to a place in the Roll of Honor, and to our gratitude as he who dies amid the shouts of battle.

"With the red blade broken in his hand."

And, sir, are not the daughters of North Carolina entitled to a place on the Roll of Honor as well as her sons? Language is inadequate to express my admiration for our noble women. I do not know how we could sustain ourselves in this struggle against tyranny, without their encouraging smiles and self-denying exertions. The lovely daughters of the South have an instinctive appreciation of what is right, and an instructive hatred of all tyranny. Hence, in the beginning of this struggle they were arrayed in bitter hostility against the Northern despotism; hence, you see the fond wife, while her heart is sad at the necessity of parting, and her eyes dimmed with tears, buckling the sword on her husband's side, and bidding him God-speed in the defence of all he holds dear; hence you see the mothers, the sisters and maidens of this fair land bidding their sons, their brothers, and their lovers go forth to battle for the righteous cause. You know that their prayers in our behalf, like sweet incense, are ascending to Heaven and are remembered by a prayer-hearing God. You see them like ministering angels around the couch of the sick and wounded. You see them tendering those sympathies "that steal from life its bitterness, and spread over care and suffering the sweet ministering hand of kindness and love." We delight to encircle with laurel the brow of the conquering hero; we love to build lasting monuments to martial fame, the names of those renowned for mighty deeds

shine with peculiar lustre upon the pages of history; but when the history of this glorious struggle is written, no page will shine with brighter lustre than that which records the sweet charity, the patient endurance, and the heroic fortitude of the lovely daughters of the South.

Then let this roll of the noble dead and the gallant living be made. Let it be a record of martyrdom for independence; let it be a record of gratitude for our lovely women. And when our children shall, in future days, come up to this temple, let them turn over these sacred pages and learn how to endure, how to suffer, and, if need be, how to die in defence of just and righteous principles.

RESOLUTIONS PROVIDING FOR A ROLL OF HONOR.

WHEREAS, It is becoming that every State show its gratitude to its defenders; and whereas, our noble soldiers, by their patient endurance, their heroic fortitude, and their undaunted valor are doubly entitled to our gratitude and the admiration of the world, and whereas, our noble women have materially contributed to the defence of the country by their active benevolence which alleviates the sufferings and promotes the comfort and efficiency of our soldiers; therefore

Resolved, That this General Assembly authorize the Governor to prepare a book to be called the Roll of Honor, in which shall be placed the name, rank, regiment, and residence of every soldier of this State who has died or may die in the service of his country during the present war.

Resolved, That in the same book shall be placed the name, rank, regiment, and residence of every soldier of this State, who has distinguished himself in the service of the country during the present war.

Resolved, That this General Assembly hereby records its heartfelt gratitude to the noble women of this State who have done so much to alleviate the sufferings of our soldiers, and to sustain our most righteous cause; and that the Governor may, if he thinks expedient, record the distinguished names in the Roll of Honor.

Read three times and ratified in the General Assembly, this 20th day of December A. D. 1862.

(Signed) R. S. DONNELL, S. H. C.
GILES MEBANE, S. S.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT N. C.
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, Sept. 14th, 1863.

Special Orders, }
No. 51. }

I. James H. Foote, Captain and A. A. G., is specially assigned to duty in preparing a Roll of Honor of the soldiers of North Carolina, (see resolutions of General Assembly of 1862, authorizing the Governor to prepare a book to be called the Roll of Honor, &c.,) and will proceed immediately to the discharge of said duty.

By order of Governor Vance.

(Signed) R. C. GATLIN,
Adjutant General.

FIRST REGIMENT, N. C. TROOPS.

Montford S. Stokes, Colonel 1st regiment, left his quiet home at the commencement of hostilities, raised a company of volunteers and tendered it to the Government and was immediately offered the command of a regiment of twelve month volunteers, which he declined, and was then appointed Colonel of the 1st Regiment of State Troops to serve during the war. This noble regiment he commanded up to the time he was mortally wounded, June 26, 1862, at Ellyson's Mills, Va. Had he lived his military skill and bearing would have raised him to a much higher position in the army. Col. Stokes was a popular commander, had received a military education, and served in the Mexican War as Major of the North Carolina Regiment. While in Mexico he was presented with a magnificent sword by his regiment.

Tristram L. Skinner, 2d Major, was killed in battle, June 26, 1862. He fell while bravely charging the enemy—he was an officer capable of filling the highest position. His death was greatly lamented.

John A. Benbury, Captain Co. A, killed at the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. A brave officer whose death was much lamented.

John L. R. Miller, Captain Co. H, killed in battle at Winchester, Va. Universally admired as a gallant officer.

Wm. D. Scarborough, 1st Lieutenant Co. I, died of disease

while on march, at Frederick City, Md. He was a good officer and gallant man.

Jas. J. Terrell, 2d Lieutenant Co. I, resigned Jan. 31, 1863. Leg amputated from wounds received in the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. He was in all the battles around Richmond and behaved well in time of danger.

Jno. D. Lack, 2d Lieutenant Co. D, mortally wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville. He distinguished himself in many hard fought battles, and was brevetted 2d Lieutenant for gallant conduct at the battle of Sharpsburg.

John A. Morgan, private Co. A, promoted to 2d Lieutenant Dec. 26, 1862, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Malvern Hill.

Daniel M. Carlton, private Co. B, was severely wounded in the battle at Malvern Hill. Appointed Sergeant, May 1862. Slightly wounded at Chancellorsville; showed great courage at Winchester and Gettysburg; appointed 1st Sergeant, June 10, 1863.

Isaac N. Martin, private Co. B, killed in battle at Chancellorsville, was appointed Sergeant for gallant conduct. Never missed a battle.

Alfred W. Wilbor, private Co. B, was promoted to Ordnance Sergeant for gallant conduct in battle of Sharpsburg, Md.

Wm. E. Newlin, private Co. B, was killed in battle at Sharpsburg. He acted gallantly in that hard fought battle.

Chas. T. J. Houser, private Co. D, promoted to Sergeant for good conduct in every battle.

John Williams, private Co. D, promoted to Corporal for good conduct in every battle.

Geo. A. Barr, 2d Sergeant Co. E—as good a soldier as the Confederacy has produced. Died of disease from exposure while on duty.

Somerset Bryant, 1st Corporal Co. E, a good man and faithful soldier. Promoted to Sergeant.

Evan Atkinson, private Co. E, has been with his regiment in every battle and always did his duty.

Geo. A. Lumsden, private Co. E, has been in every battle in which his regiment has taken part,—is now a Corporal and worthy of all praise as a good soldier.

Wm. W. Peacock, private Co. E, has acted with distinguished courage in every battle—now a Sergeant.

Henry Robinson and Henry Ramsey, privates Co. E, are faithful soldiers.

Seth Waltham, private Co. E, a good soldier—worthy of all praise.

Henry G. Williams, private Co. E, a brave soldier. Killed at Sharpsburg.

David R. Whitsell, private Co. E, a lad of great promise—fights like a brave man.

Lawrence Albright, private Co. E, wounded at Sharpsburg—a brave man, killed in battle of Mine Run.

Rob't. J. Faucett, in many battles. An excellent soldier.

Addison Garner, private Co. E, wounded at Sharpsburg– promoted to Sergeant for gallant conduct, and wounded again at Chancellorsville.

Kinsey Leving, Samuel E. Thompson and George Whitesall, privates Co. E, in many battles—brave soldiers.

Edward D. Johnson, private Co. F, wounded in the battle at Ellyson's Mills, and again at Chancellorsville, having at the latter place, received three wounds before leaving the field.

Joseph Taylor, 3d Sergeant Co. H, wounded severely in hip in battle at Petersburg. Acted well in many battles. Wounded also at Gaines Mills.

John Taylor, 4th Sergeant Co. H, killed at Chancellorsville. He acted nobly in every battle in which he was engaged.

Noah Asby, private Co. H, never absent until severely wounded May 2, 1863. He has acted nobly.

Isaac Gutherin, private Co. H, a praiseworthy soldier. Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

James R. Gurganus, private Co. H, a soldier worthy of great praise. Wounded at Chancellorsville.

Eli Gurganus, private Co. H, promoted to Corporal. He has acted nobly in every battle in which he has been engaged.

John L. Mobly, private Co. H, one of the best soldiers in the Confederate army, promoted to Corporal. Wounded at Mine Run.

Henry H. Tweedy, private Co. H, wounded at Malvern Hill and killed at Sharpsburg. A brave soldier.

Henry D. Taylor, private Co. H, died at Richmond. He fought bravely around Richmond.

McGilvry Taylor, private Co. H, killed at Chancellorsville. A brave man.

Samuel Vanhorn, private Co. H, died March 5, 1863. He fought bravely through several battles, in three of which he was wounded.

Wm. F. Modlin, private Co. H, killed May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville. A brave man. Promoted to Corporal.

H. L. Roebuck, killed at Chancellorsville. Worthy of all praise as a good soldier.

Jas. F. R. Clapp, private Co. H, promoted to Corporal. Wounded at Sharpsburg. A faithful soldier.

Jas. H. Foote, Captain Co. I, commanded in battles around Richmond, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. Resigned Jan. 6, 1863, and was promoted to Assistant Adjutant General of North Carolina.

John W. Mitchell, musician, aged 14. A faithful little soldier and good musician.

Geo. W. Bailey, private Co. I, was mortally wounded at Mine Run, Nov. 27, 1863; died next day. A brave boy.

Oscar L. Mitchell, private Co. I, killed June 26, 1862, at Ellyson's Mills, while bravely charging the enemy.

John L. Smith, private Co. I, killed June 26, 1863, at Ellyson's Mills. A brave youth.

James Belvin, private Co. I, killed May 3d, 1863, at Chancellorsville. Was severely wounded at Ellyson's Mills, June 26, 1862. He fell at Chancellorsville, pierced by many balls, with the flag staff in his hand which he planted on the breastworks of the enemy. Had been promoted to Corporal.

Young B. Clifton, private Co. I, fought bravely in several battles, wounded at Malvern Hill. Leg amputated from accidental gunshot at Gettysburg.

Isham W. Mitchell, private Co. I, killed June 26, 1862, in battle at Ellyson's Mills. A brave soldier and most excellent young man.

Thos. Strickland, private Co. K, wounded at ———. The best soldier in the company.

John King, private Co. K, killed June 27, 1862, in battle of Cold Harbor. A brave and noble boy.

Thos. Brown, private Co K, distinguished himself at Ellyson's Mills, and was wounded at Malvern Hill.

[From the Southern Magazine, August 1872.

GENERAL LEE'S FINAL REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN, AND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

SIR:—In *The Historical Magazine* for February 1869, published by Mr. Henry B. Dawson, at Morrisania, New York, there is a copy of General Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign and the battle of Gettysburg. This report was furnished to *The Historical Magazine* by Mr. William Swinton, who says that it chanced to be on the person of one of Gen Lee's staff officers at the time of the destruction of his headquarters papers on the retreat from Petersburg; but he declines to state how he came in possession of it. In a conversation with Gen. Lee, in April 1869, I was informed by him that he had received a copy of the report as published, and he said that the report was substantially correct, though he was at a loss as to how Mr. Swinton got possession of it. He stated that the report as prepared for the Adjutant General at Richmond was with his other papers in the headquarters wagon on the retreat, and that when he found the wagons cut off and about to fall into the hands of the enemy's cavalry, he sent a courier to destroy all the papers; and he thought it possible that this paper may have escaped destruction and been picked up by some straggler or other person. After Gen. Lee's death I received a copy of the number of *The Historical Magazine* containing the report, from Mr. Dawson, and when in Baltimore in April 1871 I showed it to Col. Charles Marshall, who then informed me that when the report was written it was copied under his superintendence, and that the copy only was returned to Gen. Lee, he (Col. Marshall) retaining the rough draft, in which a number of corrections had been made. He also said that this rough draft as corrected happened to be with some of his own papers which he had with him on the retreat and at the time of the surrender, and thus escaped destruction; and that he loaned it to Mr. Swinton shortly after the close of the war, who he supposed, copied it while in his possession, and was thus enabled to furnish the copy to *The Historical Monthly.*

There can be no question about the substantial authenticity of the report; and as it is a document of great historical value, I request that it be published in your valuable journal, in order

that it may be more accessible to the officers and soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia and the Southern people, very few of whom have had an opportunity of seeing it, as the *The Historical Magazine*, though a very valuable and impartial publication, has scarcely any circulation in the South.

There is an error in the report as published in locating the entrenched position which my command assaulted and carried at the time of the capture of Winchester, on the *Newtown* road. It should be on the *Pughtown* road, which is on the northwest of Winchester, while the Newtown road (the Valley pike) is on the south of the town. This mistake was probably made in copying or printing the report, and I have made the correction to conform to the facts of the case by merely substituting Pughtown for Newtown. With this correction, the general accuracy of the report as now given will be recognised by all who participated in the memorable campaign into Pennsylvania, and it is eminently worthy of preservation as containing Gen. Lee's own account of a campaign which has been much criticised by persons not well acquainted with the facts. If there are any variations between the published report and the original now in the hands of Col. Marshall, he can make the proper corrections.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

June 29th, 1872. J. A. EARLY.

From the original manuscript, now first printed, communicated by William Swinton, Esq.

MY DEAR DAWSON:—I send you herewith for publication Gen. Lee's official report of the invasion of Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg, and shall take occasion at a future day to follow it up with a paper, by way of comment and elucidation.

This document I regard as quite the most important and interesting in my collection of unpublished manuscripts relating to the history of the late war. It was obtained by me from a source not necessary to be mentioned here, soon after the close of the war, while in Virginia, gathering material for my *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*. It was General Lee's habit to make public brief preliminary reports of his military operations as soon as possible after their occurrence, and afterwards follow them up by carefully prepared and elaborate reports, designed for permanent places in the archives of the war. Such a brief preliminary account of the invasion of Pennsylvania and battle of Gettysburg

was published by General Lee soon after the return of the ill-tarred campaign of the summer of 1863, and it is this paper which appears in our existing collection of historical documents. It is quite meagre and incomplete.

The present document is Lee's full and final report of this great campaign. It was prepared by the Confederate commander during his leisure moments in the winter of 1864–'5, while besieged by Grant within the lines of Petersburg. I believe it was never even forwarded to the War Office at Richmond, and happened to be preserved from the destruction that befell all of Lee's headquarter papers while on the retreat from Petersburg, simply from the fact that it chanced to be on the person of one of his staff-officers.

WILLIAM SWINTON.

REPORT.

I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of this army from the time it left the vicinity of Fredericksburg, early in June, to its occupation of the line of the Rapidan, in August.

Upon the retreat of the Federal army commanded by Major General Hooker from Chancellorsville, it occupied the ground north of the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, where it could not be attacked except at a disadvantage.

It was determined to draw it from this position, and if practicable transfer the scene of hostilities beyond the Potomac. The execution of this purpose also embraced the expulsion of the force under Gen. Milroy which had infested the lower Shenandoah Valley during the preceding winter and spring. If unable to attain the valuable results which might be expected to follow a decided advantage gained over the enemy in Maryland or Pennsylvania, it was hoped that we should at least so far disturb his plans for the summer campaigns as to prevent its execution during the season of active operations.

The commands of Longstreet and Ewell were put in motion and encamped around Culpepper Court House on the seventh of June. As soon as their march was discovered by the enemy, he threw a force across the Rappahannock about two miles below Fredericksburg, apparently for the purpose of observation. Hill's Corps was left to watch these troops, with instructions to follow the movements of the army as soon as they should retire.

The cavalry, under General Stuart, which had been concentrated near Culpepper Court House, was attacked on the ninth of June by a large force of Federal cavalry, supported by infantry, which crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's and Kelley's fords. After a severe engagement which continued from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, the enemy was compelled to recross the river with heavy loss, leaving about five hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery and several colors in our hands.

General Imboden and General Jenkins had been ordered to co-operate in the projected expedition into the Valley: General Imboden, by moving towards Romney with his command to prevent the troops guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from reinforcing those at Winchester, while Gen. Jenkins advanced directly to the latter place with his cavalry brigade, supported by a battalion of infantry and a battery of the Maryland Line.

General Ewell left Culpepper Court House on the tenth of June. He crossed the branches of the Shenandoah near Front Royal and reached Cedarville on the twelfth, where he was joined by General Jenkins. Detaching General Rodes with his division and the greater part of Jenkins' brigade to dislodge a force of the enemy stationed at Berryville, General Ewell, with the rest of his command, moved upon Winchester—Johnson's division advancing by the Front Royal road, and Early's by the Valley turnpike, which it entered at Newtown, where it was joined by the Maryland troops.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

The enemy was driven in on both roads, and our troops halted in line of battle near the town on the evening of the thirteenth. The same day the force which had occupied Berryville retreated to Winchester on the approach of Gen. Rodes.

The following morning Gen. Ewell ordered Gen. Early to carry an intrenched position northwest of Winchester, near the Newton* road, which the latter officer, upon examining the ground discovered, would command the principal fortifications.

To cover the movement of Gen. Early, Gen. Johnson took position between the road to Millwood and that to Berryville, and

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*Pughtown—J. A. E.

advanced his skirmishers toward the town. Gen. Early, leaving a portion of his command to engage the enemy's attention, with the remainder, gained a favorable position without being perceived, and about 5 P. M. twenty pieces of artillery, under Lieut. Col. H. P. Jones, opened suddenly upon the entrenchments. The enemy's guns were soon silenced. Hays' brigade then advanced to the assault and carried the works by storm, capturing six rifled pieces, two of which were turned upon and dispersed a column which was forming to retake the position. The enemy immediately abandoned the works on the left of those taken by Hays, and retired into his main line of fortifications, which Gen. Early prepared to assail in the morning. The loss of the advanced works, however, rendered the others untenable, and the enemy retreated in the night, abandoning his sick and wounded, together with his artillery, wagons and stores. Anticipating such a movement, as soon as he heard of Early's success, Gen. Ewell ordered Gen. Johnson to occupy with part of his command a point on the Martinsburg road about two and a half miles from Winchester, where he could either intercept the enemy's retreat, or aid in an attack should further resistance be offered in the morning. Gen. Johnson marched with Nicholl's and part of Stewart's brigades, accompanied by Lieut. Col. Andrews, with a detachment of his artillery, the Stonewall brigade being ordered to follow. Finding the road to the place indicated by Gen. Ewell difficult of passage in the darkness, Gen. Johnson pursued that leading by Jordan's Springs to Stephenson's Depot, where he took a favorable position on the Martinsburg road about five miles from Winchester. Just as his line was formed the retreating column, consisting of the main body of Gen. Milroy's army, arrived and immediately attacked him. The enemy, though in superior force, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, was gallantly repulsed; and finding all efforts to cut his way unavailing, he sent strong flanking parties simultaneously to the right and left, still keeping up a heavy fire in front. The party on the right was driven back and pursued by the Stonewall brigade, which opportunely arrived. That on the left was broken and dispersed by the Second and Tenth Louisiana regiments, aided by the artillery; and in a short time nearly the whole infantry force, amounting to more than twenty-three hundred men, with

eleven stand of colors, surrendered, the cavalry alone escaping. Gen. Milroy, with a small party of fugitives, fled to Harper's Ferry.

The number of prisoners taken in this action, exceeded the force of Gen. Johnson, who speaks in terms of well-deserved praise of the officers and men of his command.

In the mean time, Gen. Rodes marched from Berryville to Martinsburg, reaching the latter place on the afternoon of the fourteenth. The enemy made a show of resistance, but soon gave way, the cavalry and artillery retreating towards Williamsport, and the infantry towards Shepherdstown, under cover of night. The route taken by the latter was not known until it was too late to follow; but the former were pursued so rapidly, Jenkins' troops leading, that they were forced to abandon five of their six pieces of artillery. About two hundred prisoners were taken; but the enemy destroyed most of his stores.

These operations resulted in the expulsion of the enemy from the Valley, the capture of four thousand prisoners, with a corresponding number of small arms, twenty-eight pieces of superior artillery, including those taken by Gen. Rodes and Gen. Hays, about three hundred wagons and as many horses, together with considerable quantities of ordnance, commissary and quartermaster's stores. Our entire loss was forty-seven killed, two hundred and nineteen wounded, and three missing.

MARCH INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

On the night of Ewell's appearance at Winchester, the enemy in front of A. P. Hill's, at Fredericksburg, recrossed the Rappahannock, and the whole army of Gen. Hooker withdrew from the north side of the river. In order to mislead him as to our intentions, and at the same time protect Hill's corps in its march up the Rappahannock, Longstreet left Culpepper Court House on the fifteenth, and advancing along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, occupied Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. He had been joined while at Culpepper by Gen. Pickett with three brigades of his division. Gen. Stuart with three brigades of cavalry moved on Longstreet's right and took position in front of the gaps.

Hampton's and Jones' brigades remained along the Rappahan-

nock and Hazel rivers in front of Culpepper Court House, with instructions to follow the main body as soon as Hill's corps had passed that point.

On the seventeenth Fitz Lee's brigade, under Col. Munford, which was on the road to Snicker's Gap, was attacked near Aldie by the Federal cavalry. The attack was repulsed with loss, and the brigade held its ground until ordered to fall back, its right being threatened by another body coming from Hopeweli towards Middleburg. The latter force was driven from Middleburg and pursued towards Hopewell by Robertson's brigade, which arrived about dark. Its retreat was intercepted by W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Col. Chambliss, and the greater part of a regiment captured.

During the three succeeding days there was much skirmishing, Gen. Stuart taking a position west of Middleburg, where he awaited the rest of his command. Gen. Jones arrived on the nineteenth, and Gen. Hampton in the afternoon of the following day, having repulsed on his march a cavalry force sent to reconnoitre in the direction of Warrenton. On the twenty-first the enemy attacked with infantry and cavalry, and obliged General Stuart, after a brave resistance, to fall back to the gaps of the mountains. The enemy retired the next day, having advanced only a short distance beyond Upperville.

In these engagements the cavalry sustained a loss of five hundred and ten killed, wounded and missing. Among them were several valuable officers, whose names are mentioned in General Stuart's report. One piece of artillery was disabled and left on the field.

The enemy's loss was heavy: about four hundred prisoners were taken and several stand of colors.

The Federal army was apparently guarding the approaches to Washington and manifested no disposition to assume the offensive. In the meantime, the progress of Ewell, who was already in Maryland with Jenkins's cavalry, advanced into Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be within supporting distance; and Hill having reached the Valley, Longstreet was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, and the two corps encamped near Berryville.

Gen. Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with

part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder to cross into Maryland and place himself on the right of Gen. Ewell. Upon the suggestion of the former officer that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward.

On the twenty-second Gen. Ewell marched into Pennsylvania with Rodes's and Johnson's division, preceded by Jenkins's cavalry, taking the road from Hagerstown through Chambersburg to Carlisle, where he arrived on the twenty-seventh. Early's division, which had occupied Boonsboro, moved by a parallel road to Greenwood, and in pursuance of instructions previously given to Gen. Ewell, marched towards York. On the twenty-fourth Longstreet and Hill were put in motion to follow Ewell, and on the twenty-seventh encamped near Chambersburg.

Gen. Imboden, under the orders before referred to, had been operating on Ewell's left while the latter was advancing into Maryland. He drove off the troops guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and destroyed all the important bridges on that route from Martinsburg to Cumberland, besides inflicting serious damages upon the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. He was at Hancock when Longstreet and Hill reached Chambersburg, and was directed to proceed to the latter place by way of McConnellsburg, collecting supplies for the army on his route.

The cavalry force at this time with the army, consisting of Jenkins's brigade and White's battalion, was not greater than was required to accompany the advance of Gen. Ewell and Gen. Early, with whom it performed valuable service, as appears from their reports. It was expected that as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac Gen. Stuart would give notice of its movements; and nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia. Orders were therefore issued to move upon Harrisburg. The expedition of Gen. Early to York was designed in part to prepare for this undertaking, by breaking the railroad between Baltimore and Harrisburg and seizing the bridges over

the Susquehannah at Wrightsville. Gen. Early succeeded in the first object, destroying a number of bridges above and below York; but on the approach of the troops sent by him to Wrightsville, a body of militia stationed at that place fled across the river and burnt the bridge in their retreat. Gen. Early then marched to rejoin his corps. The advance against Harrisburg was arrested by intelligence received from a scout on the night of the twenty-eighth to the effect that the army of Gen. Hooker had crossed the Potomac and was approaching the South Mountains. In the absence of the cavalry it was impossible to ascertain his intentions; but to deter him from advancing further west and intercepting our communications from Virginia, it was determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Hill's corps was accordingly ordered to move towards Cashtown on the twenty-ninth, and Longstreet to follow the next day, leaving Pickett's division at Chambersburg to guard the rear until relieved by Imboden.

Gen. Ewell was recalled from Carlisle and directed to join the army at Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might require.

The advance of the enemy to the latter place was unknown; and the weather being inclement, the march was conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops.

Heth's division reached Cashtown on the twenty-ninth, and the following morning Pettigrew's brigade, sent by Gen. Heth to procure supplies at Gettysburg, found it occupied by the enemy. Being ignorant of the extent of his force, Gen. Pettigrew was unwilling to hazard an attack with his single brigade, and returned to Cashtown. Gen. Hill arrived with Pender's division in the evening, and the following morning, the first of July, he advanced with these two divisions, accompanied by Pegram's and McIntosh's battalions of artillery, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, whose force was supposed to consist chiefly of cavalry.

The leading division, under Gen. Heth, found the enemy's videttes about three miles west of Gettysburg, and continued to advance until within a mile of the town, when two brigades were sent forward to reconnoitre. They drove in the advance of the

enemy very gallantly, but subsequently encountered largely superior numbers, and were compelled to retire with loss, Brig. Gen. Archer, commanding one of the brigades, being taken prisoner.

Gen. Heth then prepared for action, and as soon as Pender arrived to support him, was ordered by Gen. Hill to advance. The artillery was placed in position and the engagement opened with vigor. Gen. Heth pressed the enemy steadily back, breaking his first and second lines and attacking his third with great resolution. About half-past two in the afternoon the advance of Ewell's corps, consisting of Rodes's division, with Carter's battalion of artillery, arrived by the Middletown road, and forming on Heth's left nearly at right angles with his line, became warmly engaged with fresh numbers of the enemy. Heth's troops having suffered heavily in their protracted contest with a superior force, were relieved by Pender's; and Early coming up by the Heidlersburg road, soon afterwards took position on the left of Rodes, when a general advance was made. The enemy gave way on all sides and were driven through Gettysburg with great loss. Maj. Gen. Reynolds, who was in command, was killed. More than five thousand prisoners, exclusive of a large number of wounded, three pieces of artillery, and several colors, were captured; among the prisoners were two Brigadier Generals, one of whom was badly wounded.

Our own loss was heavy, including a number of officers, among whom were Maj. Gen. Heth, slightly, and Brig. Gen. Scales, of Pender's division, severely wounded.

The enemy retired to a range of hills south of Gettysburg, where he displayed a strong force of infantry and artillery.

It was ascertained from prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by Gen. Hooker, and that the remainder of the army, under Gen. Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops.

Gen. Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army,

which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await Johnson's division, which had marched from Carlisle by the road west of the mountsins, to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour. In the meantime the enemy occupied the point which General Ewell designed to seize, but in what force could not be ascertained, owing to the darkness. An intercepted dispatch showed that another corps had halted that afternoon four miles from Gettysburg. Under these circumstances it was decided not to attack until the arrival of Longstreet, two of whose divisions, those of Hood and McLaws, encamped about four miles in rear during the night. Anderson's divlsion, of Hill's corps, came up after the engagement.

It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base unless attacked: but coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains with our extensive trains would have been difficult and dangerous. At the same time we were unable to await an attack, as the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies in the presence of the enemy, who could restrain our foraging parties by holding the mountain passes with local and other troops. A battle had therefore become in a measure unavoidable, and the success already gained gave hope of a favorable issue.

The enemy occupied a strong position, with his right upon two commanding elevations adjacent to each other—one southeast, and the other, known as Cemetery Hill, immediately south of the town, which lay at its base. His line extended thence upon the high ground along the Emmettsburg road, with a steep ridge in the rear, which was also occupied. This ridge was difficult of ascent, particularly the two hills above mentioned as forming its northern extremity, and a third at the other end, on which the enemy's left rested. Numerous stone and rail fences along the slope served to afford protection to his troops and to impede our advance. In his front the ground was undulating and generally open for about three quarters of a mile.

Gen. Ewell's corps constituted our left, Johnson's division being opposite the height adjoining Cemetery Hill, Early's in the centre in front of the north face of the latter, and Rodes's upon his right. Hill's corps faced the west side of Cemetery Hill and extended

nearly parallel to the Emmettsburg road, making an angle with Ewell's. Pender's division formed his left, Anderson's his right, Heth's, under Brig. Gen. Pettigrew, being in reserve. His artillery, under Colonel Walker, was posted in eligible positions along the line.

It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought that our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in. Gen. Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy's centre to prevent reinforcements being drawn to either wing, and to co-operate with his right division in Longstreet's attack. Gen. Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy's right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer.

About 4 P. M. Longstreet's batteries opened, and soon afterwards Hood's division, on the extreme right, moved to the attack. McLaws followed somewhat later, four of Anderson's brigades—those of Wilcox, Perry, Wright, and Posey—supporting him on the left in the order named. The enemy was soon driven from his position on the Emmettsburg road to the cover of a ravine and a line of stone fences at the foot of the ridge in his rear. He was dislodged from these after a severe struggle, and retired up the ridge, leaving a number of his batteries in our possession.

Wilcox's and Wright's brigades advanced with great gallantry, breaking successive lines of the enemy's infantry, and compelling him to abandon much of his artillery. Wilcox reached the foot, and Wright gained the crest of the ridge itself, driving the enemy down the opposite side; but having become separated from McLaw's and gone beyond the other two brigades of the division, they were attacked in front and on both flanks and compelled to retire, being unable to bring off any of the captured artillery. McLaw's left also fell back, and it being now nearly dark, Gen. Longstreet determined to await the arrival of Gen. Pickett.

He disposed his command to hold the ground gained on the right, withdrawing his left to the first position from which the enemy had been driven.

Four pieces of artillery, several hundred prisoners, and two regimental flags were taken.

As soon as the engagement began on our right, Gen. Johnson opened with his artillery, and about two hours later advanced up the hill next to Cemetery Hill with three brigades, the fourth being detained by a demonstration on his left. Soon afterwards Gen. Early attacked Cemetery Hill with two brigades, supported by a third, the fourth having been previously detached. The enemy had greatly increased the strength of the position assaulted by Johnson and Early by earthworks.

The troops of the former moved steadily up the steep and rugged ascent under a heavy fire, driving the enemy into his entrenchments, part of which were carried by Stuart's brigade and a number of prisoners taken. The contest was continued to a late hour, but without further advantage. On Cemetery Hill the attack by Early's leading brigades—those of Hays, and Hoke under Col. Avery—was made with vigor. Two lines of the enemy's infantry were dislodged from the cover of some stone and board fences on the side of the ascent and driven back into the works on the crest, into which our troops forced their way and seized several pieces of artillery. A heavy force advanced against their right, which was without support, and they were compelled to retire, bringing with them about one hundred prisoners and four stands of colors. Gen. Ewell had directed Gen. Rodes to attack in concert with Early, covering his right, and had requested Brig. Gen. Lane, then commanding Pender's division, to co-operate on the right of Rodes. When the time to attack arrived, Gen. Rodes not having his troops in position, was unprepared to co-operate with Gen. Early, and before he could get in readiness the latter had been obliged to retire from want of expected support on his right. Gen. Lane was prepared to give the assistance required of him, and so informed Gen. Rodes; but the latter deemed it useless to advance after the failure of Early's attack.

In this engagement our loss in men and officers was large. Major Generals Hood and Pender, Brig. Gen. Jones, Semmes, G. T. Anderson and Barksdale, and Col. Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, were wounded—the last two, mortally. Generals Pender and Semmes died after their removal to Virginia.

The result of this day's operations induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack.

The general plan was unchanged; Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battlefield during the afternoon of the second, was ordered to attack the next morning, and Gen. Ewell was ordered to attack the enemy's right at the same time. The latter during the night reinforced General Johnson with two brigades from Rode's and one from Early's division.

Gen. Longstreet's dispositions were not completed as early as was expected; but before notice could be sent to Gen. Ewell, Gen. Johnson had already become engaged, and it was too late to recall him. The enemy attempted to recover the works taken the preceding evening, but was repulsed, and Gen. Johnson attacked him in turn. After a gallant and prolonged struggle in which the enemy was forced to abandon part of his entrenchments, General Johnson found himself unable to carry the strongly fortified crest of the hill. The projected attack on the enemy's left not having been made, he was enabled to hold his right with a force largely superior to that of Gen. Johnson, and finally to threaten his flank and rear, rendering it necessary for him to retire to his original position about one in the afternoon.

Gen. Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hill on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked from reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previously from the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was therefore reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, to the command of which Maj. Gen. Trimble was assigned. Gen. Hill was directed to hold his line with the rest of command, to afford Gen. Long street further assistance if required, and to avail himself of any success that might be gained.

A careful examination was made of the ground secured by Longstreet, and his batteries placed in positions which it was believed would enable them to silence those of the enemy.

Hill's artillery and part of Ewell's were ordered to open simultaneously, and the assaulting column to advance under the combined fire of the three. The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, to protect their flanks and to support their attack closely.

About one o'clock at a given signal a heavy cannonade was opened and continued for about two hours with marked effect upon the enemy. His batteries replied vigorously at first, but towards the close their fire slackened perceptibly, and Gen. Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, in two lines, Pickett being on the right. Wilcox's brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth was supported by Lane's and Scale's brigades, under General Trimble.

The troops moved steadily on under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left centre. His batteries re-opened as soon as they appeared. Our own having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply or render the necessary support to the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under the concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering the advanced works and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks and driven back with heavy loss. The troops were rallied and reformed, but the enemy did not pursue.

A large number of brave officers and men fell or were captured on this occasion. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders Generals Armisted and Garnett were killed, and General Kemper dangerously wounded. Major-General Trimble and Brigadier-General Pettigrew were also wounded, the former severely.

The movements of the army preceding the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarrassed by the absence of the cavalry. As soon as it was known that the enemy had crossed into Maryland, orders were sent to the brigades of Robertson and Jones, which

had been left to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge, to rejoin the army without delay, and it was expected that General Stuart, with the remainder of his command, would soon arrive. In the exercise of the discretion given him when Longstreet and Hill marched into Maryland, General Stuart determined to pass around the rear of the Federal army with three brigades and cross the Potomac between it and Washington, believing that he would be able by that route to place himself on our right flank in time to keep us properly advised of the enemy's movements.

He marched from Salem on the night of the twenty-fourth of June, intending to pass west of Centreville, but found the enemy's forces so distributed as to render that route impracticable. Adhering to his original plan, he was forced to make a wide detour through Buckland and Brentsville, and crossed the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoals on the morning of the twenty-seventh. Continuing his march through Fairfax Court House and Dranesville, he arrived at the Potomac below the mouth of Seneca creek in the evening. He found the river much swollen by the recent heavy rains, but after great exertions gained the Maryland shore before midnight with his whole command. He now ascertained that the Federal army, which he had discovered to be drawing towards the Potomac, had crossed the day before and was moving towards Frederickstown, thus interposing itself between him and our forces.

He accordingly marched northward through Rockville and Westminster to Hanover, Pennsylvania, where he arrived on the thirtieth; but the enemy advanced with equal rapidity on his left, and continued to obstruct communications with our main body.

Supposing from such information as he could obtain that part of the army was at Carlisle, he left Hanover that night and proceeded thither by way of Dover. He reached Carlisle on the first of July, when he received orders to proceed to Gettysburg. He arrived in the afternoon of the following day and took position on General Ewell's left. His leading brigade, under General Hampton, encountered and repulsed a body of the enemy's cavalry at Hunterstown, endeavoring to reach our rear.

General Stuart had several skirmishes during his march; and at Hanover quite a severe engagement took place with a strong

force of cavalry, which was finally compelled to withdraw from the town. The prisoners taken by the cavalry and paroled at various places amounted to about eight hundred; and at Rockville a large train of wagons coming from Washington was intercepted and captured. Many of them were destroyed, but one hundred and twenty-five, with all the animals of the train, were secured.

The ranks of the cavalry were much reduced by its long and arduous march, repeated conflicts and insufficient supplies of food and forage, but the day after its arrival at Gettysburg it engaged the enemy's cavalry with unabated spirit, and effectually protected our left. In this action Brigadier-General Hampton was seriously wounded while acting with his accustomed gallantry.

Robertson's and Jones' brigades arrived on the third of July, and were stationed upon our right flank. The severe loss sustained by the army and the reduction of its ammunition rendered another attempt to dislodge the enemy unadvisable, and it was therefore determined to withdraw.

The trains with such of the wounded as could bear removal were ordered to Williamsport on the fourth of July, part moving through Cashtown and Greencastle, escorted by Gen. Imboden, and the remainder by the Fairfield road. The army retained its position until dark, when it was put in motion for the Potomac by the last named route. A heavy rain continued throughout the night, and so much impeded its progress that Ewell's corps, which brought up the rear, did not leave Gettysburg until late in the forenoon of the following day. The enemy offered no serious interruption, and after an arduous march we arrived at Hagerstown in the afternoon of the sixth and morning of the seventh of July.

The great length of our trains made it difficult to guard them effectually in passing through the mountains, and a number of wagons and ambulances were captured. They succeeded in reaching Williamsport on the sixth, but were unable to cross the Potomac on account of the high stage of water. Here they were attacked by a strong force of cavalry and artillery, which was gallantly repulsed by Gen. Imboden, whose command had been strengthened by several batteries and by two regiments of infantry which had been detached at Winchester to guard prison-

ers and were returning to the army. While the enemy was being held in check, Gen. Stuart arrived with the cavalry, which had performed valuable service in guarding the flanks of the army during the retrograde movement, and after a short engagement drove him from the field.

The rains that had prevailed almost without intermission since our entrance into Maryland and greatly interfered with our movements, had made the Potomac unfordable, and the pontoon bridge left at Falling Waters had been partially destroyed by the enemy. The wounded and prisoners were sent over the river as fast as possibe in a few ferry boats, while the trains awaited the subsiding of the waters and the construction of a new pontoon bridge.

On the eighth of July the enemy's cavalry advanced towards Hagerstown, but was repulsed by Gen, Stuart and pursued as far as Boonesboro. With this exception nothing but occasional skirmishing occurred until the twelfth, when the main body of the enemy arrived. The army then took a position previously selected, covering the Potomac from Williamsport to Falling Waters, where it remained for two days with the enemy immediately in front manifesting no disposition to attack, but throwing up entrenchments along his whole line.

By the thirteenth the river at Williamsport, though still deep, was fordable, and a good bridge was completed at Falling Waters, new boats having been constructed and some of the old recovered. As further delay would enable the enemy to obtain reinforcements, and as it was found difficult to procure a sufficient supply of flour for the troops, the working of the mills being interrupted by high waters, it was determined to await an attack no longer. Orders were accordingly given to cross the Potomac that night—Ewell's corps by the ford at Williamsport, and those of Longstreet and Hill on the bridge. The cavalry was directed to relieve the infantry skirmishers and bring up the rear.

The movement was much retarded by a severe rain storm and the darkness of the night. Ewell's corps having the advantage of a turnpike road, marched with less difficulty and crossed the river by eight o'clock the following morning.

The condition of the road to the bridge and the time consumed in the passage of the artillery, ammunition, wagons and ambu-

lances, which could not ford the river, so much delayed the progress of Longstreet and Hill that it was daylight before their troops began to cross. Heth's division was halted about a mile and a half from the bridge to protect the passage of the column. No interruption was offered by the enemy until about eleven o'clock, when his cavalry, supported by artillery, opened in front of Gen. Heth. A small number in advance of the main body was mistaken for our own cavalry retiring, no notice having been given of the withdrawal of the latter, and was suffered to approach our lines. They were immediately destroyed or captured with the exception of two or three, but Brig. Gen. Pettigrew, an officer of great merit and promise, was mortally wounded in the encounter. He survived his removal to Virginia only a few days. The bridge being clear, Gen. Heth began to withdraw. The enemy advanced, but his efforts to break our lines were repulsed, and the passage of the river completed about one in the afternoon.

Owing to the extent of Gen. Heth's line, some of his men, most remote from the bridge, were cut off before they could reach it; but the greater part of those taken by the enemy during the movement, supposed to amount in all to about five hundred, consisted of men from various commands who lingered behind overcome by previous labors and hardships and the fatigue of a most trying night march. There was no loss of material except a few broken wagons and two pieces of artillery which the horses were unable to draw through the deep mud. Other horses were sent back for them, but the rear of the column had passed before their arrival.

The army proceeded to the vicinity of Bunkerhill and Darksville, where it halted to afford the troops repose.

The enemy made no effort to follow except with his cavalry, which crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and advanced towards Martinsburg on the sixteenth of July. They were attacked by Gen. Fitz Lee with his own and Chambliss's brigade and driven back with loss.

When the army retired to Virginia it was intended to move into Loudon, but the Shenandoah was found to be impassable. While waiting for it to subside, the enemy crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and seized the passes we designed to use.

As he continued to advance along the eastern slope, apparently with the purpose of cutting us off from the railroad to Richmond, Gen. Longstreet was ordered on the nineteenth of July to proceed to Culpepper Court House by way of Front Royal. He succeeded in passing part of his command over the Shenandoah in time to prevent the occupation of Manassas and Chester Gaps by the enemy, whose cavalry had already made its appearance. As soon as a pontoon bridge could be laid down the rest of his corps crossed the river and marched through Chester Gap to Culpepper Court House, where it arrived on the twenty-fourth. He was followed by Gen. A. P. Hill without serious opposition.

General Ewell having been detained in the Valley by an effort to capture a force of the enemy guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad west of Martinsburg, Wright's brigade was left to hold Manassas Gap until he arrived. He reached Front Royal on the twenty-third with Johnson's and Rodes' divisions, Early's being near Winchester, and found General Wright skirmishing with the enemy's infantry, which had already appeared at Manassas Gap. General Ewell supported Wright with Rodes' division and some artillery, and the enemy was held in check. Finding that the Federal force greatly exceeded his own, General Ewell marched through Thornton Gap and ordered Early to move up the Valley by Strasburg and New Market. He encamped near Madison Court House on the twenty-ninth of July.

The enemy massed his army in the vicinity of Warrenton, and on the night of the thirty-first of July his cavalry, with a large supporting force of infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station and Kelley's Ford. The next day they advanced towards Brandy Station, their progress being gallantly resisted by General Stuart with Hampton's brigade, commanded by Colonel Baker, who fell back gradually to our lines about two miles South of Brandy Station. Our infantry skirmishers advanced and drove the enemy beyond Brandy Station.

It was now determined to place the army in a position to enable it more readily to oppose the enemy, should he attempt to move southward. That near Culpepper Court House being one that he could easily avoid, Longstreet and Hill were put in motion on the third of August, leaving the cavalry at Culpepper

Ewell had been previously ordered from Madison, and by the fourth the army occupied the line of the Rapidan.

The officers of the general staff of the army were unremittingly engaged in the duties of their respective departments, much depending on their management and execution. The labors of the quartermaster, commissary and medical departments were more than usually severe. The Inspector-Generals were also laboriously occupied in their attention to the troops, both on the march and in camp; and the officers of engineers showed skill and judgment in expediting the passage of rivers and streams, the swollen condition of which, by almost continuous rains, called for extraordinary exertion. The chief of ordnance and his assistants are entitled to praise for the care and watchfulness given to the ordnance trains and ammunition of the army, which, in a long march and in many conflicts, were always at hand and accessible to the troops. My thanks are due to my personal staff for the constant aid afforded me at all times, on the march and in the field, and their willing discharge of every duty.

R. E. Lee.

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT GETTYSBURG.

Baltimore, October 15th, 1875.

S. D. Pool:—I see by your October number of "Our Living and Our Dead," that you defend the reputation of the North Carolina Troops as earnestly as ever, while doing full justice—as you do at all times—to those from other States.

On page 457, October number, under the heading "Another Witness—Gettysburg," you have taken in hand the now stale, though yet oft-repeated assertion, that Pickett's Division was repulsed on 3rd of July because not supported by other troops; and have shown that the erroneous statements first made by writers both from the North and South, are still blindly adhered to by all who attempt to describe the operations of that day.

No account of the three days fighting at that noted town has yet been given; that is, not full of errors of fact, and errors of

inference, and a truthful relation of the occurrences of these days has yet to be given. The reason why these mistakes have been made is, that no careful study of the subject, with documentary and other evidences at hand, has as yet been made by a competent writer. Those who have treated the subject, have been eye witnesses of but *a part* of the lines, near six miles in circuit, and hence, to make up a full relation of the *whole*, must adopt the hasty and erroneous accounts of others, or even call in the aid of their own imagination to fill up and embellish the picture.

That mistakes, misstatements, or even intentional perversions of truth in the accounts given of hostile armies, should be made, is both natural and unavoidable, during the heat and bitterness of the conflict. These and other errors of the war, on either side, must, for the present, be borne patiently, but corrected assiduously, fairly and generously by North and South, that each section may the sooner appreciate the other.

So far as relates to the good conduct of North Carolina troops from the beginning to the close of the war, I think their unpretending courage in action; their patient submission to the privations of the camp and the march; their almost child-like docility and acceptance of discipline everywhere; and when circumstances needed it, their daring valor, are now recognised and highly appreciated by all—thanks to your journal. Why should the conduct of men from any State be extolled at the expense of those from their sisters?

Brave "Jonny Rebs" belonged exclusively to no State, but made glory enough for all, whether in the sore privations of the camp, or in the heat of the conflict, as they sent up to "the welkin" that dauntless shout, so often the harbinger of victory.

No officer who commanded North Carolina troops has ever, that I know of, complained of their behavior.

At the risk of being tiresome, I propose to make a brief statement of what passed under my *own* eye during the third day's fight on the right of our army. A topographical sketch of that part of the field can alone convey a full understanding of the movements of our troops, but a brief description of ridges, woods and road, will help much to elucidate the situation and conduct of divisions.

Cemetery Ridge or plateau, extends from the town of Gettys-

burg to Round Top Hill, say two to three miles long. The Emmettsburg road runs northeasterly not far from the western edge of this plateau, but generally below it in elevation, entering Gettysburg on the south directly below the Cemetery. Tracing the Emmettsburg road southwesterly from Gettysburg, it is found to diverge more and more from the plateau of Cemetery Ridge. At and near the town the road lies at the foot of its abrupt slope, but about a mile south, in front of Pickett's division, the road is over half a mile from the elevation on which the Federal lines were posted, with a small stream and valley between. These lines, infantry and artillery, occupied moderately elevated ground commanding the fields between them and the Southern lines on Cemetery Ridge to the westward. This last ridge makes a considerable angle with the Emmettsburg road. At the point occupied by Gen. Pickett, the crest of the ridge is about one-third of a mile from the road; at the point from which Pettigrew started it is *over* a mile from the road.

Gen. Pickett's line was formed about one hundred yards from and west of the Emmettsburg road, at that point occupied by Southern troops the day previous. That part of the road in Pettigrew's front was occupied by the Federal troops, and not over one hundred yards from the Federal line on the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

From the preceding it can be understood that Pickett started in his charge *from* the Emmettsburg road, and Pettigrew and Trimble started from the top of Cemetery Ridge. The former, about three-fourths of a mile, the latter one mile and a quarter from the enemy's lines.

Pickett's line being in view of the enemy at the start, and nearest to him, would naturally attract the most attention, and receive at first the severest fire from his front, and his division be the first to suffer; as the one which most threatened the enemy and therefore the first to be crushed. As soon, however, as Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions fairly appeared in the open ground at the top of Cemetery Ridge, furious discharges of artillery was poured on them from the line in their front, and from their left flank by the line which overlapped them near Gettysburg. To the artillery fire was soon added that of small arms in a ceaseless storm as they marched down the smooth, even slope.

It will be easily understood that as Pickett's line was overlapped by the Federal lines on *his* right, and Pettigrew and Trimble's front by the Federal lines on *their* left, each of these commands had a distinct and separate discharge of artillery and musketry to encounter, the one as severe and incessant as the other, although Pickett's men felt its intensity sooner than the others, and was the first to be crushed under fire before which no troops could live; while Pettigrew and Trimble suffered as much or more before the close, because longer under fire, in consequence of marching further.

The returns of killed and wounded show that the other commands lost as heavily as Pickett's, some brigades more. Not one of my staff escaped severe wounds, and all had their horses killed.

It would have been more in accordance with military principles had Pettigrew and Trimble started fifteen minutes before Pickett, so as to have brought them all to the enemy's line at the same moment. The result would probably have been the same; yet ten or fifteen minutes sooner or later in the movement of a heavy column, often produces a decided difference in the result of a battle.

Both Northern and Southern descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg in the third day's contest, have, without perhaps a single exception down to the present time, given not only most conspicuous prominence to Gen. Pickett's division, but generally by the language used, have created the impression among those not personally acquainted with the events of the day, that Pickett's men did all the hard fighting, suffered the most severely, and failed in his charge because not only or rigorously supported by the troops on his right and left. It might with as much truth be said, that Pettigrew and Trimble failed in their charge, because unsupported by Pickett, who had been driven back in the crisis of their charge, and was no aid to them.

These statements or inferences do such great injustice to other troops, who displayed equal daring, and are so contrary to well known facts, that the errors can only be accounted for by one or two considerations, viz: First, that Pickett's division being much nearer the enemy when it began the charge, became at the start the most prominent body in the field, the most to be dreaded, and

which would, if any did so, be the first to pierce the Federal lines and decide the contest.

Second: As these were the first who "shattered to atoms" and recoiled from the advance, the fate of the day seemed solely to rest with them, and that when they fell back the contest was over. No one acquainted with the facts can, for a moment, doubt the intrepid bravery and splendid bearing of Pickett's men; they did all that any men could do under the circumstances, but others did as well, went as far, or further, fought longer and lost as heavily. The simple truth is, that Pickett's, Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions were literally "shot to pieces," and the small remnants who broke the first Federal line, were too feeble to hold what they had gained.

So the result of that charge only proved over again the axiom in war, that "no single line of infantry without artillery can carry a line, protected by rifle pits, knapsacks, and other cover, and a numerous artillery; *if* the assaulted party *bravely* avails itself of its advantages." It was so at Fredericksburg, reversing the parties, and will be so everywhere.

Now a word about North Carolinians in this charge at Gettysburg, and of what I was an eye witness.

On the morning of the 3rd, I had been put in command, by order of Gen. Lee, of two of the brigades of Gen. Pender, who had been wounded. These were both of North Carolina troops, commanded by J. H. Lane and Alfred M. Scales. On taking command of these troops, entire strangers to me, and wishing as far as I could to inspire them with confidence, I addressed them briefly, ordered that no gun should be fired until the enemy's line was broken, and that I should advance with them to the farthest point.*

When the charge commenced about 3 P. M., I followed Pettigrew (Heth's division) about 150 yards in rear, a sufficient distance to prevent the adverse fire raking both ranks as we marched down the slope. Notwithstanding the losses as we advanced, the men marched with the deliberation and accuracy of men on drill. I observed the same in Pettigrew's line. When the latter was

*Gen. Trimble did keep in the line on horseback as far as it advanced, and the only Major General who did so.

within one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards from the Emmettsburg road, they seemed to sink into the earth under the tempest of fire poured into them. We passed over the remnant of their line, and immediately after some one close by my left, sung out "three cheers for the old North State," when both brigades sent up a hearty shout, on which I said to my aid, "Charley, I believe those first fellows are going into the enemy's line."

They did get to the road and drove the opposing line from it. They continued there some minutes, discharging their pieces at the enemy. The loss here was fearful, and I knew that no troops could long endure it. I was anxious to know how things went on with the troops on our right, and taking a quick but deliberate view of the field over which Pickett had advanced, I perceived that the enemy's fire seemed to slacken there, and men in squads were falling back on the *west* side of the Emmettsburg road. By this I inferred that Pickett's division had been repulsed, and if so, that it would be a useless sacrifice of life to continue the contest. I therefore did not attempt to rally the men who begun to give back from the fence.

As I followed the retiring line on horseback at a walk, to the crest of Cemetery Ridge, under the increasing discharge of grape, shell and musketry, I had cause to wonder how *any one* could escape wounds or death.

On reaching the summit of the ridge, I found the men had fallen into line behind some rude defences. I said "that is right my brave fellows, stand your ground, and we will presently serve these chaps as they have us." For by all the rules of warfare, the Federal troops should (as I expected they would) have marched against our shattered columns and sought to cover our army with an overwhelming defeat.

In turning over the command to Gen. Lane, I used some emphatic expression of commendation for the gallant behavior of these men, but I am sure did not use the profane terms which Gen. Lane quotes as my language.

Being severely wounded and unable to follow the army in its retreat, I made no report of the battle, or return of killed and wounded. Gen. Lane and Gen. Scales have done this, which shows the fearful loss of these two brigades in the charge of July third.

S. D. Pool:—I laid aside what is written above, but delayed to send it to you. Having since then attended the ceremonies of unveiling the Jackson statue at Richmond, on the 26th October, and while there heard the brilliant address of J. W. Daniels, of Lynchburg, on the battle of Gettysburg, intended to be a correct account of the occurrences of the 3rd July, in which I find the same old errors repeated, I was preparing, as Gen. Wilcox has done, a brief article to correct the mistakes of Mr. Daniel, in what he says of the troops on Pickett's left, when I received from him the following letter, which, with my reply, will close this defence of North Carolina troops:

Lynchburg, Nov. 22d, 1875.

Gen. J. R. Trimble:

Dear General—Gen. Wilcox thinks I have made some errors as to the 3rd day's charge at Gettysburg. If I have made any in respect to the troops which came under your command or observation, will you do me the honor and kindness to point out my error, and thus greatly oblige,

Yours with much respect,

Jno. W. Daniel.

Baltimore, Nov. 24th, 1875.

Jno. W. Daniel, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Your favor of 23d received. As respects the errors made in your able address in Richmond, as to the action of Pender's division under my command, they are not very important, but may as well be corrected.

First. You state that "our left under Trimble staggered at the start, &c." That is an error. There was no hesitation in my command at the start, for *at first* the fire of the enemy did not reach us, being directed at Heth's division in advance under Pettigrew.

Secondly. You say "Pettigrew's and Trimble's men had broken before the tornado of canister in their front, and had disappeared," inferring that these men quit the assault and left Pickett's men unsupported, whereas my men were the *last* to leave the field (or he charge.)

This I know, as I rode in the line between the two brigades

from the start down to the Emmettsburg road, passing over the wreck of Heth's division, (Pettigrew's.) Before my line recoiled under a concentrated fire from my front and left, I looked to the right where Pickett's men had been seen to advance, and beheld nothing but isolated and scattered remnants of that splendid line.

When we reached the Emmettsburg road, the terrific fire, right in their faces, with their comrades melting away around them, our line slowly began to yield, or rather ceased to advance beyond the road. It was there as I still sat on my horse, wounded and *at the road*, that my aid, Charley Grogan, said: "General, the men are falling back, shall I rally them?" Before replying, I looked again to our right for the effect of Pickett's charge, but could see nothing but a few men in squads moving to the rear, and at a considerable distance from the Emmettsburg road. It was there, after a brief but deliberate view of the field, that I said, "No, Charley, the best thing these brave fellows can do, is to get out of this." So mounting my horse, from which I had alighted, with help of Grogan, we followed, at a walk, our men to the rear, who marched back sullenly and slowly in almost as good order as they had advanced, and I halted them on the summit of Cemetery Ridge. On the presumption that the enemy would pursue us, I here prepared for defence, and feeling faint from my wound, turned over the command to Gen. Lane.

Thus I am sure that my command continued the contest *some time* after Pickett's force had been dispersed, not that we fought better, but because as a second line, we did not reach the enemy quite as soon as the troops on our right, but maintained our ground after they had been driven back.

It was hard in your splendid composition to avoid some errors. Not until every one puts down what *actually took place under his own eye* in a battle, can its true and exact history be related by one writer.

Pickett's men were nearer the enemy at the start, and did bear the brunt bravely, but they were not the only "heroes of Gettysburg."

Yours truly,

J. R. TRIMBLE.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The most ancient manuscripts are written without accents, stops, or separation between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between words.

The first piece of artillery was invented by a German, soon after the invention of gunpowder, and artillery was first used by the Moors at Algesirar, in Spain, in the seige of 1341.

The first banks were established in Italy, in the year 808, by the Lombard Jews, of whom some settled in Lombard street, London, where many bankers have ever since resided.

The oldest version of the Old and New Testament belonging to the Christians, is that in the Vatican, which was written in the fourth or fifth century, and published in the year 1597.

Ancient books were originally boards, or the inner bark of trees; and bark is still used by some nations, as are also skins, for which latter, parchment was generally substituted.

Bowling is an old English game, and was very common as early as the thirteenth century. Charles I. played at it and it was a daily sport of Charles II.

Stones were first used for bullets; iron ones are first mentioned in 1550. Leaden bullets were made before the close of the sixteenth century. Stone cannon balls are still used in the East.

The most stupendous canal in the world is the one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-one cities; it was commenced in the tenth century. A monster work of man.

For Our Living and Our Dead.

MOVE PROMPTLY AND STRIKE HARD.

(D. H. Hill's command to Breckenridge at Chicamauga.)

BY S. D. BAGLEY.

'Mid the rolling of the thunder
Over Chicamauga's stream,
Thousands brave contending under
That dark cloud, whose lightning gleam
Blazed from angry cannon flashing
In the terrible bombard,
Rang the words 'mid rifles' crashing,
"*Now move promptly and strike hard.*"
Did they do it? Sternly dashing
On the foeman's flaming lines,
Though the canister was crashing
Where the star-cross banner shines,
Through the storm of iron rushing,
Fierce as tiger, swift as pard,
Backward swift the foeman pushing,
They moved promptly and struck hard.
Vict'ry on their banner gleaming:
Back the routed foemen fell,
Through the mountains quickly streaming,
Flying from that battle-yell:
Breckenridge's troops are pouring
On their routed rearward guard,
And the gallant braves of Loring
Have moved promptly and struck hard.
Thus in life it must be ever;
Who would win the prize must be
Ready with a stern endeavor
To strive for the victory.
And when all the world opposes,—
None your toils seem to regard,—
Dream not then of beds of roses,
But move promptly and strike hard.
Soldier, on the road to glory,
Sailor, in the path to fame,
Would you live in song and story?
High and proudly write your name?
Though the sky be dark and glooming,
And far distant the reward,
Through opposing thunders booming
Still move promptly and strike hard.

Student, goaded by ambition
To attain your being's end,
Would you reach its full fruition?
To it all your powers bend.
Seems the prize too far to win it?
Foes thy progress to retard?
Mark thy path—be firm—begin it—
Then move promptly and strike hard.
Laborer, on anvil singing,
Workman, with the spade and hoe,
Competence from sweat-drops wringing,
Cheerful on your journey go.
Never lean upon your neighbor—
Toil will bring its own reward—
Work for loved ones is not labor—
Then move promptly and strike hard.
When afflictions lower o'er you,
And so dreary is the way
And no sunshine gleams before you;
Do not *then* your trust betray:—
Still press onward. It is given
But to sweeten the reward:—
For they only enter heaven
Who move promptly and strike hard.

It is good and safe to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest."

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, and the former to make us forget them."

AT HIS POST.

In Memoriam.

BY LEE HAMPTON.

"Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man doing his duty."

A stillness as of death brooded over the blue waters of the fair bay which girted the shores of a Southern city.

The harbor was full of merchant vessels and men-of-war belonging to the U. S. Navy, but between them and the town, barring all inter-communication, stretched that grim guardian of the public health and safety, The Quarantine Station! It was a long narrow strip of land, barren and desolate, upon which the waves of the sea beat a ceaseless "tattoo," adorned with but a single building, the Quarantine Hospital. That scourge of our sunny Southern cities on the Gulf, Yellow Fever, had signalled its dread approach, in its most fatal form, and was hewing down the hardy sailors of the merchant men and the stalwart seamen of the fleet, attacking with its deadly poison officers and men alike, and even the Commodore of the squadron.

Fearful was the panic in the little city. Hearts yet sore with sad memories of stricken households, trembled with apprehension, while the lips and cheek of many grew pale with fear as they clasped more fondly the treasures that yet remained. Long familiarity with sickness and death, throughout many weary summer months, when fashion and wealth were dancing away the hours at the watering places, had not hardened their hearts, or deadened their sensibilities to the awful peril that warned them annually when the Harvest Moon was brightest, and Nature most luxuriantly beautiful, of the uncertainty of life, the hopelessness of human skill, the helplessness of human love. And their escape from the untold terrors of this dread pestilence, depended, after the mercy of God, upon the fidelity of one man, the physician in charge at Quarantine!

Cutting himself loose from all intercourse save with those smit-

ten by disease, and their nurses, his own life exposed to constant and deadly peril, it is the duty of this man to watch, day and night, with sleepless vigilance and untiring energy, lest the traitorous disease be smuggled on shore; and should he prove unworthy of the terrible responsibility; should he stop to consider his own safety or comfort for one moment, or in any particular, fail to meet the issue of the hour, the consequences must be *death!*

No wonder, then, there is anxiety and apprehension in this city by the sea, that the citizens are excited and alarmed, for their safety is in great jeopardy; the Cerberus, who guards the plague-stricken within the gloomy shades of the Naval Inferno, is an indifferent and untrustworthy keeper. Placed there by official appointment for the sake of the "loaves and fishes," before there was fear of the fever, he is ignorant, untried, and inexperienced, and they know that they cannot trust him to peril his life, or even expose his safety, so now that the great crisis has come, he must be removed, and he has signified his readiness to vacate in favor of any man the Board of Health might prefer. But who would take his place? what sane person would consent to throw away so rashly his chances for life?

"Never mind," said the Vox Populi, "we can find the man," and for once it was right. There were few in the place who did not know Dr. Roy Campbell, of Virginia, who had so unhesitatingly accepted the position, and so faithfully performed its duties during the last season that the fever had prevailed to any extent; and after nursing hundreds untiringly through the epidemic, at last, when there was nothing more to do, had taken it himself and recovered. Not many knew his history, but there were lines on his face, and a look of melancholy in his brown eyes, when at rest, that was unutterably pathetic, while his form was bent and his long beard thickly sprinkled with gray, *but not of years.* He never spoke of himself or the past, or made any allusion to his sorrows. Whatever they were, or had been, he bore them bravely and silently; he was always so "diligent in business," so overwhelmed with labors that he had little time for society, and none but intimate friends knew that he had a young wife buried among the hills of his native State, and some motherless children there; but the little ones of the place knew him well, and loved him

dearly; for they, young and unerring readers of human nature, found out there was beneath that quiet and indifferent exterior, the tenderest and most unselfish heart that ever beat and broke.

And so a committee of citizens waited upon Dr. Campbell, who listened quietly to their petition, heard their pleading, and answered promptly, "*I will go;*" and while the town once more drew a free breath, ten days later there was mailed from the dismal Quarantine to loved ones far away in the old home, where an aged mother and motherless children were expecting to see the dear absent face of son and father, a brave, cheerful letter: "he felt it his duty to the city; he did not fear, they must not be uneasy, he had had the fever, and there was little danger—: he would come by and by, when the frost had killed Yellow Jack."

"Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred," sings the Laureate, and the charge at Balaklava "in its chivalry sublime," has been handed down in song, and story, and history; but who tells of those who go as bravely "into the jaws of death," of whom the world never hears, whose noble deeds are not heralded, nor even praised, save in the presence of Him whose clear eye alone can discern the true manhood? And *they* go to *save*, not to *destroy*, to *relieve*, not to *mutilate*—which is the nobler hero? Both do their duty, but *the one* to win fame and glory, *the other* to gain no plaudits, and to receive no honor, but only like the Master, to give his life for men; and will not *the Master* reward?

And as the long hot days wear on, and the plague increases in malignity, the Doctor is going incessantly from morning till night, from night till morning, now "boarding" a vessel, now removing the sick, now ministering to the suffering, patient, indefatigable and tender as a woman, in those scenes of agony, where no woman's hand is present to wipe off the death-dew, nor whisper of God and Heaven, and the atoning blood of Jesus to the dying.

But soon, exhausted nature can bear no more, and the brave physician feels that the dread disease has fastened itself upon him, when his broken down and overworked system is unable to resist its attack; but self-forgetful as ever, he keeps up, and at his duties as long as possible, taking the medicines himself, he administers to his suffering patients, until at last he falls on the floor by a bedside, and is taken by the nurse to his own room,

and laid on his couch. Alas! alas! to rise no more. And there he lay, scorched with the raging fever, but quiet and uncomplaining, apparently in a state of semi-unconsciousness. Once seeming to have a lucid interval, they ask to be allowed to send to the city for Dr. Randolph, his friend and kinsman, but he shook his head, saying, "he has a large family, his life must not be endangered;" but when he relapsed, they sent a messenger and Dr. Randolph, hesitating not a moment to answer the sad summons, though leaving his own child ill, went over quickly to the infected hospital, and found that skill and care could avail naught; for the brave man was dying, the life spent for others was going out for others, and the long years of toil and suffering were about to close. Silently and anxiously throughout the long brooding hours of the night, they kept their solemn vigil, Dr. Randolph seeking for some sign of consciousness as he saw the life-tide ebbing, slowly, but surely away; but none came, only broken words of the "long ago," murmured low and softly, "mother," "father;" the burden of years had been rolled backward, and his mind was wandering in the golden days of a happy boyhood, he was becoming a child again, that he might enter the kingdom of Heaven; the mute watchers saw a smile begin to dawn upon the still lips, as he said again "mother," and then the hands were clasped, the eyes reverently raised, and again closed softly, as they caught the faint words:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I—pray—the Lord—"

And with the child's prayer on his lips, he had murmured at his mother's knee, the brave soul winged its flight from earth and finished the words at the great white Throne.

The gray dawn looked in upon two men gazing sadly upon a calm, still face, very peaceful in its perfect repose, long, heavy lashes shading the pale cheeks, the brown hair, so thickly sprinkled with gray, brushed back from the broad white brow, and the arms folded over the most faithful and most loving heart that ever lay pulseless in death; a great heart that had bravely shouldered heavy burdens; that had suffered long and silently under great losses, injustices, failures, bereavements, at peace at last! The wicked had ceased from troubling and the weary was at rest.

"And when the morn came young and fair,
Brimful of blushes ripe and red,
Knee deep in sky sent roses there,
Nature began her earliest prayer,
Above the noble dead!"——

* * * * * * *

"You knew him well, Doctor, did you not?" said the young man who had been faithfully nursing him, one of the officers from the fleet, who had recovered from the fever, and felt he owed his life to the devotion of the man who now lay dead before him.

"I have often wondered, as I have watched him in his indefatigable labors, and noticed his indifference to life, what was his history. I imagined some heavy sorrow must be his portion, though he never spoke of it, and worked like a Trojan all the time."

"Yes," said Dr. Randolph, with a deep sigh, arousing himself from his mournful reverie, "I have known him from boyhood, and we were together in the army. I never knew a braver or a better soldier; there, as here, always at the post of duty. No wonder he was so sad, poor fellow! poor fe low!" He stopped, but moved by the deep interest in the face of his companion, he continued. "At the beginning of the war he was among the first to respond to the call for the defence of his country, (there was never any holding back or shirking duty with him or any of his name; he came of a good stock,) and his prompt devotion to duty and patriotism, caused him the sacrifice of all his property, as was the case with many of the sons of the grand old Commonwealth. The Virginians certainly proved the sincerity of their conviction that they had their "quarrel just" by more than mere gallant fighting; for could such hardships, such losses, such sacrifices as was with most of them, an every day experience, ever have been cheerfully endured, save through the purest and holiest motives?" "I think not," said the young officer, who wore the blue of the U. S. Navy. "But it was the women, God bless them!" continued Dr. Randolph, "after all, ever our superiors in fortitude, who bore the brunt of the war, suffering in their quiet homes untold privations, and daily anxiety of agonies and suspense and waiting, that would have made the most manly spirit quail, and yet they toiled and sacrificed, and suffered, without

one word or murmur of complaint, aye, even smiled and cheered us on, while their own heroic hearts were silently breaking, and many even bravely died and gave no sign. Roy's wife was young and very delicately reared, and unaccustomed to toil, privation began to tell upon her health, but never a complaint escaped her, and, I think, he never knew how much she was quietly enduring until he saw with terrible anxiety, (for he was the most devoted husband and father I ever saw, utterly absorbed in his wife and children,) that her life was slowly killing her, and that the fell destroyer, consumption, had fastened itself upon his treasure. Strongly as he was tempted by this severe trial, he never dreamed of abandoning his country in her sore need, but sending his wife to her father's, away from the excitement of the seat of war, he bore as well as he could, the sad separation. But soon the end came, the tragic close of so much sacrifice, and daring, and glorious valor, and it became evident that the army, all that was left of it, must retreat, and ultimately surrender. Crushed to the earth as the men and officers were by this unexpected blow, the cup of poor Roy's sorrow was not yet full. I was with him on the retreat when we passed through the small inland town where his family were "refugeeing," and, being his relative and a physician, I went with him to see his wife. I saw, as soon as I entered her room, that her days were numbered, for death had already set his dread signal upon her brow. Roy exclaimed, with a gasp of agony I shall never forget: "Oh! Agnes, why did you not let them write me you were so much worse?" She shook her head gently, and replied: "No, no, I knew you could not leave, that you could not be spared, and I did not wish to distress you, but I am so thankful to God that you have come now; that He has permitted me to see your face once again, my dear, dear Roy?" "And I will never leave you again while you live, my darling," said the stricken husband. Dr. Randolph's voice was husky, for memory took him back to that saddest scene of all the last, sad days, in those times of trial, none of us can ever forget, and he saw again the fair, sweet face, so calm and patient, the soft blue eyes lighted by so brave and patriotic a spirit, as the faint tones asked, "Where is the army now?" "On the retreat from Richmond," answered Roy, "but do not agitate yourself, now, by thinking of that, for I am with you and safe." "And your regi-

ment?" she persisted, "has gone on." She started up, "and you, my husband, why are you here? Oh! Roy, you knew I could not die in peace, thinking you had deserted your country, your duty, your post, for *me!* Go, my husband, go, do your duty, and leave me in the hands of God!" "I cannot," groaned the man, "I cannot go, and leave you to die without me!" She raised herself, and clasping her arms around him, said, "not when *I* beg you to go, to return to your post you have never left before! What! Shall my husband desert his country in such an extremity as this? *Never, never!*" Roy buried his face in his hands and when he raised it, it was more deathly pale than her own, and as I left the room, feeling I must not witness the sacredness of such a parting, I heard him say: "You are right, I must go, but it will break my heart!" I waited for him in the next room, and after awhile he came out with his beautiful little girl in his arms, clinging to him in childish, unconscious glee, and I shall never forget the expression of his face, as he put the child in its grandmother's arms, pressing one last kiss on the rosy, smiling lips, and wrung her hand in a silent farewell. And in a moment we were on our horses again, dashing off like lightning to catch up with the men, and———

"Oh! did he never see her again," interrupted the listener, in a husky whisper.

"No, alas! we returned to the army only to fight the last battles, and witness the last scene of the bloody drama of the war; the troops were disbanded, and poor Roy returned to M ——, only to find a new made grave in the village church yard, the house shut up and tidings from a servant on the premises that his wife had died three days after he left, and the family had gone, she knew not where, taking his children with them!" * * *

"I did not see him again for years," continued Dr. Randolph, after a few moments silence. "I returned South, and hearing he had found it impossible to retrieve his broken fortunes in Virginia, I wrote to him offering him a share in my practice in this city. He came, and you know the rest—his life here, and how often he has bravely risked it during the prevalence of our epidemic. I begged him not to go to the Quarantine again, but his only answer was: "I feel it to be my duty, I must go," and I

knew then that it was useless to argue with him, and now he has gone, noble, loyal soul, and friend of my youth, farewell!"—

"May God receive his spirit," murmured the young man, with tears rolling down his manly cheeks, as he looked sadly at the handsome, tranquil face, "cold in the alabaster arms of death." "At rest at last! And it seems to me, verily, such a death is the noblest a man could ask. It *is* 'a sweet and beautiful thing to die for one's country,' but how much more noble, more Christ-like to die for *man*, like Him, too, to give your life a ransom for many!" "Yes," said Dr. Randolph, "and he would have desired nothing more than to have fallen thus at the post of duty, and when duty demanded his life, to have *yielded* it unhesitatingly and unfalteringly! I pray God his orphan children may heed the voiceless eloquence of such a sacrifice, and that their young lives may be inspired by the solemn lesson taught by the grand pathos of such a death, for it is his inheritance to them more precious than jewels, and far richer than gold!"

THE POETRY OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. K. M. ROWLAND.

Leigh Hunt observes that "one of the triumphs of poetry is to associate its remembrance with the beauties of nature." And thus natural objects become the property of the poet. Lovers of Homer and Shakspeare, in looking at the moon, recall the famous night scene in the *Iliad*, and that romantic moonlight colloquy in the *Merchant of Venice*. In this way the English nightingale belongs to Milton and the youthful, dying Keats. The lark would be Shakspeare's, but that Shelley has won it from him in right of his immortal Ode. But our critic does not suggest to us the practical ownership of the rose, the flower of love and beauty, the favorite of the lyric muse. We propose to consider some of the associations it has gathered around it in the poet-mind of man throughout the ages. Among the imaginative and beauty-loving Greeks, the "roses of Pieria," symbolized the gifts of the

immortal nine, as Sappho sings. And Theocritus tells us the rose is "sacred to the Heliconian muse."

Sappho in glowing words has painted the beauty of the rose:

> "The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:"
> "Whose "fragrance is the breath of love."

Anacreon dedicates two of his odes to the rose, which he celebrates as "the flower of love." He alludes in his verses to its use as an ingredient in medicine, and to the custom of employing roses in embalming the dead. The rose also was hung in garlands over graves, not alone for its short-lived beauty, but for its more enduring fragrance. Moore, in his notes to Anacreon, remarks upon the great admiration the Greeks had for this flower, giving rise to the proverbial expression, "You have spoken roses." Anacreon uses the epithet, "rosy-fingered," as applied to the dawn, a phrase original with Homer. The expression "under the rose," survives to denote what to the Latins was the symbol of honorable secrecy at the festive board, as it was anciently the token of initiation. The Greek and Latin poets give the mythical origin of the rose, as formed from the blood of Adonis. His death, according to classic fable, was caused by a wound from the wild boar. Venus, lamenting his fate, her tears fell to earth and the delicate anemone grew in their place. In the words of Bion:

> "Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers:
> From these in crimson beauty sprang the rose
> Cerulean bright anemones from those."

Ovid, however, gives the anemone the origin usually ascribed to the rose. Moore translates a Latin epigram which derives the roseate hue of this flower from the blood of Venus, dyeing the white red

> "While the enamor'd queen of joy
> Flies to protect her lovely boy
> On whom the jealous war-god rushes:
> She treads upon a thorned rose,
> And while the wound with crimson flows,
> The snow'y flow'ret feels her blood and blushes."

The rose thus enshrined in classic story, is above all the flower

of the East. Its natal land is Persia, and from those wonderful gardens, fitly termed *Paradises*, the rose, with so many of her sisters, found her way into the gardens of Europe. In the East, the most beautiful of flowers is personated as the beloved of the most melodious of birds. The lovers of the rose and the nightingale, the "Gul" and the "Bulbul" forms the favorite theme of the poet.

Byron, Moore, and all who have adopted the oriental imagery, dwell upon this charming fable in which the rose is throned.

> "Sultana of the nightingale,
> The maid for whom his melody
> His thousand songs are heard on high."

In Eastern love-songs, the lover of the rose is often commissioned to sing the poet's secret to his beloved, of whom the rose is but a type, as it blushes on beauty's cheek. In *Lalla Rookh* is a description of the Eastern feast of roses, called also "The Scattering of the Roses." In a note to this poem, Moore tells us of the choice roses of the "Garden of the Nile," from which fragrant couches were made for the officers of the Moorish Emperor's household.

The poetical treatment of the rose, as observed lastly, in the modern mind, reserves its earliest illustration in the "Romaunt of the Rose," the famous French allegorical poem of the thirteenth century. This, the work of two successive poets, is known to English readers through Chaucer's translation. The hero of the story wanders into an enchanted garden tended by the maiden *Idleness*. Here, beside the "Well of Love,"

> "The mirror perilous,
> In which the proud Narcissus,
> Saw all his fair face bright,"

he meets a similar fate. "Don Cupid" lurks near unseen, and as he gazes at the reflection of a rose in the water, the mischievous archer lets fly a shaft. Straightway he is enamored of the rose and strives to kiss it, but is repelled by *Danger* and *Chastity*, who are the guardians of the rose. Thus the fable proceeds, through some of the quaintest and sweetest *Trouvere* verse, until the *romaunt* is lost in the satire and the poetry dies out of with the fragrance of the forgotten rose.

The origin of the rose from the inanimate form of a lovely wood-nymph, is a conceit of the Gallic fancy, and forms the subject of a poem translated by Hughes, a forgotten "British Poet." The favorite classical analogies find expression in a poem of Sir Walter Raleigh's. It is the song of "The Shepherd to the flowers." The roses are to bear *their* peculiar message to his mistress:

"Vermeillion roses, that with new day's rise,
Display your crimson folds, fresh looking, fair,
Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich adorned rays of roseate rising morn!
* * * * * *
If chance my mistress traces
Fast by your flowers to take the summer's air,
Then woful blushing tempt her glorious eyes
To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,
And tell Love's torments, sorrowing for her friend,
Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting,
Report fair Venus' moans to have no end!"

Drummond, of Hawthornden, whom Lamb lovingly includes among those three or four sweetest names of poets, "which carry a perfume in the mention," writes of the rose in the same strain of classical allusion. A poem on "The Rose," by Sir John Davies, forms one of twenty-six acrostics in praise of *Elizabetha regina;* more ingenious than original. The last stanza reminds us of the historic roses of York and Lancaster:

"Rose of the queen of love belov'd;
England's great kings divinely mov'd,
Gave roses in their banner;
It show'd that beauty's rose indeed,
Now in this age should them succeed
And reign in more sweet manner."

And we have in our own day, Canon Kingsley's word for it that she *was* pretty, *England's great queen*, so we need not smile at the zealous courtier phrase, "beauty's rose."

As a sample object of natural beauty, divested of the classical and not yet clothed with the more strictly modern or ethical associations, the rose has place in some of the most-honeyed verse of the genuine poets. It is not alone, but clustering with her fellows, as the queen of the bouquet, we find her. As in the "Prothalmien" of Spencer, so admired by Coleridge for the

"swan-like" movement of its refrain. A "flock of nymphs" gather flowers for the bridal:

——"The violet pallid blue,
The little daisie that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie and the primrose true
With store of vermeil roses."

Again in Ben Jonson's "Shepherd's Holiday:"

"Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The prim-rose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright daisy-eyes, and the lips of cows,
The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose to crown the holiday."

Thus scattered up and down through English poesy we find the flowers, and chiefest among them, "Mid-May's eldest child." To give one more selection under this head: in the "Muses Elysium" of Drayton, is the following description of a fairy's bed, noticed by Leigh Hunt, for its delicate and Shaksperian fancy:

"Of leaves of roses white and red
Shall be the covering of the bed;
The curtains, vallens tester all,
Shall be the flower imperial;
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure hare bells shall be hung.
Of lilies shall the pillows be
With down stuft of the butterfly."

A poem on "Flowers," very spirited and graceful in its playful fancy has been written by Hood, in which he assigns each her character, and none other will he woo but the

——"dainty rose
With her cheeks of tender red."

As a very beautiful instance of the poet's "sympathizing with creation," Leigh Hunt calls attention to a thought in Keats' *St. Agnes' Eve,* which is appropriate to our purpose as illustrating another phase of the poetry of the rose.

It is in the stanza that describes Madeline "asleep in lap of legends old," and forms the climax to a succession of precious images:

"Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

The ethics of the rose, or the moral and spiritual analogies, to be drawn from it, conclude and complete the scale of poetic association. From Shakspeare we cull an example, it is a part of one of the *Sonnets*. The flower of love becomes didactic, a preacher of truth:

"O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

Waller, in lines that have been often quoted, bids the "lovely rose," remind his mistress of the perishableness of earthly beauty.

Holy George Herbert, the sweet singer of the church, in his lines on *virtue*, says of this fairest flower:

"Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die."

Keble, a sacred poet of wonderful delicacy and purity of thought, compares the rose-bud to the flower of Heavenly Love in the believer's heart.

Wendell Holmes has noticed in one of his thoughtful rambling books, the suggestion of religious reserve and modesty here taught.

Mrs. Browning gives utterance to the hopes and aspirations of the youthful poet in her *Lay of the Early Rose*. It is written for the struggling, aspiring soul of man or poet, for the two are one, in this element of mingled strength and weakness. She would have him perceive that

"No rose can shed her leaves
Far less poet fall from mission,
With an unfulfilled fruition."

And with this gentle optimist we leave the poetry of the rose; raised, as we have seen her, from all her lower and sensuous associations, into the atmosphere of the "eternal vereties," we may reverently recall, in closing, the Hebrew associations with this flower: "The Rose of Sharon" typifies the church, the Bride of Israel's Heavenly King.

CARMENENSIS.

BY JOHN W. MOORE.

My sabre hangs high on the wainscotted wall,
Of this dim ancient room where the thick shadows fall,
On the hilt that once blazed with battle's red glare,
The last beams of sunset glint feeble and rare:
For the night comes at last, and the long day has gone,
And I and my falchion are left all alone;
Save my dog who looks up with fond faithful eyes,
Disturbed in his dreams by his master's deep sighs,
My faithful staghound who in happier days,
Found life but one round of light gambols and plays;
Now solemn and staid on the hearth sleeps secure,
From the ills I trust he may never endure.

The rain which has pattered all day on the roof,
Has ceased and I hear it no longer aloof;
Even through the shut windows, I scent the faint breath,
Of the poor flowers drooping in Autumn's wide death.
The long spectral limbs of a mighty oak tree,
Seem ghastly in outline with its shadow on me;
A bird of ill omen is shuddering there,
And making more dismal this night-fall so drear.
O'er the mantel I trace in the fast deep'ning gloom,
The portrait of one in her heavenly bloom;
A sweet pensive face that long years ago,
Paled slowly and hid itself under the snow.

I am sitting alone by a slow dying fire,
And behold in its ashes a type of desire,
Of yearnings unfathomed, of love never told,
Fond dreams of my youth, sweet visions of old,
That thrilled me with gladness, then sunk out of sight,
Leaving many a trace of their depth and their might,
On the brow that was gay, now furrowed with care,
And the silver threads creeping into my dark hair.

* * * * * * *

Sad memories crowd on me out of the past,
With a few golden glimpses too radiant to last;
Deep questions of Providence, of Free-will, and Fate,
Of poor human frailty, and man's weak estate,
Are stealing like phantoms o'er my thought-laden brain,
Dear friends and stern foemen are with me again.

Once more the wild shouts of the armies I hear,
And battle's deep joy has banished my fear;
'Midst the plunging of shot and glitter of steel,
Again I see columns in their blood faintly reel.

But hark! my strong nerves are losing their tone,
So humane it sounded, that low, wailing moan,
Of the night-wind that reaches now even my sword,
That vibrates so slowly upon the frail cord,
That long has suspended my blade in its place,
Like that of Damocles in primeval days.
* * * * * * *

Oh blade of rare temper, long hanging on high!
Like me from thy ills, thou art powerless to fly;
The slow tooth of time on thy brightness is set,
A foe to consume us, old friend, we have met.
Our scabbards are worn and exhibit decay,
But longer and shorter shall both be my stay:
A hatchment of honor to this body of mine,
You may prove when no longer around me shall shine
The light of sad heavens, but the Pyramid's might,
Shall crumble to dust ere I know such a night,
As shall visit the falchion, when into thin air,
Thy last atom rises from steel once so fair.

Those mills grinding slowly grind never so fine,
As when meeting resistance persistent like thine;
To die is to live, but not so with thee,
Into infinite space thy substance shall flee,
Into utter consumption, disintegrate, lost,
Each particle severed, not even a ghost,
To haunt the lone ruin, or weep o'er the past;
To the length of my ages thy time is but haste.
But when in the lapse of the slow-moving years,
When eyes that are brightest then, darkened with tears,
Have slept long forgotten 'neath beautiful flowers;
And lichens have covered the proudest of towers,
Then when into ether thy semblance has passed,
What fate may await thee can scarcely be guessed.

Thou art now but an agent of wrath and of blood,
Death, Famine and Grief, thy legitimate brood;
But when metamorphosed into life-giving air,
Some spirit may breathe thee and grow strong and fair,
So at last incorporate, alliance may make
With a soul ever deathless and thus to partake,

In the ages to come, with descendant of mine,
Some show of relation I dare not define.

Rust on, trusty steel, in thy place on the wall,
The heart-aches of life on thee never fall;
The tale of disaster, the malice of foes,
Can bring thee no hurt or break thy repose.

No more for us blowing the bugle's loud breath,
Calls the grim reapers forth to the harvest of death;
No more fiery shells rushing madly on high,
Tell of Battle begun and the Carnival nigh:
No more weary watches at night on the plain,
'Midst cries of the wounded and heaps of the slain;
No more charging blindly at dawn on the foe,
With the faint Eastern hills beginning to glow.
The long-roll at midnight is now never heard,
Nor with the wild cheers are our dull pulses stirred:
The thunder of conflict is hushed by the sea,
In the mountains no longer the air pure and free,
Is laden with fumes from the cannon's deep throat;
O'er no lines confronting do battle-flags float.

Oh, long ago, vanished such scenes from the land;
We rust, goodly sword, there's never a hand,
To wield thee or scatter the dust from my lips,
The way is uncertain, and feeble my steps.
Good sabre, we perish like yon slow-dying fire,
Consuming ourselves, yet rising no higher:
Ah, well-tempered blade, as you hang there so free,
Such promptings and thoughts arise unto me.

A GENTLEMAN saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress into a tin cup, and inquired, "What are you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion into your head, child? You can't color red with beer." "Yes I can, pa, because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red." That man had business that required him down town immediately.

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL, *8th Reg. Va. Volunteers.*

How joyous, how buoyant, how frolicsome were we all in those latter days of June, 1863, bivouacing in the beautiful valley of Cumberland, Pennsylvania, with our feet upon the enemies soil, and our faces turned towards his chief cities!

Gen. Lee's headquarters were in the old Dutch town of Chambersburg, surrounded by the bulk of the army, though one or two divisions were thrown out as 'feelers,' a day's journey to the North and East. Gallant Rodes, of Ewell's corps, was holding dress-parades in the magnificent grouds of the U. S. Arsenal and Barracks at Carlisle, built by the Hessians in 1777, and occupied by Washington in 1794; Jubal Early was drawing supplies and clothing from the Federals of York, on the Susquehanna; while the lively veterans of A. P. Hill's corps were making the echoes of South Mountain, at Cashtown Gap, ring with their exultant shouts—"*On to Baltimore!*"

Among our Northern Brethren—wild consternation, confusion of counsels, curses of the government and the latest broken idol—"Fighting Joe," absurd alarms, hurrying to and fro of hot riders, and tocsins roaring at midnight to call out not very anxious "Home Guards." Loyalists of Washington, Baltimore and Harrisburg catching snatches of sleep upon the tops of packed trunks, and awakening from hideous *night-mares*, to imagine the clatter of "Black Horse" in the streets. In other great cities, hourly bulletins multiplying the numbers of the Rebels with each edition and causing able-bodied militia men to offer fabulous sums for medical exemption. The value of rheumatic legs ascends to thousands of dollars. Gold and patriotism on the contrary are quoted "low and declining."

Meanwhile we, whose voluntary return to the Union after great solicitation, has produced this hub-bub, bask in the rich abundance of the Dutch settlements that are in very deed a land of "milk and honey," and "oil and wine," to the half famished

Southerners with their rations of one-fourth pound of meat per day. Until our advent, the natives of this region knew nothing of the war. It was a thing at a distance: to be read of, and talked of at idle moments, and a good deal boasted of, in the intervals between "Rebel" successes, as proof of the superiority of Yankee valor and resources. But not, of course, a matter to interrupt the rearing of calves, or the manufacture of sour krout.

The habits of these burly "Deutchers" and their very transparent schemes to propitiate "Dose nice Rebel gentleman's from de Souf," might be narrated with much humor, did not more important affairs demand my space.

SOLICITOUS RESPECTING OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY.

Notwithstanding the delights of repose after five hundred miles of daily marching, there was a good deal of uneasiness among the better informed officers, at the loss of nearly a week, at this critical period of our invasion. Every hour of such inaction, they felt, must lessen the panic at the North, and bring out a mighty horde of militia and volunteers to engulf us, should we advance, or swarm at our heels in case of a retreat. And while our confidence in "Uncle Robert" was, like that of Stonewall Jackson, "willing to follow him blind-folded," there were disquieting rumors to the effect that Lee himself was perplexed—not being able to learn anything of the whereabouts of "our friends, the enemy." This was true, and calls for explanation.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with the major portion of the cavalry, had been left in Virginia to watch Hooker, but with instructions to hasten to rejoin us soon as the latter should leave the State. The Federal army, however, moved to the upper fords of the Potomac, near Leesburg, occupying all the roads leading to Lee, and forcing Stuart to cross lower down, make a wide detour, and head for Carlisle, where he arrived on the 1st of July, too late to be of service. Thus it happened that the army *was without its eyes* at the time they were most needed, and Gen. Lee was compelled to halt in his march of invasion till apprized of the movements of Hooker.

That commander, with a largely re-inforced army, marched northwestward from Leesburg, with the design of covering Washington and Baltimore, and also checking Lee's advance upon

Harrisburg by threatening his communications. But whatever his plans, they were relinquished with the command of the army on the 20th of June, from *pique* at the refusal of Halleck to order to his support some 10,000 Union troops that were lying idly at Harper's Ferry. He was succeeded by Gen. Geo. E. Meade, a more cautious commander, whose first act was to direct all his Generals to concentrate upon Pipe's Creek, 15 miles southeast from the town of Gettysburg. One corps (Reynolds) being in the vicinity of the latter place, was permitted to remain as a support for the cavalry outposts.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

On the 30th of June, Gen. Harry Heth, of A. P. Hill's corps, in bivouac near Cashtown, was ordered to march to Gettysburg, and occupy it while contributions of clothing, shoes and medicines should be levied by the Quartermasters. To Pettigrew's brigade was assigned the duty of picketing the eastern approaches of the town, and it was already within one or two miles of the place, when the skirmishers of the 11th North Carolina arrested a well mounted citizen, professing to be a physician, riding to visit a patient in the country. Colonel Collett Leventhorpe, of the 11th, without suspecting the presence of the enemy, questioned the Doctor rather closely, when, to the surprise of all, he confessed that four or five thousand Federals were in the vicinity, and a much larger force a few miles from town.

Upon this information, Col. Leventhorpe ordered a halt, to consult Gen. Pettigrew; and the latter continued the halt till Gen. Lee should be heard from. Meanwhile a strong body of cavalry began to hang about the brigade, and when two hours later it was ordered back to camp, the movement was not effected without considerable risk; the 11th regiment being compelled to form line of battle in the rear no less than four times.

FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

To ascertain the strength of the Federal force in his front, Gen. Hill on the following morning (July 1st) threw forward the whole of Heth's division, Archer's brigade sweeping the right, and Davis' the left of the turnpike, with Pettigrew and Brocken-

borough supporting. Gen. Archer, having encountered the enemy's cavalry pickets, drove them in so rapidly that he fell into an ambuscade of Reynolds' infantry, and in the confusion which ensued, was captured, with his staff, and several hundreds of his men. Pettigrew's men opportunely coming up checked the rout, and restored the lines.

A new disposition was now made. Pettigrew's brigade rested with its left on the right of the turnpike, Brockenborough's next to the right, and the survivors of Archer's on the extreme right. On the left of the turnpike Davis was instructed to form connections with the right of Ewell's corps, which having arrived on the northwest of town from Carlisle, was ready to take part in the assault. The enemy's position in front of Heth was an excellent one. Drawn up along the slope of a rolling ridge, wooded at the crest, and planted with grain, breast high, which impeded both the aim, and advance of our troops, were three lines of Federals, encouraged by the immediate presence of their Major General. As our men approached the hill, a severe artillery fire depleted their ranks; but nothing could stop them till the three lines were driven into one, and that one behind fences and other defences. For half an hour the fight wavered over a space of a few yards, backwards and forwards, when suddenly the Federals broke in confusion, leaving their dead General, (Reynolds), and a large number of slain, and prisoners. In this fierce struggle, though Virginians, Tennesseans, Georgians and North Carolinians fought side by side, the meed of praise fell, by common consent, upon the latter, whose losses attest the obstinacy of their valor. Figures alone might sadly, but faithfully, tell the tale; as, for instance, the 26th N. C. regiment lost 549 out of 800 men, and the 11th N. C., 250 out of 550, including its noble Colonel, afterwards Gen. Leventhorpe.

The enemy, having fallen back to the suburbs of the city, was now vigorously attacked by Ewell, and Pender, of Hill's corps, (embracing the North Carolina brigades of Scales and Lane) with Anderson supporting. Simultaneously the lines were broken at all points and the panic stricken Federals, with yells of terror, fled through the streets of Gettysburg in wild disorder. The rush of innumerable feet, the ceaseless crack of the rifle, the shouts of the pursuers, the shrill screams of women

within the houses, accompanied with the Wagnerian symphony of artillery booming from Seminary Ridge constituted one of the most exciting and remarkable episodes of the war. Five thousand prisoners, and the same number of killed and disabled, were among the fruits of the victory; and the veterans of Ewell and Hill uniting in the public square congratulated themselves upon the new name added to the banners.

Although but 5½ P. M., Gen. Lee, who had now come up, decided not to continue the pursuit, as the enemy had taken position on an high ridge about a mile eastward of town, and was believed to be receiving reinforcements. As a fact, we know from Northern sources, that Gen. Hancock, sent by Meade to take charge of operations at Gettysburg, met the runaways on the brow of the ridge, and cheering them by assurances of speedy support, posted them in a strong position, behind a succession of stone fences, with artillery commanding all the approaches.

Whether Lee erred, as is generally charged, in failing to advance upon the Heights, I am not prepared to say; though it is likely he followed the course of a prudent General. Before he could extricate his wearied troops from the city, and arrange them for a vigorous assault, "night and Blucher" must have been at hand to resist him; reinforcements having reached Hancock about sunset. During the night. Meade, with above eighty thousand men, came up, and were posted along the crest.

THE FEDERAL POSITION.

In a beautiful valley, a little more than a mile in width, opening towards the southeast, lies the quaint old town of Gettysburg. On the west, the valley is bounded by a range of sloping hills to which the name of "Seminary Ridge" has been given because a Female Seminary occupies its most conspicuous point. Over this ridge two roads pass into Gettysburg: the Carlisle road, upon which Ewell came, as before stated, and the turnpike from Chambersburg, whereon A. P. Hill routed Reynolds' advance corps. After passing through town the traveller on this turnpike finds himself ascending the rather steep slope of the eastern wall of the valley, which is considerably higher than Seminary Ridge, and commands it fully. Gaining the crest, along which the turnpike continues for more than a mile, he perceives that

the ridge is shaped like a big fish-hook, or an horse shoe with part of one side broken off. It is three miles long, and, above the town, curves around towards the north forming the bend of the horse shoe or hook. Different portions of the ridge, are, now designated by special names: the northeast end, or barb of the hook, being called CULPS HILL; the curve, or bend, called "Cemetery Hill;" and a couple of small knobs or peaks, arising like pyramids from the level of the ridge, near the stem of the hook, called "Round Top," and "Little Round Top." The Federal army lay behind stone fences, and earthworks, along the whole crest from Culps Hill to Round Top. Upon the high backbone of the ridge behind the infantry were nearly 100 guns, with an equal number in reserve. As this position could not be flanked, its great strength will be apparent even to non-military readers. By noon of July 2d, Meade had more than one hundred thousand men concentrated for its defence. The Southern commander-in-chief, from the lofty tower of the college, must have seen the hourly thickening fringe of bayonets upon the crown of Cemetery Ridge, but, although it is known with certainty, that he had less than half the strength of his adversary, his great confidence in the prowess of his ragged followers, must have blinded him to the inequality of the contest. Besides he must either fight or retire, as there was little or no provision or forage in the mountainous region immediately in his rear.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHTING.

The plan of attack comprised a demonstration by Ewell, on the enemy's extreme right at Culp's Hill, to call off all extra troops to that quarter. Then on our right, Longstreet, with two divisions, supported by Pender and Anderson, should charge upon Round Top, which, if taken, would command not only the whole ridge, but Meade's sole line of retreat. Unfortunately Gen. Lee did not know that his antagonist had men enough to form double lines of reserves at both the menaced points.

The battle opened about 2 P. M. with a grand charge by Hood and McLaws, at whose head rode Longstreet, waving his hat, and cheering on his men. Upon the slope of Round Top, the crack corps of Dan Sickles' was drawn up in three lines; and for a time

they fought desperately. But, like a wave of steel, the brave Texans, Mississippians, and South Carolinians rolled up the ascent, sending Sickles to the rear with one leg off, and causing the majority of his men to seek the same quarter, carrying off two legs. Yelling triumphantly, our men clambered towards the summit of the mountain, but only to encounter rank upon rank of fresh troops hurried forward by the Federal commander, who now saw his danger. All the guns that could be brought to bear were trained upon the flanks of one column, sweeping away many hundreds of the bravest of Southern blood.

At this juncture, the hopes of the spectators on Seminary Ridge were quickened by the spectacle of Anderson's Georgians and Alabamians swarming up the rugged sides of Little Round Top, to the left of Longstreet. For a moment the starry cross was seen floating on the summit, and all knew that if this key to Meade's position could be held, the day was ours. Alas! Hancock sends forward brigade after brigade, whose successive volleys make the little mountain quake, and so envelope it in smoke the struggle is hidden from view. But the cloud gradually sinks lower and lower on the slope, indicating the sullen withdrawal of our thinned ranks. As night settled o'er the bloody scene, it is apparent the assault has failed, though we still hold ground wrested from the foe.

What had *Ewell* accomplished? From some reason his demonstration, instead of drawing off troops from in front of Longstreet, was delayed till late in the afternoon, when Longstreet's movements had weakened the lines in his own front, to some extent. I do not state this as a reflection on Ewell, for Gen. Lee, who was aware of the delay, does not censure it; but merely give it as the fact.

Again, comparing the ridge to a fish hook, let us say that Early's division assailed the bend or curve of the hook, and Johnson charged upon the point or barb. Early's men dashed straight up the hill and planted their banners upon the Federal breastworks with shouts of victory. But the narrowness of the apex made it easy to concentrate troops behind any threatened point, and our men were soon thrust off the ridge. Johnson had better luck, driving back the force in his front, and penetrating into the woods to the rear of the Federal works, where he lay upon

his arms throughout the night. The lodgement thus effected appears not to have been duly appreciated by Gen. Lee, as he made no effort to strengthen Johnson in his position, and by 9 A. M. of the succeeding day, Meade regained all the ground he had lost in that quarter. Upon the whole, the results of the day's fighting could neither be called discouraging, nor very favorable. "These partial advantages, says Lee, in his official report, alluding to Ewell's and Longstreet's slight gains, "determined me to continue the attack next day."

PICKETT'S DIVISION COMES TO THE FRONT.

The division of Gen. Geo. E. Pickett, having been left at Chambersburg to destroy the railroad shops, track, &c., started for Gettysburg on the morning of July 2d. As the head of column took the Baltimore turnpike, loud shouts shook the air, and every face beamed satisfaction. Thirty miles under a vertical July sun is not conducive to enthusiasm in a pedestrian, yet I never knew more spirit and *elan* among the men. The idea of "going ahead" was exhilirating.

At Cashtown, 8 miles of Gettysburg, a sullen booming in the air, aroused conjecture, and to the surprise of all, a quartermaster coming from the front, exclaimed—"Been fighting for two days —driving the Yankees all the time—got 6,000 prisoners already —hurah for Lee!" And to be sure we *did* hurrah for the old chieftain. In confirmation of the good news, soon came the splenddly caparisoned black charger of Gen. Reynolds; and in a fild by the road side were apparently acres of blue coat prisoners. Bivouacing some four miles from Gettysburg, we fell aleep to the lullaby of deep reverberations from the battle front.

THIRD DAY'S FIGHTING.

While the round red sun was yet balancing atop the mountains towards the east, Pickett had his 5,400 Virginians along the west sloe of Seminary Ridge, confronting the Federal left-centre.

Gen. Lee's plans for the third day's operations were based on the suppsition that the enemy, in anticipation of the old Jacksonian flank movement, would gather the bulk of his troops upon one or both wings, leaving the centre as his weakest point.

Here again Lee underestimated Meade's strength, (he was able to form triple lines at *all* points,) and overestimated the capacity of his own troops, whose valor might carry them to death, but not always to victory.

It was decided that after a preliminary cannonade by all the batteries of the centre and right wing of the army, a direct assault upon Cemetery Hill should be made by Pickett's division, seconded by Heth's, under Pettigrew, and with the co-operation of Pender's, under Trimble.

In accordance with this plan, 140 pieces were planted on Seminary Ridge, while the assaulting column formed along the slope in rear of them, out of view of the enemy. Of Pickett's division, Garnett's brigade held the right, Kemper's the left, and Armistead followed in support of both. Pettigrew's division was in single line of four brigades, Archer's, Pettigrew's under Marshal, Brockenborough's and Davis' in the order given. Scales' and Lane's brigades, of Pender's division, joined Davis on the left.

I will here remark that originally Pettigrew was instructed to *support* Pickett, but subsequently the order was changed to *cooperate* with him; the movement to be *en echelon*. That is, Pickett should move first; when he was fairly started, Pettigrew start on his left; and when Pettigrew got under way, Pender start on his left. Thus, when Pickett struck the Federal works, Pettigrew would be within gunshot on the left, threatening that part of the line, so that there could be no massing of troops against any one column.

HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY COUNTERFEITED.

Come with me, reader, to this scene of terrible strife. The sun is at meridian; the more careless of the two armies have opened their greasy haversacks, and are making their frugal dinner. Others are lying on their backs, in desultory chit-chat, or deep in thought. All is peaceful, idle, lazy looking and rather sleepy—as if it were a July noon-hour *siesta* in the harvest field It *is* the harvest-field of death!

Ah! a sudden movement among the artillerymen as its one armed chief gallops down the line. The ball is about to open! "*Lie down, men!*"—shouts the Colonel; and one after another the Captains repeat "Lie down."

The cannoneers open their ammunition chests; the caison drivers crouch in shallow trenches they have scooped out for their protection during the row. Suspense for 20 seconds. Boom!-*err*-BANG!!—a thundering explosion on the right of the line! The sound startles us, though we have been expecting it; just as we shrink from the crack of thunder which a previous flash has foretold. Then a crash of unearthly peals! As the solitary huntsman's shot among the Alps brings down a mighty avalanche from the overhanging glaziers, so this signal gun echoing, like Heaven's thunder along the ridge, awakes an awful hurricane of fire and smoke, and hurtling death-strokes, accompanied by hideous screeching and ear-deafening reverberations, such as never before were heard on this continent! It is an artillery duello of 250 cannons at short range, throwing 500 shells per minute and each shell bursting into myriad fragments with its own special scream and explosion! Not as a figure of rhetoric, but as a perceptible fact, the earth quivered under the incessant concussion. Nor is the sensation of sound alone appalling; the eye takes in a work of destruction that well may shake the steadiest nerves.

INCIDENTS.

Reclining in front of my company, I was watching the struggles of a wounded artillery horse, when a shell whizzed over my head, and struck behind me. Seeing a peculiar expression upon the countenance of an officer, who was looking back, I also glanced around, and saw a most shocking spectacle. The heavy missile had descended six feet behind me, and *ploughed through* the bodies of Morris and Jackson of my own company. Poor fellows! they were devoted friends, and lay side by side on their blankets: and side by side were ushered into eternity! While assisting in removing the mangled remains, Lieut. Charlie D—— left his sword and haversack where he had been lying. A shell burst upon the spot, tearing those articles into shreds—a narrow escape for their owner.

This was within the first ten minutes. Presently the air seemed full of flying lead and iron; and it was not entirely fancy for the field was covered with fragments of metal after the battle.

Fortunately the Federal gunners began to aim higher, supposing the woods in our rear to be full of troops, and sending most of their missiles screaming beyond us.

SKIRMISHERS TO THE FRONT.

It is about 1 P. M. All over the South the farmers are coming in from the harvest fields in obedience to the long-drawn tooting of "old Aunt Dinah's" dinner-horn, and mothers as they place the 'vacant chairs' around the well-worn table are wondering how long 'twill be ere 'the boys' come back from that far away trip to the north-ward. How strange the contrast from these quiet Southern home-scenes to that, now enacting in this Pennsylvania valley, and wherein 'the boys' are about to participate! The cannonading has ceased. "Let us stop to see what the Rebels are up to"—says the Federal chief of artillery. "We have silenced the enemy—he is perfectly demoralized"—says our own chief. The duello has lasted nearly two hours, and our gunners have not a shot to divert the attention of Meade's batteries while we are advancing—a sad mishap!

Riding coolly down the lines, now, comes Gen. Pickett, well mounted, rather *dandyish* in his ruffles and curls, but ready to ride to the death if need be. He pauses at the head of our brigade. "Have you any further instructions?" asks Garnett puffing at his cigar with splendid unconcern. "No, Dick, I don't recollect anything else"—says Pickett—"unless it be to advise you to make the best kind of time in crossing the valley; its a *h—l of an ugly looking place over yonder.*" As they converse, Col. Hunton orders my company to deploy as skirmisders—advance and drive in the enemy's sharpshooters—pull down a couple of cross-fences that would obstruct the charge of the division—and await further instructions. 'So we are to have the honor of piloting the corps into that "h—l of an ugly place" '—I reflect, as we move forward over the brow of the hill, and I am not sure the glory repays the risk; though it is better to be in motion, even under fire, than lying in suspense. Passing between the smoking cannon, that should now, of all times, be bellowing fiercely, we are cheered by the powder-grimed cannoniers, who have mounted their pieces to witness the fight.

Measuring by the eye, from the crest of the ridge to the Federal works on the opposite slope, one would estimate at a little over a mile, descending swiftly over the Emmettsburg road near the eastern side of the valley; then ascending somewhat steeply towards the summit of Cemetery Ridge with its crown of earthworks, surmounted by scores of flags, telling of the masses gathered under them. Just beyond the sunken road is an unfinished brick house, with one or two outhouses, which are the only obstrnctions of the view or the *range* between the lines. I have but a moment to glance at the scene ere we are hotly engaged with the Federal sharpshooters; firing on Paddy's rule in a "skrimage"—"Whinever ye see a head, hit for it." Soon we reach the last fence, and pull it down, throwing the rails in piles, and lying in the tall grass behind them to await the advance of the main column. More than one of us has already been 'phlebotomized' by the Federal bullets.

PICKETT'S ADVANCE.

Presently behind the hill a stentorian voice is heard giving the command—"FORWARD!—Guide-on-the-Right—MARCH!" Gen. Pickett appears on the crest among the artillery and sends his brother, Charlie, to bid us keep about 120 yards in advance of the division. Now we hear the murmur and jingle of a large corps in motion. Colonels on horseback ride slowly over the brow of the ridge; followed by a glittering forest of bright bayonets. The whole column is now within sight, coming down the slope with steady step and superb alignment. The rustle of thousands of feet amid the stubble stirs a cloud of dust, like the dash of spray at the prow of a vessel. The flags flutter and snap—the sunlight flashes from the officer's swords—low words of command are heard—and thus in perfect order, this gallant array of gallant men marches straight down into the valley of Death! Two armies, for a moment, look on, apparently spellbound; then the spell is broken by the crash of one hundred guns trained upon the advancing troops. Shot, shell, spherical case, shrapnel and cannister—thousands of deadly missiles racing through the air to thin our ranks! A bomb explodes in front of a regiment—three men fall lifeless,—five men limp,

moaning, to the rear—"Close up men!"—the gap disappears and there is no falter in the line. Two or three men drop out of different companies—"killed by sharpshooters"—"Close up men!" An officer's head is blown off by a round shot—the men step over his body—"Close up!"—"Not too fast on the left"—"Major take command, Colonel is down"—on moves the devoted column into the jaws of Destruction! Lee, standing with Longstreet, and a group of staff officers, on Seminary Ridge, watching this last attempt to break the enemy's lines, must have felt a throb of the heart at each peal of the ravaging artillery.

PETTIGREW AND PENDER.

As has been stated the divisions of Pickett, Pettigrew and Pender were to move successively, *en echelon*, not *following* each other as has been generally understood. When I first noticed Pettigrew's column, it was emerging from the skirt of timber on the brow of the ridge about 800 yards to our left and rear. So great an interval was due, I suppose to the fact that Gen. Pettigrew, and most of his brigadiers were *new* in their positions, having been called to the command by casualities of the previous days; hence did not get in motion so promptly as usual. In advancing these troops encountered the same storm of mangling missiles, including a rapid enfilading fire from the apex of Cemetery Hill, that fairly melted away the two left brigades of the division before it reached the sunken road. Pettigrew's old brigade, under the noble Marshall, and the remnants of Archer's, however, came on with springing steps, not far behind the left of Pickett's line.

Here it may be mentioned that a conflict of orders occasioned considerable interval between the divisions. In the morning orders were given to "dress to the left"—the meaning of which will be understood by all old soldiers. Afterwards Pickett's men were instructed to "dress to the right;" and as the others went to the left the interval grew larger as the columns advanced. This change of direction, probably, gave rise to the common statement that Heth failed to "follow and support" Pickett.

THE SIMOON OF DEATH.

When half the valley had been traversed by the leading col-

umn, there came such a storm of grape and canister as seemed to take away the breath, causing whole regiments to stoop like men running in a violent sleet. Shower upon shower of the fatal shot rattle through the ranks, or scream through the air overhead till one wonders that a single human being can escape. But there is no pause, scarcely a waver; on, on, on! Within six hundred yards of the Yankee breastworks! The "grid-iron" flag waves every fifty paces, but not a blue coat is seen, save the gunners plying their pieces. Five hundred yards of the works! Four hundred! No sign of the foe. Three hundred! Can he have fled? Two hundred!—(passing the sunken road) and, with a shout we start to run up the slope. Lo! from behind the breastworks on the crest arises a dense rank of blue coats, whose polished musket barrels are seen to glitter for an instant. Then bursts forth a puff, a blinding, withering, wasting blaze, a long sheet of lightning, as if from the summit of the hill had suddenly sprung a vomiting volcano of deadly gases! Think of more than twenty thousand muskets hurling their fatal contents in a single volley! Think of the havoc such a volley must make in the compact columns swarming up the ascent! At 40 paces it was almost impossible for the poorest of the Yankee marksmen to avoid hitting some one of the advancing throng. It were strange indeed that any of the latter escaped unscathed. All around me were men weltering in their life-blood, some on their faces, some on their backs, some writhing and moaning, others still forever! Half the flags of the division fell with the first fire, but quickly they were raised by the survivors and borne forward. At twenty paces from the works, those who had not fired their muskets in the confusion of the first volley, poured a fusillade upon the Yankees with so much effect that I thought the day was ours, as whole companies ran back towards the upper line. At this juncture Gen. Garnett was riddled with bullets; Kemper carried off with a shattered leg; Pickett wounded; all the field and staff officers killed or disabled; and more than two-thirds of the men *hors du combat.* I felt stunned, dazed, bewildered, but picked up a musket and fired repeatedly. All the foregoing had occupied less than five minutes. Armistead's brigade now swept up to the works, and the General, at their head, waving his hat, attempted to jump upon the works, but fell dead in the ditch. His men,

with some of my regiment, clambered atop the breastworks, and seemed to have possession of them. At this a long line of bayonets rushed down from the rear of the artillery and everything went to pieces. *Sauve qui peut!*—and be quick about it!

To retreat was nearly as dangerous as to advance, and scores of men threw themselves behind some piles of stone in front of the works, and held up their hands in token of surrender. Liberty looked too sweet to lose without an effort, and I started back but halted in the road to see the result of Pettigrew's assault upon the left.

A portion of the division, as has been stated, did not go farther than the road, being terribly cut up and scattered by a severe flanking fire. Judging by a momentary glance, about one thousand or twelve hundred North Carolinians and Tennesseeans swept over the road, and up to the enemy's works. At their head was the noble Marshall, acting Brigadier of Pettigrew's brigade, who fell within a few feet of the Yankee bayonets, and was buried by them. His horse was ridden off by a Tennesseean, showing how the two States were mixed in the fray. Thinking the North Carolinians had secured a lodgement on the crest, I picked up a musket and started to move towards the left. But on firing the gun (which probably had three charges rammed down one upon the other, as was common in the excitement of battle) it kicked so violently as to nearly cause me to turn a summersault. When I recovered myself the enemy was pouring a terrible volley into the retreating Confederates, and all was over. Farther to the left Lane's and Scale's brigades of North Carolinians were struggling for the heights, but their movements were not discernible from the point I occupied.

Wilcox's brigade, I neglected to state, was to follow Pickett on his right to prevent a flank attack, and it now came to the road a little to my right, exchanging several volleys with the enemy. This demonstration was mainly useful in allowing time for the fragments of the two attacking divisions, with many of their slightly wounded to get out of range of the Federal sharpshooters. With the same object in view, a number of us; officers and men together, paused in a gulley on the north of the road, and peppered every Yankee who dared show his head over the works. During this time I saw a man, lying behind a pile of stone within

fifteen feet of the works, tear a flag from its pole and conceal it in his breast. The enemy, imagining there were a good many of us in the ditch, threw out a regiment to take us in flank. At this I started for our lines, amid a shower. Of those who started with me none escaped, though one or two threw themselves in the grass, I think, to avoid the severe fire.

"UNCLE ROBERT."

Almost broken down by fatigue and relaxation from the intense excitement of the battle, I was dragging myself over the brow of Seminary Ridge, when I noticed a solitary horseman surveying the field, and on nearer approach, recognised our beloved Commander-in-Chief. His bridle rein was carelessly upon his horses' neck, and in the whole attitude of the trim soldierly figure was an air of sadness, weariness, regretfulness, akin to depression, such as I had never known in him before. It was easy to believe he was thinking more, at that moment, of the loss of brave men, than of the defeat, and the danger, then staring him in the face, of a Federal counter-charge upon the 140 pieces of artillery, all unprotected as it were.

Giving the military salute, I was passing to the rear, when to my surprise, he accosted me, asking, in a compassionate tone, "Are you wounded?" "No, General—only a little fatigued; but I am afraid there are but few so lucky as myself." "Ah! yes,—I am very sorry—the task was too great for you—but we mus'nt despond—another time we shall succeed. Are you one of Pickett's men!" "Yes, sir." "Well, you had better go back and rest yourself. Capt. Linthicum will tell you the rendezvous for your brigade."

At this moment an officer galloped up and reported that some division (I have forgotten the name) was coming into line in the ravine behind the ridge. "It is well," said Lee, gathering up the reins, "those people over yonder seem to be advancing, and I was becoming a little anxious." In fact, the enemy's skirmishers were already south of the Emmettsburg road, within musket shot of the artillery.

Suppose that during the hour succeeding the annihilation of Pickett and Pettigrew, Meade had advanced even a single division against our shattered right wing? The consequences must

have been fearful, even if the assault were ultimately repulsed. But he had been too roughly handled to venture upon the offensive, and ere sunset, all was in order again along the lines.

I found Capt. Linthicum, our soldier-parson, standing by a wounded horse, with his head against the animal's mane, weeping silently for his slain friend, whose blood still stained the saddle—Gen. Richard S. Garnett, a cavalier *sans puer, sans reproche.* At the wagon camp, on the following morning the remnants of the division were drawn up to act as the escort of 4000 prisoners, and then it was seen that less than 800 of the 5600 who went into the battle were able for duty. Two Generals, killed, two wounded; twenty field officers killed or disabled; and *four men* out of *every five* killed, wounded or captured. constituted the losses of the division! Of my own regiment 20 men, out of 209, survived the march across the dark valley.

The precise loss of Pettigrew's division I am not able to give, though it must have been very heavy. His brigade in the three days fighting, was cut down from near 3,000 to less than 1,000—a loss of *two* men out of every *three!* Gen. Heth, with several of his Colonels were wounded the first day; and Col. Harry Burgwin was slain.

Gen. Pender, Trimble, Scales, Hood and Anderson, were, also, on the list of wounded—the first named, mortally. Of this brave soldier, Gen. Lee, in his official report pauses to express the highest encomiums. Respecting the four slain Generals, Garnett, Armistead, Semmes, and Barksdale, the same report thus speaks: "These brave officers and patriotic gentlemen fell in the faithful discharge of duty leaving the army to mourn their loss and simulate their noble example."

THE UN-TITLED DEAD.

Of the humble rank and file, whose names are unknown, though their deeds have emblazoned the fame of their States as proudly in defeat, as if victorious, Lee may well say—"The con-"duct of the troops was all that I *could desire* or expect, and they "deserved success by heroic valor and fortitude. More may have "been expected of them than they were able to perform; but my "admiration of their noble qualities and confidence in their abil-

"ity to cope successfully with the enemy has suffered no abate-"ment."

In conclusion, I shall add no florid comments to this 'plain, unvarnished tale' of Southern patriots battling for freedom; but will merely remark that those who may have inadvertently given credence to statements disparaging the troops of any State in the mighty struggle at Gettysburg, should note the language of the illustrious eye-witness, above quoted, and remember, too, that the dead of four Southern States lay side by side on the crest of Cemetery Hill.

DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY.—1863.

January 1*st*.—The following official dispatch from Gen. Bragg gives us further particulars of the Murfreesboro fight in Tennessee: "The enemy has yielded his strong point and is falling back. We occupy the whole field and shall follow him. Gen. Wheeler with his cavalry made the complete circuit of their army on the 30th and 31st. He is again behind them, and captured their ordnance train to-day. God has granted us a Happy New Year."

January 2.—Another dispatch from Gen. Bragg: "The enemy retired last night but a short distance in the rear of their former position. We had a sharp and short contest this evening. We drove his left flank from its position, but our attacking party again retired with considerable loss to both sides. Wheeler and Wharton were again in their rear yesterday and captured 200 prisoners, one piece of artillery, and destroyed 200 loaded wagons."

The enemy finding all his efforts unavailing to make any inroads on the position of the Confederates at Vicksburg, have embarked leaving considerable quantities of entrenching tools, and other property, and apparently has relinquished his designs on Vicksburg. Lieut. Gen. Pemberton is in command of the Confederates at that point.

January 4.—President Davis arrives in Richmond in good health and fine spirits after his Southwestern tour.

January 5.—An official dispatch dated from Chattanooga informs us that our army has retired from Murfreesboro in perfect order. All the stores saved.

January 12.—Confederate States Congress assembles at Richmond.

January 19.—The Legislature of North Carolina assembles at Raleigh.

January 30.—The gunboats Chicory and Palmetto State, C. S. Navy, under command of Flag-officer D. N. Ingraham, leave Charleston harbor, attack the blockaders, destroy three and scatter the others to the winds of heaven.

March 3.—An attack made on Fort McAllister, below Savannah. The gunboats succeeded in dismounting one columbiad, which was without difficulty restored to its position. No injury done to the fort and the boats retire.

March 5.—The enemy attack Gen. Van Dorn at Thompson's Station, between Columbus and Franklin, Tennessee. They were handsomely driven back, and five regiments of infantry, and 2,200 officers and men captured.

March 17.—A slight skirmish on the Rappahannock, between our forces under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and the enemy under Gen. Stoneman. The Confederate forces succeeded in driving the enemy back, with small loss on our side.

March 14.—An engagement in Eastern North Carolina between our forces under Gen. Hill and the enemy. The Confederates made the attack and afterwards retired. The object of the expedition not yet disclosed. The loss on both sides was small.

April 7.— The attack commenced at Charleston. Seven monitors and the frigate Ironsides crossed the bar and steamed in towards Fort Sumter. At three in the afternoon they opened fire, and were replied to by the batteries at Sullivan's Island, Sumter, Moultrie and Morris' Island. The fire was, after a while, concentrated on Fort Sumter. The Keokuk and Ironsides withdrew, apparently disabled. The firing ceased, and there was no renewal of the attack. The Keokuk was certainly sunk off the beach at Morris' Island. Fort Sumter is uninjured. Gen. Beauregard in command of the Confederates.

April 13.—The following is an official dispatch sent by General Bragg to the War Department: "General Wheeler's report from Lebannon is as follows: 'I divided my command into two parties and made a raid upon the Louisville and Nashville, and Nashville and Murfreesboro Railroads, capturing a large train on each, and many officers and men.'" Portions of Wharton's and Morgan's Cavalry Divisions composed his command.

April 12.—A fight occurred at Franklin, Tenn. General Van Dorn attacked the enemy with 1000 Cavalry and Freeman's battery. The Federals retreated, but advanced again with heavy re-inforcements. A bloody fight ensued. Freeman's battery was captured. Our loss is heavy. We retreated from the place after six hours hard fighting. Later accounts represent the re-capture of our artillery.

April 28.—A slight skirmish, scarcely worth recording, nine miles below Kinston, N. C., at Gum Swamp. The fight lasted about two hours, when our forces were overpowered and obliged to retire. We had several killed and wounded.

April 29.—Six gunboats, averaging ten guns each, opened a terrific fire upon two batteries at Grand Gulf at 7 A. M., and continued without intermission for six hours and a half, when they withdrew. Grand Gulf is in Mississippi, within a few miles of Jackson.

May 1.—Congress adjourns *sine die.* Forrest repulsed the enemy with considerable loss yesterday at Danville, fifteen miles from Decatur, and is still pursuing. Forrest meets the Yankees a at Moulton and repulses them after a hand-to-hand fight. The enemy is in full retreat, and Forrest is pursuing.

May 2.—A terrible battle commenced on the Rappahannock. Gen. Jackson penetrates to the rear of the enemy, and drives him from his position from the Wilderness to within one mile of Chancellorsville. He was engaged at the same time in front by two of A. P. Hill's divisions.

May 3.—This morning the battle was renewed. The enemy was dislodged from all of his positions around Chancellorsville, and driven back towards the Rappahannock over which he is now retreating. This is one of the most terrible contests of the war. Our loss is very heavy in officers and men. It was indeed

a dearly bought victory. Many noble spirits breathed their last on this memorable occasion.

May 10.—We have to mourn the loss of that unflinching hero, whose dauntless spirit has shed its lustre on every battle-field in Virginia. The lamented Gen. T. J. Jackson, expired to-day, from wounds received in the battle of Chancellorsville, combined with an attack of pneumonia. This loss can never be repaired, and his memory will ever be cherished with the highest marks of esteem by a grateful nation. All is now quiet along the Rappahannock, Gen. Hooker's grand army having made their escape across that river.

[From Wilmington Star.

FORT FISHER.

Re-union of the Survivors of Battles at the Mouth of the Cape Fear—Welcoming Address of Maj. Devane and Reply of Col. Lamb—Old Soldiers and New—Music and Enthusiasm—Greeting Old Comrades, etc.

According to pre-arranged programme, though at a somewhat later hour than that published yesterday, the procession of survivors of the Fort Fisher fights, headed by Col Lamb, formed in front of the Dawson Bank Building, and preceded by the Norfolk City Guards, the Raleigh Light Infantry, the city military companies and the Cornet Concert Club, marched down Front street to Market, up Market to Third, and thence to the Opera House. There were about sixty of the survivors in the line. Arriving at the Opera House, seats were assigned to the Survivors in front of the parquet, and to the visiting military immediately in the rear.

On the stage were, besides the two orators, Hon. Messrs. George Davis and A. M. Waddell, Cols. J. J. Hedrick and J. W. Atkinson, Judge French, and other gentlemen. The assemblage was called to order by Col. Roger Moore, who proposed A. H. Van Bokkelen, Esq., for Chairman. Mr. VanBokkelen briefly announced the purpose of the meeting, and introduced Maj. Duncan

J. Devane, who in an earnest and impressive speech of about fifteen minutes, welcomed the survivors of the battles of Fort Fisher to the hospitalities of the city. He spoke in fitting terms of the splendid valor of the men who held Fisher against overwhelming odds, and who only succumbed after the most obstinate resistance and after all means of opposition were useless. He said those men were entitled to the gratitude of Wilmington and of North Carolina. They had for years stood guard over this city and State, and were almost the last garrison to fall. The resistance was likened to the heroic deeds done by the Greeks at Thermopylæ, and by the Romans at Phillippi in behalf of liberty. Nowhere had the courage, the fortitude, the patriotism of the men of Fort Fisher been surpassed. He himself had witnessed the magnificent bearing of the Army of Northern Virginia. That of the men who fought at Fisher was as great and heroic. In conclusion he would not be misunderstood. He had spoken of sublime courage and faith in a great cause, which, though lost, was still dear, but he believed that all present would concur with him in pledging full fealty to the Union of the country maintained by the arbitrament of arms.

Maj. Devane concluded amid cheers, which indeed had been freely given during his excellent address. Immediately the Cornet Band, which was stationed in the orchestra box, struck up that grand old air, "The Old North State." The beauty of the rendition and the appropriateness of the music to the occasion, seemed to stir up the old and new soldiers and the miscellaneous audience, among whom were some ladies, to the profoundest depths, and loud applause was bestowed.

Col. William Lamb, of Norfolk, Colonel of the 36th Regiment of N. C. Troops, and commander of Fort Fisher, responded to the welcome of Maj. Devane in the fellowing beautiful and admirable speech, which was repeatedly applauded during its delivery:

MAJOR DENANE:—I thank you, sir, in behalf of the Survivors of Fort Fisher, for the warm welcome you have extended to them from the good people of Wilmington. It was our expectation to have had a quiet social re-union, but we are not surprised at the generous hospitality displayed by your citizens. It was ever thus in the darkest hours of the war. Your people always welcomed the Confederate soldiers to their firesides, and bestowed upon them

in abundant measure the most substantial evidences of their friendship and devotion. Never can we forget the beauty and the chivalry of your city, the willing sacrifices of your incomparable women and the bravery and patriotism of your true men, and we are rejoiced to find amid the evidences of material progress that greet us on every side, your increased population, commerce, manufactures and general wealth, that your beauty and chivalry still remain. Peace and prosperity be thy lot, beautiful metropolis of North Carolina!

The Survivors of Fort Fisher are pleased to meet here so many who shared with them, the glory, the sorrow and undying fame, that cluster around the lost cause; and I sincerely wish that some gallant officer in your midst, had taken the responsibility, which would have been unwarranted on my part, of calling together to unite with us, all who shouldered a musket, worked a gun, or drew a sword in the defence of the region of the Cape Fear.

We are glad to welcome these citizen-soldiers, coming as they do from the battle-scarred Old Dominion and your own Old North State—coming with laurel-crowned veterans in their ranks, together with the very flower of our Southern youth—cradled amid scenes and experiences that have developed the very highest qualities of the human mind, fortitude to bear suffering and courage to brave peril in the cause of country—you are indeed welcome to this re-union.

My comrades, the ten years that have passed since on that memorable night the tidal wave of war swept over our fort and stranded our hopes, have not caused us to forget our heroic struggle together, but like a family, long separated by seas and shores, come together around the old fireside with varied histories and experiences, we come to-day, a band of brothers, looking into each other's faces once more and reading there that fraternal love, which springs from common dangers and common sufferings in a cause loved and lost. Like brothers around the grave of a parent, we standing here, hand within hand, heart responsive to heart, there comes to every lip the spontaneous prayer, "God bless us every one."

If we had the time to tell what these ten years have done for us, each one would have a history of hopes and fears, of struggles with the world, of victories and defeats, that would bind us in

closer sympathy, and we would learn that ofttimes the strongest arm grows weak, and the bravest heart grows faint in life's arena, and that sweet are the uses of that adversity which teaches us the true value of friendship. Fortune has smiled on some of you, loving hearts has been made yours, and happy homes brighten your pathway; unremitting toil has been the lot of some; sorrow has darkened the doorways of others. Little graves are throwing their shadows on your lives, or perchance, larger ones are hiding all the sunshine of life. Once more we fall into line, once more we feel the touch of the elbow. Alas how thinned our ranks! how many will never answer to our roll call again!

Comrades, there is one conspicuously missing to-day whose place in our affections can never be filled, one whose brilliant valor was disylayed on so many battle-fields of our struggle. One who came a volunteer to our fort to share our fate. Who can forget that hero who was ever in the thickest of the fray, cheering us on in our dreadful duty of braving death! I knew and loved him as an elder brother, gifted with genius, with a mind cultivated and stored in the best schools, splendid in physique, ardent, generous, recklessly brave, chivalrous Whiting! How truly thou didst seal thy devotion to thine adopted mother, Carolina, with thy blood upon the ramparts of Fort Fisher!

Upon the historic shores of Confederate Point how many of our bravest and noblest companions crimsoned the sand with their life's blood in defending their homes from the invader? Williford, Perry, Latham and a host of other martyrs to Southern Independence, gave their bright young lives to the Lost Cause, and we, their surviving comrades, will be as cold as death can make us when our hearts cease to warm at the mention of their immortal names.

Some who escaped the battle and the prison, some who were bound to our hearts with hooks of steel, like Singleton and Murphy, have passed over the mysterious river, and await the grand reunion on that far distant shore.

My comrades you owe it to yourselves, it is due to your dead companions, it is an obligation you should discharge to the Southern people, to see that a correct account of your unsuccessful defence of Fort Fisher, against the Federal Armada in January, 1865, be given to the world. The repulse of Butler and Por-

ter, on Christmas, 1864, although misrepresented in current history, needs no vindication; the disastrous failure of that first attack, with its absurd powder ship, tells its own story. But the second attack, when crippled by the previous engagement, overwhelmed by superior numbers and unassisted by friends able to save, you were unable to prevent Fort Fisher from falling into the hands of the enemy, has never been correctly reported. The deeds of heroism displayed by North Carolinians in that fearful struggle have been ignored in contemporary history, and find only a slight recognition in the reports of Army and Navy Commanders, and in fugitive contributions to periodical literature, when the writers are obliged to give some reasons for the immense sacrifice of life required in the capture of our garrison.

I stand here a witness to the heroic bravery of that small body of North Carolina troops, assisted by a mere handful of Confederate sailors and marines, who after the fort was entered and its citadel captured, and they might have surrendered with honor, refused to submit, and withstood for hours the fierce assaults of three splendid brigades of Federal soldiers led by gallant officers, disputing hand to hand every inch of ground, until pushed by the force of irresistible numbers to the very brink of the sea, and then surrendered, their amunition expended, and all hope lost.

North Carolina need cross no ocean to search amid Roman and Grecian story for examples of self-sacrifice in defence of home and country, for here among her own sons, upon her own soil, the valor of Pharsalia and of Thermopylae were reproduced, and no correct history of this grand old State can be written, unless the defence of Fort Fisher by North Carolinians in January 1865, be placed among the most heroic deeds in the dreadful drama of our civil war."

At the close of Col. Lamb's address the Cornet Band played "Dixie." The Survivors rose from their seats, waved their hats and cheered for their old commander.

Calls were made for Hon. George Davis and Col. Waddell.

Mr. Davis moved in the interest of the Survivors, in the interest of the State, and in the interest of truth and history that Col. Lamb be requested and is expected to write the narrative of the defence of the Cape Fear. This motion was promptly seconded and enthusiastically carried, and the meeting was adjourned af-

ter a notice that Col. Waddell would address the Survivors and other guests at the Fair Grounds.

The procession then reformed and all moved off to attend the Fair.

SURVIVORS AT THE CAPE FEAR AGRICULTURAL GROUNDS.

After two days of rainy and gloomy weather the public was in the right humor to welcome with thankful hearts the clear sky and glorious sunshine which ushered in the third day of the Fair of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association. Yesterday was altogether one of the loveliest autumn days we have ever seen, and by 9 o'clock its effects upon the spirits and energies of the people were shown in the tremenduous crowds which thronged the thoroughfares in the neighborhood of where the procession of military and Fort Fisher Survivors was to form. Soon the stirring strains of martial music was heard, followed by the glittering bayonets borne by the handsomely uniformed soldiery, composing our citizens and visiting military, when the procession was formed, including the Fort Fisher Survivors, Orators of the Day, &c., and proceeded to the Opera House, where the addresses (alluded to elsewhere) were delivered, when the procession reformed in front of the Opera House and marched to the depot. Here a long train of cars was quickly crowded with military, visitors and citizens, who were soon at their destination.

Arriving at the Fair Grounds, the military were formed in a hollow square in front of the main hall, the Fort Fisher Survivors were marched through to the front, when Col. S. L. Fremont, President of the Cape Fear Agricultural Association, announced from the balcony of the hall that Hon. A. M. Waddell would address them. This he did in one of his finest efforts, during which he alluded to the puny attempt made by Butler to take the Fort, followed by the furious bombardment which succeeded it in the following January, and which Col. Waddell heard characterized in his presence by a distinguished English officer who was present at the siege of Sebastopol, as far exceeding that in intensity; and that, in fact, it was beyond the mind of man to conceive the perils to which the handful of men who comprised the garrison of Fort Fisher, were subjected. He told how those brave men bore this furious assault; how they contested the

ground, inch by inch, with their resolute adversaries, refusing to surrender when they might have done so with honor, and only giving up the ground when the last lingering hope was gone. He next alluded to the fraternal feeling which was gradually but steadily gaining ground between those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray, and concluded his magnificent address with an eloquent picture of what may hereafter, and doubtless will, constitute the peaceful and friendly relations existing between the two.

Col. Fremont next introduced Col. Wm. Lamb, the hero of Fort Fisher, who responded in a brief but eloquent and touching speech. He referred to the great interest manifested in the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures by the people of Wilmington, and said it reflected great credit upon them. He paid a handsome tribute to the daughters of Carolina, spoke of this as the Centennial period, when all should unite in reconciling the different sections of our common country.

He concluded his remarks as follows:

"You who live within the borders of this State have a great responsibility resting on you. Nature has lavished on North Carolina her gifts with a generous hand. She is an Empire within herself. The full development of her vast resources would make her the peer of the richest and most flourishing Commonwealths. What if the war have left her people comparatively impoverished? You have better things than riches to bequeath your children. Virtue, fortitude, valor, religion, and what will enlarge and strengthen these, a liberal education. North Carolina would be recreant to her duty, did she not bestow on all her children, the blessings of education and make it free to all, as the light and air of heaven. Without it the commonwealth will languish and her wealth remain hidden in her bosom; with it, permeating every nook and corner, where two or three little ones can be gathered together, no prophet's vision can foretell the splendid future of the Old North State."

His remarks were received with shouts of applause, after which the band played "Dixie."

HISTORY OF THE CAPE FEAR DEFENCE.

At a business meeting of the Survivors of the Fort Fisher battles, it was decided to appoint a committee to work with Colonel Lamb in the preparation of an official narrative of those memorable engagements. This committee is composed of the following gentlemen, and is the strongest guarantee that the contemplated history will be both accurate and interesting: Lieut. Col. John D. Taylor, Capt. S. B. Hunter, Capt. C. H. Blocker, Lieut. Jno. N. Kelley, Lieut. E. L. Faison, Brevet-Lieut. M. Glennan, and Assistant Surgeon Bledsoe.

EDITORIAL.

From the Southern Historical Monthly.

OUR PURPOSE.

On the 4th page of cover, we publish the prospectus of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY. It has long been our wish to establish such a magazine, and more than twelve months ago, we should have commenced its publication, if the peculiar field we desired to cultivate had been unoccupied. At that time, however, the Southern Historical Society was connected with an able magazine, published in Baltimore, and we did not think it either prudent or proper to commence an enterprise which would have brought us even in seeming antagonism, or would have divided the support of the Southern people. To-day no such cause for hesitation exists. Our publication will have none other similar in the South with which to be brought in competition, and we therefore appeal with confidence to Southerners to give us an earnest, hearty support.

It is proper that a few words be added here to those contained in the Prospectus. As one of our objects is "to gather and publish Southern Historical materials," it is necessary that copies of such material as is in the hands of individuals, societies, &c., be

furnished us—that officers and privates send us authentic accounts of battles in which they were engaged, official reports in their possession, and well written memorial sketches of men of all ranks whose gallantry was marked, and who died in defence of the inalienable rights of freeborn Americans.

We do not purpose to make a record—that was done by the gallant men who for four long years contended with a world in arms. To *preserve* the record that Southern statesmen, sailors and soldiers made is the mission upon which we have embarked, and we ask all interested in having the truth of Confederate history go down to posterity to render us all the assistance in their power.

While collecting and publishing the story of the bloody War between the States, and while presenting the Southern side of the great questions involved, we shall endeavor to give no occasion for a re-awakening of strife, sectional animosities, or hate; but we shall strive with "pious assiduity and care to preserve a true and full record of the sufferings, privations, fortitude and heroism of the people of the South, and of their unwavering devotion to a cause they sincerely believed to be just."

In this undertaking, we can but do our best, and we feel how feeble that must be unless our hands are upheld by those who fought under the "Stars and Bars," who sat in the council chambers, or who directed the affairs of the Confederacy. Let all who favor our enterprise come to our aid, and success will crown our labors.

"OUR CAMP CHEST."

Under the above heading, in the next number of our magazine we shall commence the publication of a series of war anecdotes, incidents, &c. Our readers will confer a favor by sending us anything suitable for this department, immediately.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS.

We have received the first paper issued by the Southern Historical Association. Its contents are appropriate and interesting. Under direction of the Executive Committee of the Society, and of the efficient Secretary of the Society, Rev. J. Wm. Jones, it is safe to predict that the publication will become a very valuable addition to the literature of the South, and that the "Papers" will do much for the future historian, furnishing him with a faithful record of the most important events which occurred in the memorable struggle in the years 1861 to 1865 inclusive; with well written and carefully digested articles setting forth the causes which led to the war, from the pens of representative Southern men.

The number before us is a neat pamphlet of 48 pages, handsomely printed, bearing the imprint of Gary, Richmond, Va.

From the Editorial Department we select a short article:

OUR FIRST PAPER.

"As intimated in the last annual report of the Executive Committee, we have decided that it will be best for the Southern Historical Society to do in the future its own publishing, and we send out our first number with the firm conviction that those who are interested in vindicating the truth of Confederate History will sustain the enterprise and make it a complete success.

"It seemed appropriate that our first number should contain some discussion of the causes which led to the war, the motives which prompted the Southern States to attempt the establishment of a Confederacy of their own, and the spirit in which they entered upon and prosecuted the great contest for constitutional freedom. Accordingly, we present the able paper of the distinguished statesman, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, who graced the United States Senate in its palmier days—the famous "Botetourt resolutions" of the distinguished jurist, Judge Allen, which produced a profoud impression at the time they were first published, and deserve to be put in more permanent form—the Inaugural Address of President Davis, the classic English of which is only equalled by its sentiments of lofty patriotism—and the address of the Confederate Congress, which is understood to have emanated from the able, facile pen of Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Alabama, was signed by all of the members of Congress, and deserves to have a place in every vindication of the South."

Terms, $3 a year. Address Rev. J. William Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

CENTENNIAL YEAR, 1876.

This being the Centennial of American Independence much attention will be directed to historical subjects, and we purpose to devote some of our space to revolutionary incidents, and to the part the Southern Colonies bore in that great struggle. Of the "old thirteen" were Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and on their soil some of the best blood of the Revolution was shed. Their sons stood in the front rank of the "Ragged Rebels" of 1776, and their descendants of to-day are proud of their name and fame. In this Centennial year, those who (like Washington, Nash, Lee, Marion, Sumter and hosts of other patriots of Revolutionary fame), claim the Sunny South as their home would participate in any movement to give *eclat* to the Philadelphia celebration, if they could do so as the equals of any there, and not simply as the conquered, permitted to be present only on sufferance and to swell the pageant. Proud of their race and lineage, proud of their revolutionary sires, proud of the great names that have adorned their annals in every decade of the century past, and proud of their own heroic deeds, the sons of the South will take no heart-felt part in the great celebration of the 19th century, unless they can do so on terms befitting them and the section to which they belong.

Let us hope that the angry passions aroused by the inflammatory harangues of an aspiring politician may quickly subside, and that the North will soon learn that much of its own prosperity depends upon a rehabilitated and prosperous South. Should this fact be learned and acted upon, it may be that this Centennial Year will witness the firm re-uniting of two sections, greatly estranged by four years of war, and still more widely separated by the years of misrule, and the bitter hatreds engendered by it.

A SERIAL STORY.

At least one serial story will run through each volume of the magazine. In the next number one will be commenced written by a popular Southern authoress. Name of the writer will be given with the initial chapter of the story.

SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN PRISONS.

In the April and subsequent numbers this subject will be discussed. The relative condition of the two sections; their capability for caring for the unfortunate prisoners in their hands; the efforts made by each to alleviate the horrors of prison life; why exchanges were broken off; and which government is the more responsible for suffering, disease and death.

Authentic accounts from Northern prisons, and a detailed history of Salisbury prison, and as far as possible of Andersonville will be published. We shall withhold nothing authentic that comes into our possession from fear, favor or affection, nor will we write or cause to be written any statement from malice, reward or the hope of reward. We will, to the best of our ability and from the most reliable sources, ventilate this subject, and we ask *now* that those in possession of FACTS will send them on.

TO THE ADJUTANT GENERALS OF EACH SOUTHERN STATE.

Will you not furnish, for publication in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY, a detailed statement of the troops furnished by your State, giving the sum total in each branch of the service, with the number killed or who died in the service, or were disabled by wounds? Such a statement would be of great value to the future historian, and should be published for the information of this generation.—*Southern Historical Monthly,*

THE REAL NAME.

Every historical incident or sketch should be accompanied with the writer's real name, so that its value may be correctly estimated. In all cases, we shall publish the authority for any historical statement made in this publication, when that authority is known or can be procured.

BACK NUMBERS.

The publisher is now prepared to furnish several hundred copies, bound in volumes of six months each, or in monthly editions, of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD, for the entire year of 1875. These numbers contain a large amount of Historical matter, Literary articles, Statistical information, Educational Essays, &c., and will be an excellent addition to the Library of any lady or gentlemen. Bound copies—2 volumes—$4.50 to $5.00. Monthly editions—12 numbers—$2.50.

Address S. D. POOL, Raleigh, N. C.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We think that no periodical published in the South will offer greater inducements to those desirous of bringing their business before the substantial men of the Southern States, than the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY. It will go to every Southern City, and very soon it will become, we have reason to believe, a welcome visitant to very many Southern homesteads. Its advantages as an advertising medium can too easily be seen to need much comment. We tender its pages at moderate rates—see prospectus—to all who wish to advertise a legitimate business.—*Southern Historical Monthly.*

TO THE PRESS.

We send our Magazine to many of the leading journals of the country, and we ask them to give to it such notice as they may think it merits—commending its object and purpose if they can, pointing out its defects, suggesting improvements, and, in all *respects, fairly and impartially* criticising it.

BATTLE OF MOORE'S CREEK, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1776.

We see that a move has been made by the citizens of Pender to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Moore's Creek which occurred February 27th, 1776. As appropriate to the time and the occasion, we publish for the first time in this country the official report of the engagement made to Cornelius Harnett, by Gen. James Moore, the officer commanding the Continental forces. The results of this battle were exceedingly important and caused a decided change in the plans of the British officials. In our next number, we will continue this subject, and we ask our friends who have letters, documents, or official papers of any kind bearing upon it to forward them to OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD by the 1st of March.

We follow Gen. Moore's Report with a letter from Col. Richard Caswell to Mr. President Harnett; with extracts from the Memoirs of Gen. Charles Lee, and from an unpublished letter in the Secretary of State's office. We append the resolutions adopted by the citizens of Pender county, at a meeting held at Lillington in that county, Saturday, the 5th of February, 1876. This move of our friends is one in the right direction, and it will afford us pleasure to publish the proceedings of the Centennial celebration in a subsequent number of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD:

WHEREAS, One hundred years have elapsed since the stirring events of the Revolution inaugurated American Independence and culminated in the establishment of this great republic; and,

WHEREAS, it is eminently proper on all suitable occasions, especially on this, the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence, to do honor to those immortal heroes who achieved for us the blessings of free government and who transmitted to us and our posterity that undying devotion to liberty which, to the latest time, should animate and distinguish every American citizen; and,

WHEREAS, The patriots of the Cape Fear country were not behind any other section in patriotic devotion to the great principles of the Revolution; on the contrary they signalized themselves as warriors and statesmen throughout the Revolutionary war; and while our Cape Fear heroes were distinguished in

almost every hard fought and bloody contest, they were especially heroic and successful in achieving that glorious triumph of arms in the memorable battle of Moore's Creek, on the 27th of February, 1776, which reliable historians regard, not alone as one of the great victories of American arms, but so decisive as to make it the turning point in the mighty struggle for freedom. The results of that brilliant victory of the American forces have not been properly appreciated, either at home among our own people or in more distant States of the Union; and this is owing in part to that proverbial modesty of North Carolina which was always effective in withholding from public knowledge, much that would cast more resplendent lustre than ever upon the bravery, patriotism and statesmanship of North Carolina. But when the impartial historians shall gather up more fully these golden treasures of the battle of Moore's Creek and of our colonial history—when truthful history shall open up to public view the courage, and patriotism of North Carolina soldiers, whether in the Revolution of 1776, or in the late terrific struggle between the States, when justice shall be awarded to our troops and our statesmen, we will be prouder than ever of the heroes of Moore's Creek, of the historic memories and glorious renown of the old Cape Fear, and of the whole of North Carolina; therefore

Resolved, That we yield to none in that glowing centennial spirit, now nobly rising up in every State in this Union and throughout the confines of the Republic, to do honor to the heroes and statesmen of 1776—that our devotion to liberty and the principles of the Constitution framed by them has not been diminished even during our late struggle for Southern independence, but were from first to last "a lamp to our feet and a light to our pathway," "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" to cheer, sustain, and lead us on to liberty and independence.

Resolved, That the results of the late war have not abated one jot or tittle of our devotion to the principles of the Constitution upon which the government is founded; and although the issues at stake were decided adversely to our hopes and expectations, yet, being settled, there exists no reason why we should not love the government which our fathers aided in establishing, and the old flag which they honored and loved, with as much ardor and

faith as do the citizens of any section of our common country; and that we consider it a patriotic duty, not only to cherish affection for the government, but to teach our children to love it.

Resolved, That as the centennial of the battle of Moore's Creek, the 27th of February, 1876, comes on Sunday, we will, on the day before, Saturday, the 26th of February, celebrate it on the Moore's Creek battle ground near this place; and that we extend a cordial invitation to the people of the Cape Fear country, and to all others in the State and throughout the whole country who habitually cherish a love for those undying principles for which our immortal heroes, Grady, Moore, Lillington, Caswell and their soldier compatriots fought and achieved, according to history, that glorious triumph at Moore's Creek which gave imperishable lustre to their names, and also a decisive turn to the struggle for American independence.

Resolved, That in order to carry out the purposes of this meeting, we will appoint an Executive Committee in chief, and also special committees, viz: A committee to prepare the ground; a committee of correspondence and to procure speakers, and a committee to procure music and to arrange for steamboat transportation from Wilmington to the battle ground and return for such persons as may prefer that mode of conveyance.

(From the Remembrancer, published in London, by John Almon, 1776, volume 3rd, page 75.)

Extract of a letter from Brigadier General James Moore, in the Continental service, to the Honorable Cornelius Harnett, Esq., President of the Provincial Council, North Carolina, dated Wilmington, March 2d, 1776.

On the earliest intelligence that the Tories were collecting and embodying at Cross Creek, which I received on the 9th of February, I proceeded to take possession of Rockfish Bridge, within seven miles of Cross Creek, which I considered as an important post. This I effected on the 15th, with my own regiment, five pieces of artillery, and a part of the Bladen Militia; but as our numbers were by no means equal to that of the Tories, I thought it most advisable to entrench and fortify that pass, and wait for a reinforcement. By the 19th, I was joined by Col. Lillington

with 150 of the Wilmington minute men, Col. Kenan, with 200 of the Duplin militia, and Col. Ashe, with about 100 of the Volunteer Independent Rangers, making our numbers then, in the whole, about 1100; and from the best information I was able to procure, the Tory army, under command of General McDonald, amounted to about 1400 or 1500.

On the 20th they marched within four miles of us, and sent in, by a flag of truce, the Governor's proclamation, a manifesto and letter from the General, copies of which, together with another letter, and my answer, you have inclosed. I then waited only until Col. Martin and Col. Thackston, who I had certain intelligence were on their march, should get near enough to cut off their retreat, and determined to avail myself of the first favorable opportunity of attacking them. However, contrary to my expectations, I learned on the 21st that they had, the night before, and that night, crossed the North West River, at Campbelltown, with their whole army, sunk and destroyed all the boats, and taken their route the most direct way to Negro Head Point; I then dispatched an express to Col. Caswell, who was on his march to join us with about 800 men, and directed him to return and take possession of Corbert's Ferry, over Black River; and by every means in his power to obstruct, harrass and distress them in their march. At the same time I directed Col. Martin and Col. Thackston to take possession of Cross Creek, in order to prevent their return that way. Col. Lillington and Col. Ashe I ordered, by a forced march, to endeavor, if possible, to reinforce Col. Caswell; but if that could not be effected, to take possession of Moore's Creek Bridge, whilst I proceeded back with the remainder of our army to cross the Northwest at Elizabeth Town, so as either to meet them on their way to Corbert's Ferry, or fall in their rear and surround them there. On the 23d I crossed the river at Elizabeth Town, where I was compelled to wait for a supply of provisions till the 24th at night, having learned that Col. Caswell was almost entirely without. Just when I was prepared to march, I received an express from Col. Caswell, informing me that the Tories had raised a flat which had been sunk in Black River, about five miles above him, and by erecting a bridge, had passed it with their whole army. I then determined, as the last expedient, to proceed immediately in boats down the Northwest River

to Dollinson's landing, about sixty miles, and take possession of Moore's Creek Bridge,about ten miles from them, at the same time acquainting Col. Caswell of my intentions, and recommending to him to retreat to Moore's Creek Bridge, if possible, but if not, to follow on in the rear. The next day by four o'clock we arrived at Dollinson's Landing, but we could not possibly march that night for want of horses for the artillery. I dispatched an express to Moore's Creek Bridge to learn the situation of affairs there, and was informed that Col. Lillington, who had the day before taken his stand at the bridge, was that afternoon reinforced by Col. Caswell, and that they had raised a small breastwork, and destroyed a part of the bridge.

The next morning, the 27th, at break of day, an alarm gun was fired, immediately after which, scarcely leaving our people a moment to prepare, the Tory army, with Captain McCleod at their head, made their attack on Col. Caswell and Col. Lillington, and finding a small entrenchment next the bridge on our side empty, concluded that our people had abandoned their post, and in the most furious manner advanced within thirty paces of our breastwork and artillery, where they met a very proper reception. Captain McCleod and Captain Campbell fell within a few paces of the breastwork, the former of whom received upwards of twenty balls through his body; and in a very few minutes their whole army was put to flight, and most shamefully abandoned their General, who was next day taken prisoner. The loss of the enemy in this action, from the best account we have been able to learn, is about thirty killed and wounded; but as numbers of them must have fallen into the creek, besides many more that were carried off, I suppose their loss may be estimated at about seventy. We had only two wounded, one of whom died to-day. This, sir, I have the pleasure to inform you, has happily terminated a very dangerous insurrection, and will, I trust, put at effectual check to Toryism in this county. The situation of affairs at this place made it necessary for me to return here, which, at the special request of the committee, I did last night, with my regiment. The large requisitions made by the men of war, who now lie just before the town, gave the inhabitants reason to apprehend every thing that could be suffered from their disappointed vengeance; however, the committee have spiritedly

determined rather to suffer the worst of human evils than afford them any supplies at all, and I have no doubt we shall be able to prevent them from doing any great injury.

In order to lessen as much as possible the expense incurred by this expedition, I some time ago directed Col. Martin to disband all the troops under his command, except 1,000, including the regulars, and with those to secure the persons and estates of the insurgents, subject to your farther order, and then to proceed to this place, unless otherwise directed. However, as I do not think the service just now requires such a number of men in arms, I shall immediately direct him to disband all except the regulars, and with them to remain in and about Cross Creek until further orders."

Then follows a letter from Col. Richard Caswell to Hon. Cornelius Harnet, dated at Long Creek, 29th February, 1776.

(*Extracts.*)

LETTER FROM RICHARD CASWELL TO MR. PRESIDENT HARNETT.

February 29th, 1776.

"Sir, I have the pleasure to acquaint you that we had an engagement with the Tories at Widow Moore's Creek Bridge on the 27th current. Our army was about one thousand strong, consisting of the Newbern battalion of Minute men, the militia from Craven, Johnston, Dobbs, and Wake, and a detachment of the Wilmington battalion of Minute-men, which we found encamped at Moore's Creek the night before the battle, under the command of Col. Lillington. The Tories, by common report, were three thousand; but Gen. McDonald, whom we have prisoner, says there were about fifteen or sixteen hundred; he was unwell that day and not in the battle. Captain McLeod, who seemed to be principal commander, and Capt. John Campbell, are among the slain."

In the same letter he says:—"Colonel Moore arrived at our camp a few hours after the engagement was over; his troops came up that evening, and are now encamped on the ground where the battle was fought, and Colonel Martin is at or near Cross Creek, with a large body of men; those, I presume will be sufficient to put a stop to any attempt to embody them again."

Letter from an Unknown Source, Dated the 10th of March, 1776. (*Remembrancer, Part II, p.* 74.)

"Parties of men are dispersed all over the Colony apprehending all suspected persons, and disarming all Highlanders and Regulators that were put to the route in the late battle. The conquerors have already taken 350 guns and shot-bags; about 150 swords and dirks; 1500 hundred excellent rifles; two medicine chests fresh from England, one of them valued at 300 pounds sterling, a box containing half Joanneses and Guineas, secreted in a stable at Cross Creek, discovered by a negro and reported to be worth £15,000 sterling; also thirteen wagons with complete sets of horses. Eight hundred common soldiers were made prisoners, disarmed and discharged. Colonel Long has also arrested several of their officers, who are now in Halifax goal." * * *

[As throwing some light on the importance of this battle, *the first victory in the cause of American Independence*, we copy from the Memoirs of Gen. Charles Lee, then in command of the department of the South, the following extracts from his correspondence.]

WILLIAMSBURGH, — 1776.

I am exactly in the same situation I expected, puzzled where to go, or fix myself from an uncertainty of the enemy's designs. I can, therefore, act only by surmise. The general opinion is that they will aim at this part of Virginia, or that they will fix their headquarters in North Carolina. It has been already asserted that Mr. Clinton was landed with one thousand five hundred men at Wilmington. A letter from Brig. Gen. Howe, dated from Edenton, says it is believed but not ascertained. I wait for further intelligence.

WILLIAMSBURGH, April 8, 1776.

I suppose to myself that the enemy will make this province their immediate object, and since the defeat of their schemes in North Carolina by Col. Caswell, it is the most natural supposition.

WILLIAMSBURGH, April 17, 1776.

It is evident that their original intention was against North Carolina, but the apparently total overthrow of their whole scheme by Col. Caswell's victory, makes it more probable that they will bend their course to some other quarter.

WILLIAMSBURGH, May 7, 1776.

Five transports with troops are arrived at Cape Fear. I shall, therefore, set out on Thursday for Wilmington by the way of Halifax.

[Extract from an unpublished letter in Secretary of State's office.]

WILMINGTON, May 30, 1776.

I rather think Clinton's designs are frustrated by the defeat of the Regulators and Highlanders, by the separation of many of his ships, by the loss of eight of his provision vessels, and by their inability with the force they have to make any successful attempt on the country. I apprehend that measure was concerted in consequence of a full persuasion that Gov. Martin had sufficient strength in this colony, with the assistance of some ships of war and a few troops, to keep us entirely in subjection.

* *

JACKSON AND LEE—AN ELOQUENT EULOGIUM.

In his address at Columbia, S. C., General Logan,(?) described Lee and Jackson in the following truthful and eloquent language:

"When we pass to the contemplation of our *departed* heroes there are *two* whose names are enrolled on the highest tablets of fame, who appear as prominent for their virtues as for their valor, for their moral and religious worth as for their martial fame. No people can exhibit higher types of character than those of Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee.

Jackson was emphatically the *hero* of our great struggle, beloved and admired by all. His military genius was only equalled by the unbounded confidence of the army in his invincibility. He was taken from us in the noonday blaze of his glory triumphant and victorious in his last flank movement. His brilliant, although short career, has impressed his followers and the world with the power and grandeur of genius when guided by deep religious principle. He was spared the last test to which the great Lee was subjected. It was the fate of Lee to survive the

shock of battles, and after furnishing an example of what is due to his afflicted country by the soldier when overpowered and crushed he has left us a character pure, exalted and grand, to be loved, admired, revered.

I will not speak on this occasion of his genius as a great captain, but prefer to allude to him in his still greater character as a true, noble man. Lee as a successful general, the victor of many hard fought fields, *is great;* but Lee as the true Christian, the pure, unselfish man, seeking the path of duty and following it, whether in the hour of triumph or in the day of disaster, *is greater still.* Lee with the flush of victory upon him, as he is portrayed by the artist mounted on Traveller at Spotsylvania among his advancing regiments, *is grand;* but Lee writing to his faithful lieutenant, who had been wounded at Chancellorsville, "I congratu'ate *you* on the victory which is due to *your* skill and energy," *is grander still.*

Lee as described at the Wilderness, again at the head of his advancing lines, but forced to retire from the front by his men (uneasy for his safety) with the assurance that if he would go to the *rear* they would go to the front, *is glorious!* but Lee after the repulse at Gettysburg, saying "All this is my fault," and assuming the responsibility for the reverse, *is more glorious still*—it is sublime—showing us how true greatness, generous and magnanimous, can bear itself in defeat. Lee's military genius is conceded, and he will unquestionably rank among the foremost captains of history; but Lee's noble manhood, exhibited in the hour of disaster at Appomattox, and in the subsequent days of adversity, is a priceless legacy, *as an example,* far more valuable than his military renown.

Lord Bacon has told us that success was the blessing of the Old Testament, *but adversity* that of the New, and that the virtues of *adversity* are of higher order than the virtues of success.

While Washington represents in the history of this country the virtues of success, Lee represents the virtues of adversity.

The classic matron was wont to study the lives of great heroes, hoping thus to transmit to her sons their virtues, and their valor; and in one sense there was deep philosophy in the idea, as the mother must herself *have become fully imbued* with the *spirit* of those virtues she would impart to her son. In the case of Lee,

both parents reverenced and venerated Washington, and the happiest maternal influences presided over his infancy and youth. The love of the father for Washington naturally impressed itself upon the son, who adopted him as the ideal of his youth, as the model by which he sought to mould his own character. It is not surprising, therefore, that the good seed of Washington's example sown in such soil should have yielded an abundant harvest of virtues and of valor; and that we should accordingly have in Lee a greater even than Washington for our matrons to admire and honor, and for our youths to imitate.

Lee himself, then, is the choice fruit of Washington's example, and furnishes a distinguished illustration of the value of great exemplars in forming the character of youth. When we recollect that Lee, lavishly endowed by nature, was reared under these hallowed influences, that duty (which he styled the sublimest word in our language) was the key-note of his life, the pole-star of his every thought and action, and that he was ever sustained by his religion in this unwavering and conscientious adherence through life to the call of duty, we recognize the presence of every essential for developing the most exalted of mankind. We had accordingly in Lee that *rare combination*, the highest order of genius with the purest morality of its day; the supreme valor of an Alexander with the unswerving justice of an Aristides; the brilliant talents of a Cæsar with the stern virtues of a Cato; the transcendant genius of a Napoleon with the unselfish patriotism of a Washington:

> "A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man."

We have accordingly in Lee the *last, best* gift of the Mother of States and Statesmen, uniting the valor of the warrior with the gentleness of woman; the wisdom of the sage with the purity of the saint; the virtue of the patriot with the humility of the Christian; the brilliancy of genius with the simplicity of faith. We have accordingly in Lee the most perfect embodiment yet developed of the ideal manhood of our Christian civilization. Nature, birth, home influence, and social advantages, and his own aspirations for moral and Christian excellence, all combining most happily to produce in him the purest and greatest man of all the ages. May his grand character, as a bright example, a shining light, bless his countryman to remotest generations.

A CONFEDERATE HEROINE.

The following incident which was first related by the editor of this Magazine in a Memorial Address delivered in Newbern some years ago, is published at the request of a subscriber who clipped it from some newspaper publication of the time, and has forwarded it to the CAMP CHEST of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD. The name of the lady has never been divulged for prudential reasons; but it has been placed on record that her descendants will know who she was, and, if worthy of her, will be proud to claim their descent from such a heroic and daring daughter of the South.

The South was full of such heroines, and it is due to them that their deeds be published. The editor hopes that the narration of this *fact* will cause hundreds more to be sent him. The "boys in gray" were not alone in glorious deeds—their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts vied with them in devotion to the cause, and posterity shall know their good works, if in our power to preserve and hand them down:

"News had been received at headquarters at Kinston, in November, 1862, that two Generals of the Federal army—one of them commanding in North Carolina, would, on a certain day, pass from Morehead to this city. It was advisable, in view of certain contemplated movements, to capture the train and secure the officers. At 10 o'clock P. M., I received orders to proceed at once to Trenton, take a detail of men from Major Nethercutt's command, and, if possible, on the day named, capture the train. At 2 A. M., I reached Trenton to find Major Nethercutt absent on one of his usual scouting expeditions. Awaiting his return at daylight, I made myself comfortable, and was about to indulge in a morning's nap when the clatter of the feet of a horse, at full gallop, caused me to step to the door of the Court House to see what was in the wind. The sentinel upon duty had halted the rider, and was receiving from him a paper to be delivered immediately to the officer in command. To my astonishment the note bore no address, and upon being opened the blank page of half a sheet of letter paper was all that met my eye. The rider, an elderly countryman, unknown to me, was breathing his jaded

horse preparatory to return ; but could give me no other information than this: About 1 o'clock A. M., he was r used from his slumbers, and on going to his door found a lady on horseback who gave him the note, and told him to take it at full speed to Trenton and give it to any Confederate officer he should find on duty there, as it contained important information. In a few moments thereafter, I was in the private room of a citizen of Trenton, and his kind wife was warming an iron for my use. Applied to the seemingly blank sheet of paper, heat soon enabled me to see what I desired. Foster had returned two days sooner than anticipated, and was to leave that very morning with a force most accurately detailed on the sheet before me, on an expedition, having, in my opinion, the railroad bridge at Weldon for its objective point. The object of my expedition being thus frustrated, I returned immediately to Kinston, and gave the information I had procured through the intrepid daring of one of Newbern's daughters to the officer in command. Steps were promptly taken by the General Commanding the department, and such an array of troops was placed in front and upon the flanks of the Federal General as caused him rapidly to retrace his steps. The lady's name appended to that note has never been told—her secret has been locked in my breast—my superior officer, respecting my motive in desiring to keep it, only requiring my pledge that the writer was worthy of credit. I doubt whether the writer of that note ever knew into whose hands it fell or the good it accomplished. When I state she was a young lady, tenderly reared, and then in the very morning of maidenhood, her night ride at great personal risk, to convey useful information, can be properly appreciated."

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"	Air line Junction,	6 25 "
"	Salisbury.	8 20 "
"	Greensboro,	10 58 "
"	Danville,	1 34 P M.
"	Dundee,	1 49 "
"	Burkville,	6 51 "
Arrive	Richmond,	9 35 P M.

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	STATIONS.	MAIL.
Leave	Richmond,	5 50 A M.
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"	Dundee,	1 39 P M.
"	Danville,	1 43 "
"	Greensboro,	4 28 "
"	Salisbury,	6 54 "
"	Air line Junction,	8 52 "
Arrive	Charlotte,	9 15 "

STATIONS.	GOING EAST. MAIL		GOING WEST MAIL.
Leave Greensboro,	11 00 A M.	Arrive	4 10 P M
Arrive Raleigh,	3 49 P M.	"	11 05 A M
Arrive Golsdboro,	6 40 "	"	8 20 A M

STATIONS.	ACCOMODATION TRAIN.	
Leave Greensboro,	7 00 P M.	Arr. 6 00 P. M.
Arrive Raleigh,	5 00 A M.	Arr 7 30 P. M.
Arrive at Goldsboro,	11 15 "	Lv. 2 00 P. M.

NORTH-WESTERN N. C. R. W.—SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro,	4 45 P M
Arrive at Salem,	6 45 P M
Leave Salem,	8 15 A M
Arrive at Greensboro,	10 33 A M

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 11 05 A. M. connects at Greensboro with the Northern bound train: making the quickest time to all Northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Trains to and from points East of Greensboro connects at Greensboro with Mail Trains to and from points North and South.

Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond at 9.00 a. m., arrive at Burkville 12.36. p. m., leave Burkville 1.20. p. m., arrive at Richmond, 4.34 p. m. No change of Cars between Charlotte and Richmond, 282 miles.

For further information, address

S. E. ALLEN, General Ticket Agent, Greensboro, N. C.

T M R TALCOTT,

Engineer and Gen'l Sup't.

SEABORD & ROANOKE RAILROAD COMPANY

OFFICE S. & R. R. R. CO., PORTSMOUTH, Va., Jan. 1, 1873.

On and after this date, the trains will leave Portsmouth (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Mail train daily at	4.00 p. m.
Through freight train daily at	4.30 a. m
Way freight trains, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at	8.00 a.m.

ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH.

Mail train daily at	7 15 p. m
No. 1 Freight Train at	12 00 m
No. 2 Freight train at	4.00 p. m

Freight trains have a passenger car attached.

Steamers for Epenton, Plymouth and Landings on Blackwater and Chowan rivers leave Franklin at 7.40 a. m., Moudays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

E. G. GHIO,

Supt. of Transportation.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

RALEIGH & GASTON RAILROAD
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, N. C., May 20th 1875.

On and after Friday, May 22nd., 1874, trains on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad will run daily [Sunday excepted] as follows:

MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Raleigh	9.35 a m
Arrive at Weldon	3 30 p m
Leave Weldon	9.50 a m
Arrive at Raleigh	3.45 p m

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Raleigh	5.15 a m
Arrive at Weldon	5.15 p m
Leave Weldon	2 20 a m
Arrive at Raleigh	2 40 p m

Mail train makes close connection at Weldon with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad and Bay Line Steamers via Baltimore, to and from all points North, West and Northwest, and with Petersburg Baltimore via Petersburg, Richmond, and Washington City, to and from all points North, and Northwest.

And at Raleigh with the North Carolina Railroad to and from all poinos South and Southwest, and with the Raleigh & Augustn Air Line to Haywood and Fayetteville.

A. B. ANDREWS,
Gen'l Superintendent.

CAROLINA CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY.

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, Wilmington, N. C., June 3, 1875.

Change of Schedule.

On and after June 6th, 1875, trains will be run over this Railway as follows.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Passenger and Mail Trains—Daily.

Leave Wilmington at	7 00 p. m
Arrive in Charlotte at	7.00 a. m
Leave Charlotte at	7.00 p. m
Arrive at Wilmington at	7.00 a. m

East Freiget and Passenger Trains—Daily, (Sundays excepted.)

Leave Wilmington at	7.05 a m
Arrive at Charlotte at	10.00 p m
Leave Charlotte at	6.00 a m
Arrive at Wilmington at	9.00 p m

WESTERN DIVISION.

Leave Charlotte at	7 30 a m
Arrive at Buffalo for Shelby at	11.30 a m
Leave Buffalo at	12 00 m
Arrive in Charlotte at	4.00 p m

Connections.

Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon, and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads, Semi-weekly New York and Daily-weekly Baltimore and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.

Connections at Charlotte with the North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte and Statesville Railroad, Charlotte and Augusta Air-Line, and Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

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S. L. FREMONT,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.

☞ Papers publishing C. C. Railway schedule will please notice changes

WILMINGTON & WELDON R.R CO

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 24, 1873.

On and after June 1st.. Passenger Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad will run as follows.

MAIL TRAIN

Leave Union Depot daily (Sundays excepted) a 7.35 a m.
Arrive at Goldsboro ..... 11.50 "
Rocky Mount..... 2.00 p m.
Weldon,..... 3.50 "
Leave Weldon daily (Sundays excepted) at.. 9.50 a.m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount,..... 11.35 "
Goldsboro',..... 1 37 p. m.
Union Depot,..... 6.05 "

EXPRESS TRAIN.

Leave Union Depot daily, at..... 5.00 p. m.
Arrive at Goldsboro', ... 11.40 a. m
Rocky Mount,..... 2.50 a. m
Weldon, ... 6.00 "
Leave Weldon daily,..... 7.00 p. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount,..... ...9.30 "
Goldsboro',..... 12 50 a. m
Union Depot..... 6.30 "

Mail Train makes close connection at Weldon for all points North *via* Bay Line and Acquia Creek routes.

Express train connects only with Acquia Creek route. Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars on this train.

Freight trains will leave Wilmington tri-weekly at 5.00 a. m., and arrive at 1.40 p. m.

Express Freight Trains will leave Wilmington daily (Sundaysexcepted) 12.00 p. m., and arrive at 5.30 p.m.

JOHN F. DIVINE,
General Superintendent.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA & AUGUSTA RAILROAD COMPANY

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Columbia, S. C Oct. 26, 1873.

On and after this date, the following schedule will be run over this road:

GOING SOUTH.

	Train No. 1.	Train No. 3
Leave Charlotte,	7 00 a. m.	8 30 p. m.
Leave Columbia,	2 48 p m.	3 40 a. m.
Arrive Augusta,	8 05 p m.	8 45 a. m.

GOING NORTH.

	Train No. 2.	Train No. 4
Leave Augusta,	3 52 a. m.	5 50 p. m
Leave Columbia,	11 58 a. m.	9 36 p. m
Arrive Charlotte,	7 08 p. m.	5 15 p. m

Standard time ten minutes slower than Washington; six minutes ahead of Columbia.

No. 1 Train daily. No. 2 Train daily, Sunday excepted. Both trains make close connection to all points North, South and West. Through tickets sold and baggage checked all principal points.

JAMES ANDERSON, General Supt.

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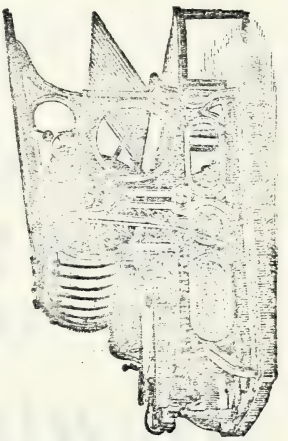
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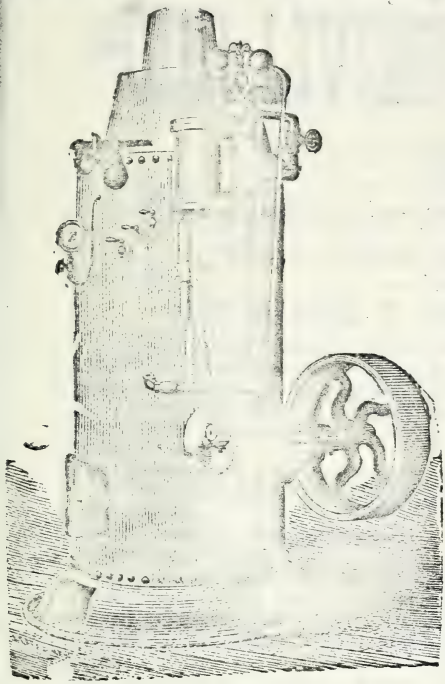


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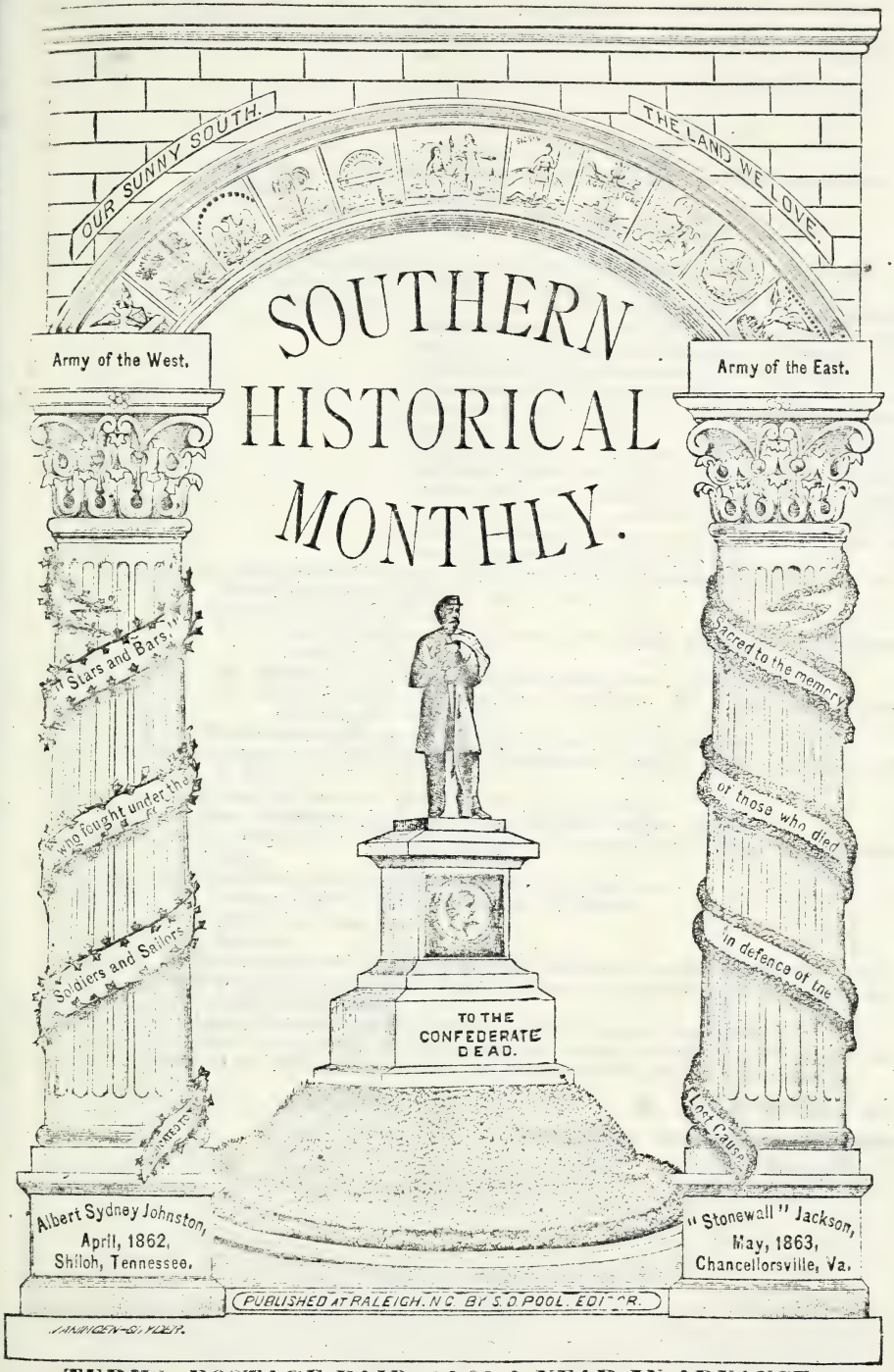
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Vol. 1. JANUARY, 1876. No. 1.



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Table of Contents.

1 Causes which produced the War between the States, from THE SOLDIER'S HISTORY OF THE WAR--by Rev. John Paris. 3

Chapter 1st—The object of the Government of the United States—Character and object of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution—Principle of States' Rights as laid down in that instrument—The manner in which it was adopted by the States—The manner in which Northern States abolished slavery—Causes of national jealousies—Character of the New England Puritans—Their fanaticism—Character of the early settlers of the Southern States—Abolition agitation in the Northern States—State of political parties, North and South—First appearance of abolition in Congress—The Missouri compromise—Compromise of 1850—Fugitive slave law—Kansas—John Brown's raid.

2. Correspondence between Commissioners of Confederate States and W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, April, 1861. 21

3. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—

1st. Official Report of Gen. Robert E. Lee, with introduction by General Jubal A. Early. 36

2d North Carolinians at Gettysburg—By Gen. I. R. Trimble. 56

3d. Virginia and North Carolina at Gettysburg—By Randolph A. Shotwell, 8th Virginia Volunteers. 65

4. VonMoltke's Opinion—Reply thereto, By Col. W. J. Green.

5. Crossing the Potomac by the Confederate Cavalry, Sept. 5th, 1862—by M. V. Moore. 73

6. Carved in Brass and Marble—By John S. Long. 78

7. Move Promptly and Strike Hard—By S. D. Bagley, Esq., 83

8. "At his Post"—By "Lee Hampton," a young and talented Virginia Authoress. 85

9. The Poetry of the Rose—by Mrs. K. M. Rowland. 92

10. Poetry—Carmenensis—By Maj. J. W. Moore. 98

11. Diary of a Young Lady, 118

12. Editorial, 121

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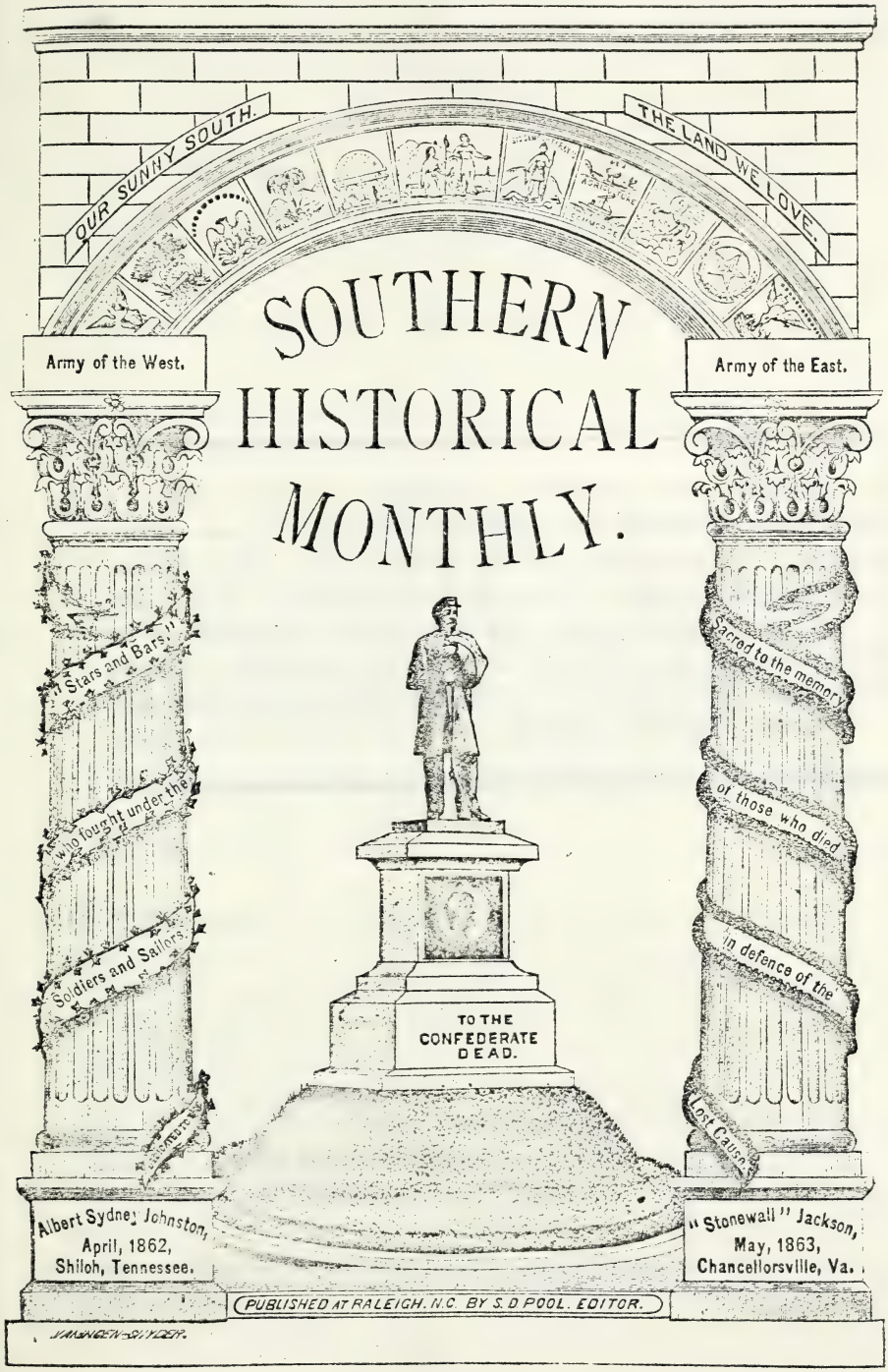
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SOUTHERN
HISTORICAL MONTHLY.

VOL. I.] JANUARY, 1876. [No. 1.

CAUSES WHICH PRODUCED THE WAR

BETWEEN THE STATES.

From "The Soldier's History of the War,"

BY REV. JOHN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

The Object of the Government of the United States—Character and Object of the Convention which Framed the Federal Constitution—Principle of States' Rights as laid down in that Instrument—The Manner in which it was adopted by the States—The manner in which the Northern States abolished Slavery—Causes of National Jealousies—Character of the New England Puritans—Their Fanaticism—Character of the Early Settlers of the Southern States—Abolition Agitation in the Northern States—State of Political Parties, North and South—First Appearance of Abolition in Congress—The Missouri Compromise—Compromise of 1850—Fugitive Slave Law—Kansas—John Brown's Raid.

THE history of nations is a history of revolutions, bloodshed and wars. Political convulsions and changes have been common to all. The United States, though possessed of a government, the work of some of the wisest Statesmen the world has produced, and who by their wisdom had arranged it after the republican model, forms no exception to the rule. That government was wisely adapted to the interests and welfare of the American people; and when justly and faithfully administered, according to the original design, peace reigned and prosperity prevailed. But in process of time, sectional interests, party feeling and fanatical ambition sprung up, and began the work of mischief and disunion. Four years of civil war, the

worst perhaps that ever cursed the earth, ensued. The children of the coming generation may ask, why was all this?

The writer of these notes proposes to place upon record a few brief statements and arguments in the form of a reply. When our forefathers emerged from the revolutionary struggle with Great Britain, which began in 1775 and terminated in 1782, they proceeded to form and establish a government which should have for its object the welfare and happiness of all the governed. To accomplish this work, a convention of delegates from the thirteen States met in the city of Philadelphia in 1787, for the purpose of framing a Constitution. These delegates met as the representatives of sovereign States. In this capacity they were already united by "Articles of confederation and perpetual union." The second article of this confederation reads in these words: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence, and every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by the confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." The Convention of 1787, which had the immortal Washington for its President, drew up and sent to the several States for ratification, a Constitution, to which the following preamble was affixed: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more permanent union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." This preamble, which points out the design of the Constitution, declares indeed that a more perfect union was its object; but neither it, nor any article of the Constitution itself, conveys the idea that any State, by the adoption of the same, would part from its character for sovereignty. On the contrary, the 10th Article, "in addition to, and amendment of the Constitution," as proposed by Congress and ratified by the Legislatures, reads thus: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Hence the idea of State sovereignty has ever lived in the Constitution. It has been a political doctrine held and maintained by the most distinguished Statesmen America has produced, and was never denied by any of the framers of the Federal compact

When this celebrated document was sent out by the Convention to the several States to be ratified by conventions of the people, far-seeing Statesmen professed to see in it the germs of injustice and discord. Hence in some quarters it met with stubborn opposition. In the Convention of Virginia, Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of the Old Dominion, assailed it in strains of the most powerful eloquence, and depicted in glowing colors the baneful effects it might produce in a complex government—such as was proposed to be thus established. And when it was finally adopted by the Convention it was in a conditional form; which in justice to the truth of history is here placed upon record:

"We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, duly elected, &c., &c., do in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression."

The Convention of New York said in its resolve that "the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness," and the language of Rhode Island was substantially the same. It is hereby evident that Virginia accepted the Federal Constitution conditionally, asserting the right thereby to withdraw from the Federal compact whenever it ceased to guard and maintain her rights and interests fairly as an equal with the other States in the Confederation, of which she was to be the judge. New York and Rhode Island came into the Union in the same way. No department of the Federal Government objected to this conditional manner of these three States in adopting the Constitution. Indeed, it may be assumed that in the State of Virginia it could have been adopted in no other way, or upon no other conditions. Thus we find that the right to secede, or withdraw from the Federal Union, was asserted at the time, and in the act of entering into the Union by Virginia and the other States mentioned.

Slavery has been regarded by some as the cause of the secession of the Southern States, and of the unhappy war in which the country was involved. It must be borne in mind that twelve of the thirteen States which formed the original compact, were slaveholding States, consequently, at the time, slavery was neither a

cause nor an occasion of disquietude or division. The Constitution, as it was understood, and the laws under it as they were administered, seemed to afford equality to each of the States, and justice to the citizens of all. The Government was a Democracy, and though complex in its structure, formed one great Republic. Whilst peace reigned, prosperity prevailed; and sages and poets united to record in history and in song the hopeful sentiment that America was the home of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed. How happy was our country then! She was united in feeling, and united in interest, because the citizens of each State were protected alike in all their interests and in all their rights. The Federal Government was formed by the thirteen sovereign States which had been recognized as such by Great Britain; consequently it was the creature of the States, and the citizens of each alike rejoiced in its prosperity and common glory. True, some hostile opposition was made to Federal laws in some places, of small importance, principally, or entirely, in the Northern States, which was soon suppressed, the principal of which is known in history as "the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania."

In the course of time, public sentiment in the Northern States, in regard to the institution of slavery, underwent some change. In those States slave labor had ceased to be profitable; yet, so far as the institution itself was concerned, their citizens had been its most active and successful propagators. The small, liberty-loving State of Rhode Island, had imported into the port of Charleston ten cargoes of slaves from Africa to one by South Carolina. This business was one that paid well, and while it continued the howlings of freedom seekers were not heard in Yankeedom. By the 9th section of the Constitution of the United States, the African slave trade was prohibited in 1808. This, taken in connection with the fact that slave labor was no longer profitable among them, made an impression upon the minds of the people of the Northern States. The emigration of starving multitudes from suffering Europe, who landed upon our Northern shores, supplied the demands for labor at rates so cheap that the value of the slave was greatly reduced. Under these circumstances, the Legislatures of the States north of Delaware and Maryland, passed laws declaring that as previously named in their respective acts, slavery should cease to have a legal existence within the limits

of such States. By the time these acts were to take effect, the holders of such property had genarally sought and effected the sale of the same in Southern markets, and the money obtained as the price of such property was put into their own pockets or invested in manufactures and commerce. Thus were the people of the Northern States delivered from what they afterwards, in their maddened zeal, called "the curse of slavery." No Southern State raised its voice in opposition to these measures, because, under the Constitution, the people of one State had no right to interfere with the rights of another State; and the people of the Northern States had done what they had a Constitutional right to do.

If the people composing the population of the Northern States had been governed by a proper regard for Constitutional rights of the Southern States as the people of the latter had ever been for the former, no fratricidal war would have cursed our country —none of its beautiful villages and towns would have been seen in smoking ruins—none of its fertile fields, where the ripening harvest held out the promise of plenty, would have been the scene of bloody battles and the sepulchres of slaughtered thousands. The widow's wail, the orphan's cry nor the homeless wanderer's lament would never have been heard in our once happy, prosperous and glorious land. But with sadness it must be recorded—it was otherwise. Sectional interests and sectional prejudices sprang up. Time afforded them strength, and they extended in their influences and operations. They conflicted with the Constitution, which had been framed to protect the rights and interests of the people alike in all the States. These sectional interests and prejudices sprang up in the North, and were manifested only among the people of those States. As cause produces effect, the principles in their development led to the formation of political parties. As a general rule the people of the Northern States seemed to regard the Constitution of the United States in its application, as constituting one great central Government, and with its latitudinous powers possessed of authority to interfere in matters belonging exclusively to the States themselves. The people of the Southern States held to a strict construction of the Constitution, and asserted the doctrine of States' Rights and State Sovereignty.

The Government, under the Constitution, was a republic; a

system which can safely stand upon no other foundation than the virtue and intelligence of the governed. France has tried it, and it proved a failure. Mexico has made the experiment, and it proved a miserable abortion. The population of these countries constituted a dangerous element to the stability of such a government, under the promptings of ambitious aspirants, and the teachings of fanatical demagogues.

In order to arrive at a correct solution of the difference in character between the people of the Northern and Southern States, it is proper to advert to the history of the early settlement of the country: that a marked difference has existed no intelligent observer will deny. New England was settled by a body of emigrants from England, who professed to have fled from religious persecution in their own land, and to have sought civil and religious liberty in the inhospitable wilds of America; with the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Perhaps in the sincerity of their hearts, they styled themselves pilgrims, in view of the great object for which they had left their native country. The first cargo landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock in 1620. These formed a nucleus around which subsequent arrivals gathered. The form of civil and religious government, which they established, was no doubt compatible with their views of Christian prosperity. But, philosophy teaches us that the character of men and nations may be better understood by their actions, than by their professions. So it was with these people. They fled from what they called religious oppression in England; of course they regarded it as cruelty. But ere many years had passed with them in America, they shocked civilization, and outraged Christianity, by burning ignorant old women for witches, and hanging simple hearted and pious Quakers for non-conformity to their mode of worship; while they drove others into exile, because they could not believe some of the doctrines of Christianity as they did. No doubt they believed they were doing God's service; for fanaticism delights to solace itself with such fond delusions. It never doubts its own rectitude. It is dogmatical. It pleads for liberty of conscience for itself, and denies it to all others. Hence the professedly pious pilgrims of New England, in their tender mercies, could perse-

cute even unto death, such as honestly and conscientiously differed with them in religious opinions.

Such was the peculiar character of the first settlers of New England. Then, and at all times since, they and their descendants have evinced an irrepressibility of mind, that tends to erratic extremes. Wherever the wave of Yankee emigration has rolled, this peculiar feature has been developed. Hence, all the wild vagaries and foolish "isms" of the age have had their origin in the Northern States, among the people calling themselves the descendants of the Puritans, a name applied to the pilgrim fathers of New England. Here it was that Millerism sprang up and flourished. Here Mormonism budded, bloomed, and brought forth fruit. Here it was spirit-rapping began, and continues its foolish career, among its multiplied thousands of fanatical proselytes. Here Free-loveism was born and has its loathsome home. Here, too, "abolition," the friend of discord and blood, was nurtured, fed, and brought up to do its work of malice and of rage.

The early settlers of the Southern States were of a different class of people. Whilst the great body of them were from England, Scotland and Ireland, they were a law-abiding class of citizens at home; they came not to America in the character of pilgrims, fleeing from the hand of intolerance and oppression; but they came as subjects of the crown, satisfied with the government at home, and desirous of settling themselves and their children in the New World, in order to improve their fortunes, and enjoy the blessings of life. Among this population in the early settlement of the South, communities of emigrants from France, Switzerland and Germany, were to be found; but being greatly in the minority, their national peculiarities were soon lost under the general impress of society; and both, politically and religiously, they became merged into the surrounding masses, alike citizens of the State, with the same objects and the same ends in view.

This is the state of society, and this is the character of the people to which the Southern people trace their ancestry. Fanaticism has no record in their history. The vagaries of the Northern mind could never obtain foothold or flourish among the people of the South. There has always existed a difference in the men-

tal and moral characteristics of the people of the two sections of country, which bespeaks the difference of origin in these notes.

Among the distracting vagaries and isms, seized upon by the Northern mind, we have mentioned "abolition." Having received the value for their slaves in cash, and all the States north of Mason's and Dixon's line being relieved of the "incubus of slavery," as they were pleased to call it, they soon commenced a crusade against the institution as it existed at the South. Whilst this state of things was calculated to produce in effect, a political North and a political South, two measures were introduced into Congress, and passed by that body, through the exertions of Northern politicians under the plea of public policy. One was to grant bounties to vessels engaged in the fishing business on the coasts of Newfoundland. The inhabitants of the Northern States being largely interested in the shipping business, were the only portion of the Union benefitted by the act. The other was an act laying a high tariff on imported goods so as to encourage the manufacture of such articles, as fabrics, at home. The Northern States having entered largely into the business of manufactures, were thereby benefitted at the disadvantage and cost of the Southern States. No argument can be necessary to show, that such measures of legislation were calculated to produce discord, and lead to sectional feelings. But fishing bounties and high tariffs were not properly such subjects as the Yankee mind feeds upon; yet they were objects to covet, and for which avarice greedily sought, under the plea of public good. But abolition was the theme that fed the fires of the fanaticism of the North. At first it was the topic only of the strolling lecturers, and found a response simply among the more vicious and benighted of the masses. At the next step it reached the pulpit, and demanded the support of religion and the patronage of the church; it assumed the character of a party, and though contemptibly small in State, and but weak at first in its utterances in Church, yet by its howlings and ravings, it soon gathered strength. In process of time, it was the text for discussion by the minister of religion who had never seen the face of a slave, and the theme of declamation by the pulpit orator, whose information concerning the institution of slavery rested only upon the slanders he had heard from the defamers of the South. The Constitution of the United

States recognized slavery as the property of the States wherein it existed, and each State had its laws for the regulation and protection of the same. The Southern people were alone responsible for it. Hence, the fanatical party of the North were "intermeddlers in other men's matters." Political parties divided the country, both in the North and in the South. The fanaticism of abolition could assume almost any position, or accommodate itself to any circumstance to further its object. The two great political parties, Whig and Democratic, at times were nearly equal in numerical strength, in many of the Northern States, and as the Abolition party were ever ready to give their support to the party, in elections, which would promise to yield the most in support of their principles, a splendid field for the operation of political demagogues was here opened. The muddy waters of politics are impure and generally breed corruption. Slavery, as it existed in the States, was a subject with which Congressional legislation had nothing to do, according to the Constitution. But fanaticism is never willing to yield obedience to the Constitution when it stands in its way.

In 1820 the territory of Missouri applied to Congress for admission into the Union as a State. This was opposed by the Abolitionists, upon the ground that her Constitution tolerated slavery, and that if admitted in that character she would increase the political power of the Southern States in Congressional legislation. This was the first time the demon of Abolition discord had made its appearance in the halls of Congress unmasked. The debates were warm and the struggle protracted. It threatened, for a time, consequences of a serious character. But in order to solve the difficulty, a compromise was agreed upon. By an enacting clause she was received, declaring at the same time that all territory lying north of the southern boundary of that State, or latitude 36° 30′, should be free from the introduction of slavery, while the small portion remaining to the south of the line might be open to it. In this case the South surrendered much for the sake of peace. The public territory of the United States had been considered as an open field for the enterprise of the citizens of the States alike. As these lands belonged to the General Government, the citizens of each State had a constitutional right in emigrating to them to carry

with them any property they might possess. The citizen of South Carolina had the same right to carry with him the slaves, which were his property by law, as the citizen of Connecticut had to carry with him his machinery to make clocks. The South had a right to expect that the great surrender which she had made of a plain constitutional right in the Missouri compromise, that so far as the question of slavery was concerned, there would be peace throughout the land. But she was mistaken. She had shown timidity in sacrificing constitutional right in the halls of Congress as the price of peace, and it constituted the first political success with the Abolitionists, and emboldened them to undertake more active measures, notwithstanding the compromise. The party continued to gather strength, and the harmony of Congressional legislation was generally disturbed by the presentation of abolition petitions and memorials, filled with inflammatory language, highly offensive to the South, praying Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to exclude the institution from the Territories. In the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico in 1849, a large extent of unsettled territory was ceded by the latter to the former. The tide of emigration which flowed into this newly acquired territory was so great that the territory of California soon applied for admission into the Union. Although much of the area of the territory lay south of the Missouri compromise line, yet the North brought all its political force to bear against her reception as a State unless slavery should be excluded from her limits. The Southern States, for some years previous to this period, had suffered greatly by the depredation of Northern thieves in running off negroes and conveying them to the free States. The difficulty of recovering such property was always great, and owing to the character of such freebooters, was attended with much danger. Under these circumstances, the South once more made a surrender of constitutional rights, in what is known as the compromise measures of 1850. By this arrangement, California was admitted into the Union with a Constitution excluding slavery, and at the same time the fugitive slave law was re-enacted.

The first compromise was an error on the part of the South; the second was a greater one. The first was despised and kept in bad faith by the North; the second was denounced and ridi-

culed generally by the mass-meetings of the Abolition party, which had largely increased in numerical strength, and now boldly refused obedience to the law. The South, all the time, had acted in good faith. Her fidelity to the Union, under the Constitution and the laws, was undoubted, and she can point with pride to the sacrifices of constitutional rights which she has made for the sake of the peace and harmony of the Union, although such sacrifice proved unproductive of such results in the end.

In 1854 the abolition controversy assumed a more violent character, and presented itself in a more dangerous attitude than before. At this time Congress passed a bill entitled the "Kansas and Nebraska bill." This bill declared that the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, was superceded by the compromise measures of 1850. It also declared that the compromise act of 1820 was inoperative and void, and that it was the true intent and meaning of the act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people perfectly free to form and regulate their own institutions, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. The passage of this territorial bill aroused the fanatical zeal of the Abolitionists of the North to a degree of fervor unprecedented. Kansas being the more southern of the two Territories, and constituting the western boundary of Missouri, a slave-holding State, they used every effort to throw into it multitudes of settlers from the North for the purpose of controlling the legislation in its political organization. To this end "emigration aid societies" were formed in Massachusetts, and at other points in the North, to assist such as were unable to bear the expense of emigration to the contested Territory. By these means large masses of the useless and vicious population of the North were transported to the beautiful lands of Kansas. As might have been expected, this population was illy prepared to promote peace. Dissolute in their lives, and fanatical in their principles, they at once proved themselves a dangerous element in society. That the object of their mission might not prove a failure, the societies which had sent them forward furnished them with arms, and very soon Kansas became a scene of bloodshed and riot. Hostile bands of armed men traversed the country, murdering, burning and destroying property. Under these circumstances, the President of the United States was compelled to

send detachments of regular troops into the country in order to maintain peace.

At this time the Abolition party in the Northern States had assumed formidable proportions. Anti-slavery societies were formed in many places; money raised and expended to promote their purposes in many ways. Incendiary and inflammatory publications were printed and circulated to excite the public mind. The ministers of religion who professed to be charged with the holy mission of the gospel of peace, unmindful of their calling, joined in the general chorus. Forgetful of the sanctity of the pulpit, their sermons were shamefully turned into wretched diatribes of abuse of the South, and vulgar lectures on "the sin of slave-holding." Almost every denomination of Christians, whose organization extended into each section of country, became severed, North and South. And I will record the declaration, that of all the engines of mischief that contributed to plunge our ill-fated country into revolution and bloody war, none played a more successful part than the Northern pulpit.

About this time the Abolition party, identifying themselves more particularly with the issues of elections, assumed and appropriated to themselves the name of the Republican party, but in consequence of their fanatical crusade against the rights of the South, and their tendency in action to negrophilism, they were generally known South of Mason and Dixon's line as "Black Republicans." It had now become apparent from the policy of the party as practiced, that the great and leading principle with them in opposition to slavery was not so much of a moral as of a political nature. Hence, in the Presidential canvass of 1852 the Black Republican party nominated and voted for a candidate of their own political school for the office of President of the United States. The object to be effected by this step, under the circumstances, was, no doubt, to unite and strengthen the party, in a more effective manner, for future effort, as the most sanguine among them could not have hoped for success, and their candidate failed to obtain the electoral vote of a single State. The political struggle in Kansas was still continued with much violence. In 1857 the people of the Territory called a Convention, which met at Lecompton to form a Constitution. The whole of the Constitution, the work of the Convention, was not submitted

to the people for ratification or rejection. The only clause submitted to the people was the section providing for the institution of slavery. This was ratified by an overwhelming vote. The Free State, or Abolition party, also had a Constitution formed by kindred spirits in 1855. This document excluded slavery from the Territory, and being submitted to the people, it received a majority of votes of the small number of citizens who went to the polls, these being notoriously known, as a general rule, as the importation of the "emigrant aid societies" of New England. The struggle in the halls of Congress was protracted and stubborn.

It was now apparent that the North was actuated by an ambitious thirst for political power, and that so far as the moral question of slavery was concerned, she had become indifferent. If the legislation of the country should fall into her hands, with her latitudinous construction of the Constitution, and the perquisites of office and place, she could soon fill her pockets at the expense of the South. The sense of justice and honor that governed the South in this struggle, led her to contend for nothing more than justice and equality under the Constitution. The result of this memorable political contest was, that Kansas was received into the Union in 1858, with a Constitution that excluded slavery from her territory. The "Black Republican" party had triumphed. Their political territory had increased, and the fears of the South were correspondingly aroused. The wisest Statesmen could not suppress their rising fears for the coming future. The history of the past forty years forbade them to hope for anything better.

In October, 1859, the famous John Brown raid occurred at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This Abolition fanatic had figured in the disturbances in Kansas during the disorderly times which existed in the Territory prior to its occupation by United States troops. He was known principally in the Territory as a murderer and robber; but having lost a son in one of his raids, who fell by the hand of an emigrant from one of the Southern States, he appears to have made vows of undying vengeance against those whom he called the slaveholders of the South. During the whole time of the riots and disorders in Kansas, this man had acted as the leader or commander of a band of brigands, and had been engaged in several

skirmishes in which lives had been lost, property taken and houses burned, and owing to his courage and success, he had been dubbed "Ossawattomie Brown." This daring fanatic, a fit representative of Abolition principles and character, after quiet had been restored in Kansas by civil law, rendering his occupation unsafe, seems to have resolved to engage in war upon a grand scale against the Southern States; in the first place, by inviting a general insurrection among the negroes against the owners, overthrowing the State Governments, and by carrying all the Northern States with him by the moral force of his policy; to subvert the whole Federal system with its Constitution, and to set up in its stead a new Federal Government, under which the emancipated slaves should be placed upon a state of political equality with the whites, and all distinctions of caste and color ignored, while the property of slave-holders was to be confiscated generally and applied to meet the necessary expenses of the war and the new government.

In 1858 he had met a convention of kindred spirits in Canada, which drew up and agreed upon a form of "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the people of the United States." The 29th article of that document read as follows:

"All money, plate, watches, jewelry captured by honorable warfare, found, taken, or confiscated, belonging to the enemy, shall be held sacred to constitute a liberal safety or intelligence fund, and any person who shall improperly retain, dispose of, hide, use or destroy such money or other articles above named, contrary to the provisions of this article, shall be deemed guilty of theft, and, on conviction thereof, shall be punished accordingly."

It is evident from this article of the intended John Brown government, something like a wholesale robbery was to be applied to all who resisted the diabolical policy of himself and his compeers. Brown was a man distinguished for some energy of character, and possessed of some talent and intelligence; but with these was combined a full measure of the fanaticism of the abolition school. He was a native of the State of New York, and had removed to Ohio in 1850. Previous to his attack upon Harper's Ferry, he is known to have passed through the southern part of Virginia, along the valley of the Roanoke, under the

assumed name of "Dr. McLane," professing to be a minister of the Gospel of the Presbyterian Church, and sometimes daring to officiate in the pulpit, when the well-intended courtesy of an unsuspecting Christian people opened the way.

How this bloody free-booter could raise money to inaugurate a military crusade against the Southern States, was a mystery to many. But the solution is simple and easy. He was no stranger to Northern character. He well understood all those elements, and knew how to make use of them. The following appeal which he made to the public was extensively published at the time in many of the journals of the country:

"*To the Friends of Freedom:*—The undersigned, whose individual means were exceedingly limited when he first engaged in the struggle for liberty in Kansas, being now still more destitute, and no less anxious than in times past to continue his efforts to sustain that cause, is induced to make this earnest appeal to the Friends of Freedom throughout the United States, in the firm belief that his call will not go unheeded. I ask all honest lovers of Liberty and Human Rights, both male and female, to hold up my hands by contributions of pecuniary aid, either as counties, cities, towns, villages, societies, churches, or individuals.

I will endeavor to make a judicious and faithful application of all such means as I may be supplied with. Contributions may be sent in drafts to W. H. D. Calender, Cashier State Bank, Hartford, Connecticut. It is my intention to visit as many places as I can, during my stay in the States, provided I am informed of the disposition of the inhabitants to aid me in my efforts, as well as to receive my visit. Information may be communicated to me (care Massasoit House) at Springfield, Massachusetts. Will the editors of newspapers, friendly to the cause, kindly second the measure, and also give this some half a dozen insertions? Will either gentlemen or ladies, or both, who love the cause, volunteer to take up the business? It is with no little sacrifice of personal feeling that I appear in this manner before the public.

JOHN BROWN."

This appeal was widely responded to, and on Sunday night, October 16th, 1859, Brown, with twenty-one men, four of them being negroes, seized the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. He had sometime before leased a farm in the vicinity of this place, passing under the assumed name of Smith; here he had collected a magazine of arms and ammunition, sufficient to arm a force of two thousand men. During the night he had a num-

ber of prominent citizens of the place and surrounding country arrested and held as prisoners; and a number of negro slaves whom he armed against their will, and put into ranks. Early on the following day the militia of the county began to assemble, and an attack was made upon the insurgents and a majority being killed or taken prisoners, the remainder took refuge in the Arsenal building. In the succeeding night Lieut. Colonel, afterwards General R. E. Lee, arrived with a detachment of United States marines, and stormed the building held by the insurgents on the following morning. Six of our citizens were killed. Brown was severely wounded and taken prisoner; eleven of his party, including two of his sons, were killed; one had escaped, but was afterwards captured and brought back; three had been sent off previous to the attack by the military, only six survived, who were now prisoners. They were all brought before the Circuit Court of Jefferson county, Virginia, and put upon trial on charges for treason and murder, found guilty and executed upon the gallows. Brown met his fate apparently with stoical indifference. This affair created intense excitement throughout Virginia, which was likewise felt, more or less, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Brown appears to have been regarded as a hero by the Abolitionists, and as soon as the news of his capture and imprisonment spread North, they began to make menacing threats of effecting his release by armed force. This was seriously feared. Volunteer forces were assembled at Charleston to guard the prisoners until the trial was over, and the sentence of the law applied to the criminals.

This affair aroused the whole country, not only to a sense of the danger to be apprehended from the aggression of Northern fanaticism, but to the necessity of being prepared to meet its attacks. A quiet and peaceful town had been seized and occupied by an armed force of Abolitionists, with the avowed purpose of setting on foot a servile insurrection; of overthrowing civil government and of establishing a reign of terror and of bloodshed such as had cursed no land save that of Hayti. A number of peaceful and respectable citizens of Virginia had been shot at their doors, and were thus cruelly and wantonly sacrificed upon the altar of the infernal Moloch of fanaticism; and to crown the whole, this fiend in human shape, this midnight murderer and

assassin, was not only eulogized in the Northern pulpits and newspapers, as a martyr of a holy cause, his deeds held up to public view as the result of noble virtues, but threats were publicly proclaimed by kindred allies of effecting his rescue by armed force, to save the criminal from the stroke of offended justice, and vaunting threats of retaliation were made if Virginia should dare to execute the bloody-handed robber.

These things not only touched, but fired the great Southern heart. Statesmen saw that the time had come when the issue must be met practically. Patriots who had been disposed to sacrifice much for peace and country's welfare, were satisfied that all such sacrifice was fruitless of good. Legislatures took up the subject of "John Brown's raid," and its incidents, and passed resolutions setting forth the outraged grievances of the South from Northern aggressions, and asserting the doctrine of State Rights and State Sovereignty. Volunteer companies of citizens were formed and armed in many parts of the States, and held themselves ready to act in any emergency that might arise, if called upon by executive authority, for it was patent to all men that the time had now come when the Constitution of the United States afforded but a feeble safeguard, not only to the property, but to the lives of the people of the South. These grave circumstances which had now arisen, led men unwillingly to enquire, what is the value of the Union? They were satisfied from developments, startling in themselves, that matters had continued to grow worse, and all hopes of a better state of things were blasted. Argument had been used in vain; remonstrances had failed. The fugitive slave law, enacted by Congress as a part of the compromise measures of 1850, was denounced and condemned by public mass-meetings in the North, and the Dred Scott decision of the United States was opposed by the Black Republican party; consequently, the state of public affairs caused the best and wisest of Statesmen, whose devotion to the Union could never be questioned, to think and speak seriously with regard to the coming future of our country.

The slave population in the Southern States were supposed, at this period, to number about four millions. No laboring population, perhaps, either in America or Europe, were more contented with their lot, or happier than they. As a general rule,

they were well fed and well clothed; in sickness the best of medical attendance and careful nursing were secured for them; the interest of the owner, in addition to the dictates of humanity demanded this at his hands; and in old age, the laws of the land required him to provide for their support. They were the descendants of a race of dark and benighted, heathenish savages, imported into this country as slaves from the western coast of Africa, and under the tutelage and training of civilized and christian owners, they had made an advance in civilization and christianity beyond that of any other class of negro population on the face of the earth. If there were objectional features in the institution of slavery, as it existed among us, Southern civilization, which was surely equal to anything the North could boast of, was prepared to correct it, or Southern christianity to improve it. If slavery was "a moral evil," the South alone was responsible for it; if that evil was to be corrected, the Southern people best understood it and were best prepared to apply the remedy. If it was a national evil, the North was the principal party in palming it upon the country, as those States were now free from it by having principally disposed of it in Southern markets; every consideration of justice, of reason, of Constitution and of law, demanded that they should let the people of the South alone, to follow the quiet pursuits of peace, and thus contribute to the strength and prosperity of the common Union, under the Constitution framed by our fathers. This was all the South asked. But the voice of fanaticism that responded from the children of the Puritans cried, Never! *Never!* NEVER!

(*To be Continued.*)

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. SEWARD AND THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS.

The following is the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Commissioners from the Confederate States. The letter addressed by the Commissioners to Mr. Seward is recapitulated in the reply of Mr. Seward, entire, and we therefore omit it.

Reply of Mr. Seward.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, March 15, 1861.

Mr. John Forsyth, of the State of Alabama, and Mr. Martin J. Crawford, of the State of Georgia, through the kind offices of a distinguished Senator, submitted to the Secretary of State their desire for an unofficial interview. The request was, on the 12th instant, upon exclusively public considerations, respectfully declined.

On the 13th instant, while the Secretary was preoccupied, Mr. A. P. Banks, of Virginia, called at this Department, and was received by the Assistant Secretary, to whom he delivered a sealed communication, which he had been charged by Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford to present to the Secretary in person.

In that communication, Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford inform the Secretary of State that they have been duly accredited by the Government of the Confederate States of America as Commissioners to the Government of the United States, and they set forth the objects of their attendance at Washington. They observe that seven States of the American Union, in the exercise of a right inherent in every free people, have withdrawn, through Conventions of their people, from the United States, re-assumed the attributes of sovereign power, and formed a Government of their own, and that those Confederate States now constitute an independent nation *de facto* and *de jure*, and possess a Government perfect in all its parts, and fully endowed with all the means of self-support.

Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford, in their aforesaid communication, thereupon proceed to inform the Secretary that, with a view to a speedy adjustment of all questions growing out of the polit-

ical separation thus assumed, upon such terms of amity and good will as the respective interests, geographical contiguity and the future welfare of the supposed two nations might render necessary, they are instructed to make to the Government of the United States overtures for the opening of negotiations, assuring this Government that the President, Congress and people of the Confederate States earnestly desire a peaceful solution of these great questions, and that it is neither their interest nor their wish to make any demand that is not founded in strictest justice, nor to do any act to injure their late confederates.

After making these statements, Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford close their communication, as they say, in obedience to the instructions of their Government, by requesting the Secretary of State to appoint as early a day as possible in order that they may present to the President of the United States the credentials which they bear, and the objects of the mission with which they are charged.

The Secretary of State frankly confesses that he understands the events which have recently occurred, and the condition of affairs which actually exists in the part of the Union to which his attention has thus been directed, very differently from the aspect in which they are presented by Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford. He sees in them not a rightful and accomplished revolution and an independent nation, with an established Government, but rather a perversion of a temporary and partisan excitement to the inconsiderate purposes of an unjustifiable and unconstitutional aggression upon the rights and the authority vested in the Federal Government, and hitherto benignly exercised, as from their very nature they always must be so exercised, for the maintenance of the Union, the preservation of liberty, and the security, peace, welfare, happiness and aggrandizement of the American people. The Secretary of State, therefore, avows to Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford that he looks patiently for the cure of evils which have resulted from proceedings so unnecessary, so unwise, so unusual and so unnatural, not to irregular negotiations, having in view new and untried relations with agencies unknown to and acting in derogation to the Constitution and the laws, but to regular and considerate action of those States, in cooperation with their brethren in other States, through the Con-

gress of the United States and such extraordinary Conventions, if there should be need thereof, as the Federal Constitution contemplates and authorizes to be assembled.

It is, however, the purpose of the Secretary of State, on this occasion, not to invite or engage in any discussion of these subjects, but simply to set forth his reasons for declining to comply with the request of Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford.

On the 4th of March, instant, the then newly elected President of the United States, in view of the facts bearing on the present question, assumed the executive administration of the Government, first delivering in accordance with an early and honored custom, an inaugural address to the people of the United States. The Secretary of State respectfully submits a copy of this address to Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford.

A simple reference to it will be sufficient to satisfy those gentlemen that the Secretary of State, guided by the principles therein announced, is prevented altogether from admitting or assuming that the States referred to by them have, in law or in fact, withdrawn from the Federal Union, or that they could do so in the manner prescribed by Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford, or in any other manner than with the consent and concert of the people of the United States, to be given through a National Convention, to be assembled in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States. Of course, the Secretary of State cannot act upon the assumption, or in any way admit, that the so-called Confederate States constitute a foreign power, with whom diplomatic relations ought to be established.

Under these circumstances the Secretary of State whose official duties are confined—subject to the discretion of the President—to the conducting of the foreign relations of the country, and do not at all embrace domestic questions arising between the States and the Federal Government, is unable to comply with the request of Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford, to appoint a day on which they may present the evidence of their authority and the objects of their visit to the President of the United States. On the contrary, he is obliged to state to Messrs Forsyth and Crawford that he has no authority, nor is he at liberty to recognise them as diplomatic agents, or hold correspondence or other communication with them.

Finally, the Secretary of State would observe that, although he has supposed that he might safely and with propriety have adopted these conclusions without making any reference of the subject to the Executive, yet so strong has been his desire to practice entire directness and to act in a spirit of perfect respect and candor towards Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford, and that portion of the people of the Union in whose names they present themselves before him, that he has cheerfully submitted this paper to the President, who coincides generally in the view it expresses, and sanctions the Secretary's decision declining official intercourse with Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford.

APRIL 8, 1861.

The foregoing memorandum was filed in this department on the 15th of March last. A delivery of the same, however, to Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford was delayed, as was understood, with their consent. They have now, through their Secretary, communicated their desire for a definite disposition of the subject. The Secretary of State therefore directs that a duly verified copy of the paper be now delivered.

A true copy of the original, delivered to me, by Mr. F. W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, on April 8, 1861, at 2:15 p. m., in blank envelope.

Attest, J. T. PICKETT
Secretary to the Commissioners.

The Commissioners in reply to Mr. Seward accusing the Government of Deception, and accepting a Solution by the Sword.

WASHINGTON, April 9th, 1861.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, Washington.

The "memorandum," dated Department of State, Washington, March 15, 1861, postscript under date of 8th instant, has been received through the hands of Mr. J. T. Pickett, Secretary to this commission, who, by the instructions of the undersigned, called for it on yesterday, at the department.

In that memorandum you correctly state the purport of the official note addressed to you by the undersigned on the 12th ultimo. Without repeating the contents of that note in full, it is

enough to say here that its object was to invite the Government of the United States to a friendly consideration of the relation between the United States and the seven States, lately of the Federal Union, but now separated from it by the sovereign will of the people, growing out of the pregnant and undeniable fact that those people have rejected the authority of the United States and established a government of their own. Those relations had to be friendly or hostile. The people of the old and new Governments, occupying contiguous territories, had to stand to each other in the relation of good neighbors, each seeking their happiness and pursuing their national destinies in their own way, without interference with the other, or they had to be rival and hostile nations. The Government of the Confederate States had no hesitation in electing its choice in this alternative. Frankly and unreservedly seeking the good of the people who had entrusted them with power, in the spirit of humanity, of the Christian civilization of the age, and of that Americanism which regards the true welfare and happiness of the people, the Government of the Confederate States, among its first acts, commissioned the undersigned to approach the Government of the United States with the olive branch of peace, and to offer to adjust the great question pending between them in the only way to be justified by the consciences and common sense of good men, who had nothing but the welfare of the people of the two Confederacies at heart.

Your Government has not chosen to meet the undersigned in the conciliatory and peaceful spirit in which they are commissioned. Persistently wedded to those fatal theories of construction of the Federal Constitution always rejected by the Statesmen of the South, and adhered to by those of the administration school, until they had produced their natural and often predicted result of the destruction of the Union, under which we might have continued to live happily and gloriously together, had the spirit of the ancestry who framed the common Constitution animated the hearts of all their sons, you now, with a persistency untaught and uncured by the ruin which has been wrought, refuse to recognize the great fact presented to you of a completed and successful revolution; you close your eyes to the existence of the Government founded upon it, and ignore the high duties of moderation

and humanity which attach to you in dealing with this great fact. Had you met these issues with the frankness and manliness with which the undersigned were instructed to present them to you and treat them, the undersigned had not now the melancholy duty to return home and tell their Government and their countrymen that their earnest and ceaseless efforts in behalf of peace had been futile and that the Government of the United States meant to subjugate them by force of arms.

Whatever may be the result, impartial history will record the innocence of the Government of the Confederate States, and place the responsibility of the blood and mourning that may ensue upon those who have denied the great fundamental doctrine of American liberty, that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and who have set naval and land armaments in motion to subject the people of one portion of this land to the will of another portion. That that can never be done while a freeman survives in the Confederate States to wield a weapon, the undersigned appeal to past history to prove. These military demonstrations against the people of the seceded States are certainly far from being in keeping and consistency with the theory of the Secretary of State, maintained in his memorandum that these States are still component parts of the late American Union, as the undersigned are not aware of any constitutional power in the President of the United States to levy war, without the consent of Congress upon a foreign people, much less upon any portion of the people of the United States.

The undersigned, like the Secretary of State, have no purpose to "invite or engage in discussion" of the subject on which their two Governments are so irreconcilably at variance. It is this variance that has broken up the old Union, the disintegration of which has only begun. It is proper, however, to advise you that it were well to dismiss the hopes you seem to entertain that, by any of the modes indicated, the people of the Confederate States will ever be brought to submit to the authority of the Government of the United States. You are dealing with delusions, too, when you seek to separate our people from our Government, and to characterize the deliberate, sovereign act of that people as a "perversion of a temporary and partizan excitement." If you cherish these dreams you will be awakened from them and

find them as unreal and unsubstantial as others in which you have recently indulged. The undersigned would omit the performance of an obvious duty were they to fail to make known to the Government of the United States that the people of the Confederate States have declared their independence with a full knowledge of all the responsibilities of that act, and with as firm a determination to maintain it by all the means with which nature has endowed them, as that which sustained their fathers when they threw off the authority of the British Crown.

The undersigned clearly understand that you have declined to appoint a day to enable them to lay the objects of the mission with which they are charged to do before the President of the United States, because so to do would be to recognize the independence and separate nationality of the Confederate States. This is the vein of thought that pervades the memorandum before us. The truth of history requires that it should distinctly appear upon the record that the undersigned did not ask the Government of the United States to recognize the independence of the Confederate States. They only asked audience to adjust in a spirit of amity and peace, the new relations springing from a manifest and accomplished revolution in the Government of the late Federal Union. Your refusal to entertain these overtures for a peaceful solution, the active naval and military preparation of this Government, and a formal notice to the Commanding General of the Confederate forces in the harbor of Charleston that the President intends to provision Fort Sumter by forcible means, if necessary, are viewed by the undersigned, and can only be received by the world, as a declaration of war against the Confederate States: for the President of the United States knows that Fort Sumter cannot be provisioned without the effusion of blood. The undersigned, in behalf of the Government and people, accept the gage of battle thus thrown down to them, and appealing to God and the judgment of mankind for the righteousness of their cause, the people of the Confederate States will defend their liberties to the last against this flagrant and open attempt at their subjugation to sectional power.

This communication cannot be properly closed without adverting to the date of your memorandum. The official note of the undersigned, of the 12th of March, was delivered to the Assistant

Secretary of State on the 13th of that month, the gentleman, who delivered it, informing him that the Secretary of the commission would call at twelve o'clock, noon, on the next day, for the answer. At the appointed hour Mr. Pickett did call, and was informed by the Assistant Secretary of State that the engagements of the Secretary of State had prevented him from giving the note his attention. The Assistant Secretary of State then asked for the address of Messrs. Crawford and Forsyth, the members of the Commission, then present in this city, took note of the address on a card and engaged to send whatever reply might be made to their lodgings. Why this was not done it is proper should be here explained. The memorandum is dated March 15th, and was not delivered until April 8th. Why was it withheld the intervening twenty-three days? In the postscript to your memorandum, you say it "was delayed, as was understood, with their (Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford's) consent."

This is true; but it is also true that on the 15th of March Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford were assured by a person occupying a high official position in the Government, and who, as they believed, was speaking by authority, that Fort Sumter would be evacuated within a very few days, and that no measure changing the existing *status* prejudicially to the Confederate States, as represents Fort Pickens, was then contemplated, and these assurances were subsequently repeated, with the addition that any contemplated change, as respects Fort Pickens, would be notified to us. On the first of April, we were again informed that there might be an attempt to supply Fort Sumter with provisions, but that Governor Pickens should have previous notice of this attempt. There was no suggestion of a reinforcement. The undersigned did not hesitate to believe that these assurances expressed the intentions of the administration. This delay was assented to for the express purpose of attaining the great end of the mission of the undersigned, to-wit: A pacific solution of existing complications. The inference deducible from the date of your memorandum, that the undersigned had, for their own volition and without cause, consented to this long hiatus in the grave duties with which they were charged, is, therefore, not consistent with a ust exposition of the facts of the case.

The intervening twenty-three days were employed in active

unofficial efforts, the object of which was to smooth the path to a pacific solution, the distinguished personage alluded to co-operating with the undersigned, and every step of that effort is recorded in writing, and now in possession of the undersigned and of the Government. It was only when all these anxious efforts for peace had been exhausted, and it became clear that Mr. Lincoln had determined to appeal to the sword to reduce the people of the Confederate States to the will of the section or party whose President he is, that the undersigned resumed the official negotiation temporarily suspended, and sent to the Secretary for a reply to their official note of March 12th.

It is proper to add that during these twenty-three days, two gentlemen of official distinction, as high as that of the personage hitherto alluded to, aided the undersigned as intermediaries in these unofficial negotiations for peace.

The undersigned, Commissioners of the Confederate States of America, having thus made answer to all they deem material in the memorandum filed in the Department on the 15th of March last, have the honor to be,

JOHN FORSYTH,
MARTIN J. CRAWFORD,
A. B. ROMAN.

A true copy of the original note delivered to Mr. F. W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of the United States, at 8 o'clock in the evening of April 9, 1861.

Attest, J. T. PICKETT,
Secretary, &c., &c.

Mr. Seward, in reply to the Commissioners, acknowledges the receipt of the letter, but declines to answer it.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, April 10, 1861.

Messrs. Forsyth, Crawford and Roman having been apprised by a memorandum which has been delivered to them that the Secretary of State is not at liberty to hold official intercourse with them, will, it is presumed, expect no notice from him of the new communication which they have addressed to him under date of

the 9th instant, beyond the simple acknowledgement of the receipt thereof, which he hereby very cheerfully gives.

A true copy of the original received by the Commissioners of the Confederate States, this 10th day of April, 1861.

Attest, J. T. PICKETT,
Secretary, &c., &c.

Interesting Particulars.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 10, 1861.

Gentlemen of the Congress:

In the message addressed to you on the 29th instant, I referred to the course of conduct of the Government of the United States towards the Commissioners of this Government, sent to Washington for the purpose of effecting, if possible, a peaceful adjustment of the pending difficulties between the two Governments. I also made allusion to "an intermediary, whose high position and character inspired the hope of success;" but I was not then at liberty to make any communication on this subject, as specific as was desirable for a full comprehension of the whole subject. It is now, however, in my power to place before you other papers, which I herewith address to you. From them you will perceive that the intermediary referred to was the Hon. John A. Campbell, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, who made earnest efforts to promote the successful issue of the mission entrusted to our Commissioners, and by whom I was advised in confidential communications, of the measures taken by him to secure so desirable a result. It is due to you, to him and to history, that a narrative of the occurrence with which he was connected should be made known, the more especially as it will be seen by the letters hereto appended, that the correctness and accuracy of the recital have not been questioned by the Secretary of State of the United States to whom it was addressed.

I avail myself of this opportunity to correct an error in one of the statements made in my message of the 29th April. It is there recited that I was prompted to call you together in extraordinary session by reason of the declarations contained in the proclamation of President Lincoln of the 15th of April. My proclamation convoking you was issued on the 12th of April, and was prompted by the declaration of hostile purposes, contained in the mes-

sage sent by President Lincoln to the Governor of South Carolina on the 8th of April. As the proclamation of President Lincoln of the 15th of April, repeated the same hostile intention in more specific terms and on a much more extensive scale, it created a stronger impression on my mind, and led to the error above alluded to, and which, however unimportant, I desire to correct.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Montgomery, May 8, 1861.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 13, 1861.

SIR:—On the 15th of March, ult., I left with Judge Crawford, one of the Commissioners of the Confederate States, a note in writing to the effect following:

"I feel entire confidence that Fort Sumter will be evacuated in the next five days. And this measure is felt as imposing great responsibility on the Administration.

"I feel entire confidence that no measure changing the existing status, prejudiciously to the Southern Confederate States, is at present contemplated.

"I feel an entire confidence that an immediate demand for an answer to the communication of the Commissioners will be productive of evil and not of good. I do not believe that it ought at this time to be pressed."

The substance of this statement I communicated to you the same evening by letter. Five days elapsed, and I called with a telegram from Gen. Beauregard, to the effect that Sumter was not evacuated, but that Major Anderson was at work making repairs.

The next day after conversing with you, I communicated to Judge Crawford in writing, that the failure to evacuate Sumter was not the result of bad faith, but was attributable to causes consistent with the intention to fulfill the engagement, and that as regarded Pickens, I should have notice of any design to alter the existing status there. Mr. Justice Nelson was present at those conversations, three in number, and I submitted to him such of my written communications to Judge Crawford, and informed Judge C. that they had his (Judge Nelson's) sanction. I gave you on the 22d of March a substantial copy of the statement I had made on the 15th.

The 30th March arrived, and at that time a telegram came from

Gov. Pickens concerning Col. Lamon, whose visit to Charleston he supposed had a connection with the proposed evacuation of Fort Sumter.

I left that with you and was to have an answer on the following Monday (1st April). On the 1st of April, I received from you the statement in writing, "(I am satisfied) the Government will not undertake to supply Fort Sumter without giving notice to Gov. P." The words "I am satisfied," were for me to use as expressive of confidence in the remainder of the declaration.

The proposition as originally prepared, was: "The President may desire to supply Sumter, but will not do so," &c., and your verbal explanation was, that you did not believe any such attempt would be made, and that there was no design to reinforce Sumter.

There was a departure here from the pledges of the previous month, but with the verbal explanation I did not consider it a matter then to complain of. I simply stated to you that I had that assurance previously.

On the 7th of April, I addressed you a letter on the subject of the alarm that the preparations by the Government had created, and asked you if the assurances I had given were well or ill-founded. In respect to Sumter your reply was "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see."

In the morning's paper I read: "An authorized messenger from President Lincoln informed Gov. Pickens and Gen. Beauregard, that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or *otherwise by force.*" This was the 8th of April at Charleston, the day following your last assurance, and is the evidence of the full faith I was invited to wait *for* and *see.* In the same paper, I read that intercepted dispatches disclosed the fact that Mr. Fox, who had been allowed to visit Major Anderson, on the pledge that his purpose was pacific, employed the opportunity to devise a plan for supplying the fort by force, and that this plan had been adopted by the Washington Government, and was in process of execution. My recollection of the date of Mr. Fox's visit carries it to a day in March. I learn that he is a near connection of a member of the cabinet. My connection with the Commissioners and yourself was superinduced by a conversation with Justice Nelson. He informed me of your strong dispositions in favor of

peace, and that you were oppressed with a demand of the Commissioners of the Confederate States for a reply to their first letter and that you desired to avoid it if possible, at that time. I told him I might perhaps, be of some service in arranging the difficulty. I came to your office entirely at your request, and without the knowledge of either of the Commissioners. Your depression was obvious to both Judge Nelson and myself. I was gratified at the character of the counsels you were desirous of pursuing, and much impressed with your observation that a civil war might be prevented by the success of any mediation. You read a letter from Mr. Weed, to show how irksome and responsible the withdrawal of troops from Sumter was. A portion of my communication to Judge Crawford on the 15th of March was founded upon these remarks, and the pledge to evacuate Fort Sumter is less forcible than the words you employed. Those words were: "Before this letter reaches you (a proposed letter by me to President Davis) Sumter will have been evacuated."

The Commissioners who received these communications conclude that they have been abused and overreached. The Montgomery Government holds the same opinion. The Commissioners have supposed that my communications were with you, and upon this hypothesis prepared to arraign you before the country in connection with the President. I placed a peremptory prohibition upon this as being contrary to the terms of my communications with them. I pledged myself to them to communicate information upon what I considered as the best authority, and they were to confide in the ability of myself, aided by Judge Nelson, to determine upon the credibility of my informant.

I think no candid man, who will read over what I have written, and consider for a moment what is going on at Sumter, but will agree that the equivocating conduct of the Administration, as measured and interpreted in connection with these promises, is the proximate cause of the great calamity.

I have a profound conviction that the telegrams of the 8th of April, of Gen. Beauregard, and of the 10th of April, of Gen. Walker, the Secretary of War, can be referred to nothing else than their belief that there has been systematic duplicity practised on them through me. It is under the oppressive sense of

the weight of the responsibility that I submit to you these things for your explanation.

Very respectfully,

(Signed,) JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

Despatches to L. P. Walker, Secretary of War.

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln has just informed Gov. Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise, by force.

Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard:

If you have no doubt as to the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington Government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation, and if this is refused, proceed in such manner as you may determine to reduce it.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29, 1861.

SIR:—I enclose you a letter corresponding very nearly with one I addressed to you one week ago (13th April) to which I have not had any reply. The letter is simply one of enquiry in reference to facts concerning which I think I am entitled to an explanation. I have not adopted any opinion in reference to them, which may not be modified by explanation, nor have I affirmed in that letter, nor do I in this, any conclusion of my own unfavorable to your integrity in the whole transaction.

All that I have said, and mean to say is, that an explanation is due from you to myself. I will not say what I shall do in case this request is not complied with, but I am justified in saying that I shall feel at liberty to place these letters before any person who is entitled to ask an explanation of myself.

Very respectfully,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL,
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, U. S.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

No reply has been made to this letter.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 7, 1861.

SIR:—I submit to you two letters that were addressed by me to the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States, that contain an explanation of the nature and result of an intervention by me in the intercourse of the Commissioners of the Confederate States with that officer. I considered that I could perform no duty in which the entire American people, whether of the Federal Union or of the Confederate States, were more interested than that of promoting the counsels and the policy that had for their object the preservation of peace. This motive dictated my intervening. Besides the interview referred to in these letters, I informed the Assistant Secretary of State of the United States (not being able to see the Secretary,) on the 11th April ultimo, of the existence of a telegram of that date from Gen. Beauregard, to the Commissioners, in which he informed the Commissioners that he had demanded the evacuation of Sumter, and if refused, he would proceed to reduce it. On the same day I had been told that President Lincoln had said that none of the vessels sent to Charleston were war vessels, and that force was not to be used in the attempt to supply the fort. I had no means of testing the accuracy of this information, but offered that if the information was accurate, I would send a telegram to the authorities at Charleston, and that it might prevent the disastrous consequences of a collision at that fort between the opposing forces. It was the last effort that I could make to avert the calamities of war. The Assistant Secretary promised to give the matter attention, but I had no other intercourse with him or any person on the subject, nor have I had any reply to the letters submitted to you.

Very respectfully,

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Gen. DAVIS, President of the Confederate States.

[From the Southern Magazine, August 1872.

GENERAL LEE'S FINAL REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CAMPAIGN, AND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

SIR:—In *The Historical Magazine* for February 1869, published by Mr. Henry B. Dawson, at Morrisania, New York, there is a copy of General Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign and the battle of Gettysburg. This report was furnished to *The Historical Magazine* by Mr. William Swinton, who says that it chanced to be on the person of one of Gen Lee's staff officers at the time of the destruction of his headquarters papers on the retreat from Petersburg; but he declines to state how he came in possession of it. In a conversation with Gen. Lee, in April 1869, I was informed by him that he had received a copy of the report as published, and he said that the report was substantially correct, though he was at a loss as to how Mr. Swinton got possession of it. He stated that the report as prepared for the Adjutant General at Richmond was with his other papers in the headquarters wagon on the retreat, and that when he found the wagons cut off and about to fall into the hands of the enemy's cavalry, he sent a courier to destroy all the papers; and he thought it possible that this paper may have escaped destruction and been picked up by some straggler or other person. After Gen. Lee's death I received a copy of the number of *The Historical Magazine* containing the report, from Mr. Dawson, and when in Baltimore in April 1871 I showed it to Col. Charles Marshall, who then informed me that when the report was written it was copied under his superintendence, and that the copy only was returned to Gen. Lee, he (Col. Marshall) retaining the rough draft, in which a number of corrections had been made. He also said that this rough draft as corrected happened to be with some of his own papers which he had with him on the retreat and at the time of the surrender, and thus escaped destruction; and that he loaned it to Mr. Swinton shortly after the close of the war, who he supposed, copied it while in his possession, and was thus enabled to furnish the copy to *The Historical Monthly.*

There can be no question about the substantial authenticity of the report; and as it is a document of great historical value, I request that it be published in your valuable journal, in order

that it may be more accessible to the officers and soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia and the Southern people, very few of whom have had an opportunity of seeing it, as the *The Historical Magazine*, though a very valuable and impartial publication, has scarcely any circulation in the South.

There is an error in the report as published in locating the entrenched position which my command assaulted and carried at the time of the capture of Winchester, on the *Newtown* road. It should be on the *Pughtown* road, which is on the northwest of Winchester, while the Newtown road (the Valley pike) is on the south of the town. This mistake was probably made in copying or printing the report, and I have made the correction to conform to the facts of the case by merely substituting Pughtown for Newtown. With this correction, the general accuracy of the report as now given will be recognised by all who participated in the memorable campaign into Pennsylvania, and it is eminently worthy of preservation as containing Gen. Lee's own account of a campaign which has been much criticised by persons not well acquainted with the facts. If there are any variations between the published report and the original now in the hands of Col. Marshall, he can make the proper corrections.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

June 29th, 1872. J. A. Early.

From the original manuscript, now first printed, communicated by William Swinton, Esq.

My Dear Dawson:—I send you herewith for publication Gen. Lee's official report of the invasion of Pennsylvania and the battle of Gettysburg, and shall take occasion at a future day to follow it up with a paper, by way of comment and elucidation.

This document I regard as quite the most important and interesting in my collection of unpublished manuscripts relating to the history of the late war. It was obtained by me from a source not necessary to be mentioned here, soon after the close of the war, while in Virginia, gathering material for my *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.* It was General Lee's habit to make public brief preliminary reports of his military operations as soon as possible after their occurrence, and afterwards follow them up by carefully prepared and elaborate reports, designed for permanent places in the archives of the war. Such a brief preliminary account of the invasion of Pennsylvania and battle of Gettysburg

was published by General Lee soon after the return of the ill-starred campaign of the summer of 1863, and it is this paper which appears in our existing collection of historical documents. It is quite meagre and incomplete.

The present document is Lee's full and final report of this great campaign. It was prepared by the Confederate commander during his leisure moments in the winter of 1864–'5, while besieged by Grant within the lines of Petersburg. I believe it was never even forwarded to the War Office at Richmond, and happened to be preserved from the destruction that befell all of Lee's headquarter papers while on the retreat from Petersburg, simply from the fact that it chanced to be on the person of one of his staff-officers.

WILLIAM SWINTON.

REPORT.

I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of this army from the time it left the vicinity of Fredericksburg, early in June, to its occupation of the line of the Rapidan, in August.

Upon the retreat of the Federal army commanded by Major General Hooker from Chancellorsville, it occupied the ground north of the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, where it could not be attacked except at a disadvantage.

It was determined to draw it from this position, and if practicable transfer the scene of hostilities beyond the Potomac. The execution of this purpose also embraced the expulsion of the force under Gen. Milroy which had infested the lower Shenandoah Valley during the preceding winter and spring. If unable to attain the valuable results which might be expected to follow a decided advantage gained over the enemy in Maryland or Pennsylvania, it was hoped that we should at least so far disturb his plans for the summer campaigns as to prevent its execution during the season of active operations.

The commands of Longstreet and Ewell were put in motion and encamped around Culpepper Court House on the seventh of June. As soon as their march was discovered by the enemy, he threw a force across the Rappahannock about two miles below Fredericksburg, apparently for the purpose of observation. Hill's Corps was left to watch these troops, with instructions to follow the movements of the army as soon as they should retire.

The cavalry, under General Stuart, which had been concentrated near Culpepper Court House, was attacked on the ninth of June by a large force of Federal cavalry, supported by infantry, which crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's and Kelley's fords. After a severe engagement which continued from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, the enemy was compelled to recross the river with heavy loss, leaving about five hundred prisoners, three pieces of artillery and several colors in our hands.

General Imboden and General Jenkins had been ordered to co-operate in the projected expedition into the Valley: General Imboden, by moving towards Romney with his command to prevent the troops guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from reinforcing those at Winchester, while Gen. Jenkins advanced directly to the latter place with his cavalry brigade, supported by a battalion of infantry and a battery of the Maryland Line.

General Ewell left Culpepper Court House on the tenth of June. He crossed the branches of the Shenandoah near Front Royal and reached Cedarville on the twelfth, where he was joined by General Jenkins. Detaching General Rodes with his division and the greater part of Jenkins' brigade to dislodge a force of the enemy stationed at Berryville, General Ewell, with the rest of his command, moved upon Winchester—Johnson's division advancing by the Front Royal road, and Early's by the Valley turnpike, which it entered at Newtown, where it was joined by the Maryland troops.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

The enemy was driven in on both roads, and our troops halted in line of battle near the town on the evening of the thirteenth. The same day the force which had occupied Berryville retreated to Winchester on the approach of Gen. Rodes.

The following morning Gen. Ewell ordered Gen. Early to carry an intrenched position northwest of Winchester, near the Newton* road, which the latter officer, upon examining the ground discovered, would command the principal fortifications.

To cover the movement of Gen. Early, Gen. Johnson took position between the road to Millwood and that to Berryville, and

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*Pughtown—J. A. E.

advanced his skirmishers toward the town. Gen. Early, leaving a portion of his command to engage the enemy's attention, with the remainder, gained a favorable position without being perceived, and about 5 P. M. twenty pieces of artillery, under Lieut. Col. H. P. Jones, opened suddenly upon the entrenchments. The enemy's guns were soon silenced. Hays' brigade then advanced to the assault and carried the works by storm, capturing six rifled pieces, two of which were turned upon and dispersed a column which was forming to retake the position. The enemy immediately abandoned the works on the left of those taken by Hays, and retired into his main line of fortifications, which Gen. Early prepared to assail in the morning. The loss of the advanced works, however, rendered the others untenable, and the enemy retreated in the night, abandoning his sick and wounded, together with his artillery, wagons and stores. Anticipating such a movement, as soon as he heard of Early's success, Gen. Ewell ordered Gen. Johnson to occupy with part of his command a point on the Martinsburg road about two and a half miles from Winchester, where he could either intercept the enemy's retreat, or aid in an attack should further resistance be offered in the morning. Gen. Johnson marched with Nicholl's and part of Stewart's brigades, accompanied by Lieut. Col. Andrews, with a detachment of his artillery, the Stonewall brigade being ordered to follow. Finding the road to the place indicated by Gen. Ewell difficult of passage in the darkness, Gen. Johnson pursued that leading by Jordan's Springs to Stephenson's Depot, where he took a favorable position on the Martinsburg road about five miles from Winchester. Just as his line was formed the retreating column, consisting of the main body of Gen. Milroy's army, arrived and immediately attacked him. The enemy, though in superior force, consisting of both infantry and cavalry, was gallantly repulsed; and finding all efforts to cut his way unavailing, he sent strong flanking parties simultaneously to the right and left, still keeping up a heavy fire in front. The party on the right was driven back and pursued by the Stonewall brigade, which opportunely arrived. That on the left was broken and dispersed by the Second and Tenth Louisiana regiments, aided by the artillery; and in a short time nearly the whole infantry force, amounting to more than twenty-three hundred men, with

eleven stand of colors, surrendered, the cavalry alone escaping. Gen. Milroy, with a small party of fugitives, fled to Harper's Ferry.

The number of prisoners taken in this action, exceeded the force of Gen. Johnson, who speaks in terms of well-deserved praise of the officers and men of his command.

In the mean time, Gen. Rodes marched from Berryville to Martinsburg, reaching the latter place on the afternoon of the fourteenth. The enemy made a show of resistance, but soon gave way, the cavalry and artillery retreating towards Williamsport, and the infantry towards Shepherdstown, under cover of night. The route taken by the latter was not known until it was too late to follow; but the former were pursued so rapidly, Jenkins' troops leading, that they were forced to abandon five of their six pieces of artillery. About two hundred prisoners were taken; but the enemy destroyed most of his stores.

These operations resulted in the expulsion of the enemy from the Valley, the capture of four thousand prisoners, with a corresponding number of small arms, twenty-eight pieces of superior artillery, including those taken by Gen. Rodes and Gen. Hays, about three hundred wagons and as many horses, together with considerable quantities of ordnance, commissary and quartermaster's stores. Our entire loss was forty-seven killed, two hundred and nineteen wounded, and three missing.

MARCH INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

On the night of Ewell's appearance at Winchester, the enemy in front of A. P. Hill's, at Fredericksburg, recrossed the Rappahannock, and the whole army of Gen. Hooker withdrew from the north side of the river. In order to mislead him as to our intentions, and at the same time protect Hill's corps in its march up the Rappahannock, Longstreet left Culpepper Court House on the fifteenth, and advancing along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, occupied Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. He had been joined while at Culpepper by Gen. Pickett with three brigades of his division. Gen. Stuart with three brigades of cavalry moved on Longstreet's right and took position in front of the gaps.

Hampton's and Jones' brigades remained along the Rappahan-

nock and Hazel rivers in front of Culpepper Court House, with instructions to follow the main body as soon as Hill's corps had passed that point.

On the seventeenth Fitz Lee's brigade, under Col. Munford, which was on the road to Snicker's Gap, was attacked near Aldie by the Federal cavalry. The attack was repulsed with loss, and the brigade held its ground until ordered to fall back, its right being threatened by another body coming from Hopewell towards Middleburg. The latter force was driven from Middleburg and pursued towards Hopewell by Robertson's brigade, which arrived about dark. Its retreat was intercepted by W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Col. Chambliss, and the greater part of a regiment captured.

During the three succeeding days there was much skirmishing, Gen. Stuart taking a position west of Middleburg, where he awaited the rest of his command. Gen. Jones arrived on the nineteenth, and Gen. Hampton in the afternoon of the following day, having repulsed on his march a cavalry force sent to reconnoitre in the direction of Warrenton. On the twenty-first the enemy attacked with infantry and cavalry, and obliged General Stuart, after a brave resistance, to fall back to the gaps of the mountains. The enemy retired the next day, having advanced only a short distance beyond Upperville.

In these engagements the cavalry sustained a loss of five hundred and ten killed, wounded and missing. Among them were several valuable officers, whose names are mentioned in General Stuart's report. One piece of artillery was disabled and left on the field.

The enemy's loss was heavy: about four hundred prisoners were taken and several stand of colors.

The Federal army was apparently guarding the approaches to Washington and manifested no disposition to assume the offensive. In the meantime, the progress of Ewell, who was already in Maryland with Jenkins's cavalry, advanced into Pennsylvania as far as Chambersburg, rendered it necessary that the rest of the army should be within supporting distance; and Hill having reached the Valley, Longstreet was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, and the two corps encamped near Berryville.

Gen. Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with

part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder to cross into Maryland and place himself on the right of Gen. Ewell. Upon the suggestion of the former officer that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so, and it was left to his discretion whether to enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward.

On the twenty-second Gen. Ewell marched into Pennsylvania with Rodes's and Johnson's division, preceded by Jenkins's cavalry, taking the road from Hagerstown through Chambersburg to Carlisle, where he arrived on the twenty-seventh. Early's division, which had occupied Boonsboro, moved by a parallel road to Greenwood, and in pursuance of instructions previously given to Gen. Ewell, marched towards York. On the twenty-fourth Longstreet and Hill were put in motion to follow Ewell, and on the twenty-seventh encamped near Chambersburg.

Gen. Imboden, under the orders before referred to, had been operating on Ewell's left while the latter was advancing into Maryland. He drove off the troops guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and destroyed all the important bridges on that route from Martinsburg to Cumberland, besides inflicting serious damages upon the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. He was at Hancock when Longstreet and Hill reached Chambersburg, and was directed to proceed to the latter place by way of McConnellsburg, collecting supplies for the army on his route.

The cavalry force at this time with the army, consisting of Jenkins's brigade and White's battalion, was not greater than was required to accompany the advance of Gen. Ewell and Gen. Early, with whom it performed valuable service, as appears from their reports. It was expected that as soon as the Federal army should cross the Potomac Gen. Stuart would give notice of its movements; and nothing having been heard from him since our entrance into Maryland, it was inferred that the enemy had not yet left Virginia. Orders were therefore issued to move upon Harrisburg. The expedition of Gen. Early to York was designed in part to prepare for this undertaking, by breaking the railroad between Baltimore and Harrisburg and seizing the bridges over

the Susquehannah at Wrightsville. Gen. Early succeeded in the first object, destroying a number of bridges above and below York; but on the approach of the troops sent by him to Wrightsville, a body of militia stationed at that place fled across the river and burnt the bridge in their retreat. Gen. Early then marched to rejoin his corps. The advance against Harrisburg was arrested by intelligence received from a scout on the night of the twenty-eighth to the effect that the army of Gen. Hooker had crossed the Potomac and was approaching the South Mountains. In the absence of the cavalry it was impossible to ascertain his intentions; but to deter him from advancing further west and intercepting our communications from Virginia, it was determined to concentrate the army east of the mountains.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Hill's corps was accordingly ordered to move towards Cashtown on the twenty-ninth, and Longstreet to follow the next day, leaving Pickett's division at Chambersburg to guard the rear until relieved by Imboden.

Gen. Ewell was recalled from Carlisle and directed to join the army at Cashtown or Gettysburg, as circumstances might require.

The advance of the enemy to the latter place was unknown; and the weather being inclement, the march was conducted with a view to the comfort of the troops.

Heth's division reached Cashtown on the twenty-ninth, and the following morning Pettigrew's brigade, sent by Gen. Heth to procure supplies at Gettysburg, found it occupied by the enemy. Being ignorant of the extent of his force, Gen. Pettigrew was unwilling to hazard an attack with his single brigade, and returned to Cashtown. Gen. Hill arrived with Pender's division in the evening, and the following morning, the first of July, he advanced with these two divisions, accompanied by Pegram's and McIntosh's battalions of artillery, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, whose force was supposed to consist chiefly of cavalry.

The leading division, under Gen. Heth, found the enemy's videttes about three miles west of Gettysburg, and continued to advance until within a mile of the town, when two brigades were sent forward to reconnoitre. They drove in the advance of the

enemy very gallantly, but subsequently encountered largely superior numbers, and were compelled to retire with loss, Brig. Gen. Archer, commanding one of the brigades, being taken prisoner.

Gen. Heth then prepared for action, and as soon as Pender arrived to support him, was ordered by Gen. Hill to advance. The artillery was placed in position and the engagement opened with vigor. Gen. Heth pressed the enemy steadily back, breaking his first and second lines and attacking his third with great resolution. About half-past two in the afternoon the advance of Ewell's corps, consisting of Rodes's division, with Carter's battalion of artillery, arrived by the Middletown road, and forming on Heth's left nearly at right angles with his line, became warmly engaged with fresh numbers of the enemy. Heth's troops having suffered heavily in their protracted contest with a superior force, were relieved by Pender's; and Early coming up by the Heidlersburg road, soon afterwards took position on the left of Rodes, when a general advance was made. The enemy gave way on all sides and were driven through Gettysburg with great loss. Maj. Gen. Reynolds, who was in command, was killed. More than five thousand prisoners, exclusive of a large number of wounded, three pieces of artillery, and several colors, were captured; among the prisoners were two Brigadier Generals, one of whom was badly wounded.

Our own loss was heavy, including a number of officers, among whom were Maj. Gen. Heth, slightly, and Brig. Gen. Scales, of Pender's division, severely wounded.

The enemy retired to a range of hills south of Gettysburg, where he displayed a strong force of infantry and artillery.

It was ascertained from prisoners that we had been engaged with two corps of the army formerly commanded by Gen. Hooker, and that the remainder of the army, under Gen. Meade, was approaching Gettysburg. Without information as to its proximity, the strong position which the enemy had assumed could not be attacked without danger of exposing the four divisions present, already weakened and exhausted by a long and bloody struggle to overwhelming numbers of fresh troops.

Gen. Ewell was therefore instructed to carry the hill occupied by the enemy if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army,

which were ordered to hasten forward. He decided to await Johnson's division, which had marched from Carlisle by the road west of the mountsins, to guard the trains of his corps, and consequently did not reach Gettysburg until a late hour. In the meantime the enemy occupied the point which General Ewell designed to seize, but in what force could not be ascertained, owing to the darkness. An intercepted dispatch showed that another corps had halted that afternoon four miles from Gettysburg. Under these circumstances it was decided not to attack until the arrival of Longstreet, two of whose divisions, those of Hood and McLaws, encamped about four miles in rear during the night. Anderson's divlsion, of Hill's corps, came up after the engagement.

It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base unless attacked: but coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains with our extensive trains would have been difficult and dangerous. At the same time we were unable to await an attack, as the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies in the presence of the enemy, who could restrain our foraging parties by holding the mountain passes with local and other troops. A battle had therefore become in a measure unavoidable, and the success already gained gave hope of a favorable issue.

The enemy occupied a strong position, with his right upon two commanding elevations adjacent to each other—one southeast, and the other, known as Cemetery Hill, immediately south of the town, which lay at its base. His line extended thence upon the high ground along the Emmettsburg road, with a steep ridge in the rear, which was also occupied. This ridge was difficult of ascent, particularly the two hills above mentioned as forming its northern extremity, and a third at the other end, on which the enemy's left rested. Numerous stone and rail fences along the slope served to afford protection to his troops and to impede our advance. In his front the ground was undulating and generally open for about three quarters of a mile.

Gen. Ewell's corps constituted our left, Johnson's division being opposite the height adjoining Cemetery Hill, Early's in the centre in front of the north face of the latter, and Rodes's upon his right. Hill's corps faced the west side of Cemetery Hill and extended

nearly parallel to the Emmettsburg road, making an angle with Ewell's. Pender's division formed his left, Anderson's his right, Heth's, under Brig. Gen. Pettigrew, being in reserve. His artillery, under Colonel Walker, was posted in eligible positions along the line.

It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought that our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in. Gen. Hill was ordered to threaten the enemy's centre to prevent reinforcements being drawn to either wing, and to co-operate with his right division in Longstreet's attack. Gen. Ewell was instructed to make a simultaneous demonstration upon the enemy's right, to be converted into a real attack should opportunity offer.

About 4 P. M. Longstreet's batteries opened, and soon afterwards Hood's division, on the extreme right, moved to the attack. McLaws followed somewhat later, four of Anderson's brigades—those of Wilcox, Perry, Wright, and Posey—supporting him on the left in the order named. The enemy was soon driven from his position on the Emmettsburg road to the cover of a ravine and a line of stone fences at the foot of the ridge in his rear. He was dislodged from these after a severe struggle, and retired up the ridge, leaving a number of his batteries in our possession.

Wilcox's and Wright's brigades advanced with great gallantry, breaking successive lines of the enemy's infantry, and compelling him to abandon much of his artillery. Wilcox reached the foot, and Wright gained the crest of the ridge itself, driving the enemy down the opposite side; but having become separated from McLaw's and gone beyond the other two brigades of the division, they were attacked in front and on both flanks and compelled to retire, being unable to bring off any of the captured artillery. McLaw's left also fell back, and it being now nearly dark, Gen. Longstreet determined to await the arrival of Gen. Pickett.

He disposed his command to hold the ground gained on the right, withdrawing his left to the first position from which the enemy had been driven.

Four pieces of artillery, several hundred prisoners, and two regimental flags were taken.

As soon as the engagement began on our right, Gen. Johnson opened with his artillery, and about two hours later advanced up the hill next to Cemetery Hill with three brigades, the fourth being detained by a demonstration on his left. Soon afterwards Gen. Early attacked Cemetery Hill with two brigades, supported by a third, the fourth having been previously detached. The enemy had greatly increased the strength of the position assaulted by Johnson and Early by earthworks.

The troops of the former moved steadily up the steep and rugged ascent under a heavy fire, driving the enemy into his entrenchments, part of which were carried by Stuart's brigade and a number of prisoners taken. The contest was continued to a late hour, but without further advantage. On Cemetery Hill the attack ' y Early's leading brigades—those of Hays, and Hoke under Col. Avery—was made with vigor. Two lines of the enemy's infantry were dislodged from the cover of some stone and board fences on the side of the ascent and driven back into the works on the crest, into which our troops forced their way and seized several pieces of artillery. A heavy force advanced against their right, which was without support, and they were compelled to retire, bringing with them about one hundred prisoners and four stands of colors. Gen. Ewell had directed Gen. Rodes to attack in concert with Early, covering his right, and had requested Brig. Gen. Lane, then commanding Pender's division, to co-operate on the right of Rodes. When the time to attack arrived, Gen. Rodes not having his troops in position, was unprepared to co-operate with Gen. Early, and before he could get in readiness the latter had been obliged to retire from want of expected support on his right. Gen. Lane was prepared to give the assistance required of him, and so informed Gen. Rodes; but the latter deemed it useless to advance after the failure of Early's attack.

In this engagement our loss in men and officers was large. Major Generals Hood and Pender, Brig. Gen. Jones, Semmes, G. T. Anderson and Barksdale, and Col. Avery, commanding Hoke's brigade, were wounded—the last two, mortally. Generals Pender and Semmes died after their removal to Virginia.

The result of this day's operations induced the belief that with proper concert of action, and with the increased support that the positions gained on the right would enable the artillery to render the assaulting columns, we should ultimately succeed, and it was accordingly determined to continue the attack.

The general plan was unchanged; Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades, which arrived near the battlefield during the afternoon of the second, was ordered to attack the next morning, and Gen. Ewell was ordered to attack the enemy's right at the same time. The latter during the night reinforced General Johnson with two brigades from Rode's and one from Early's division.

Gen. Longstreet's dispositions were not completed as early as was expected; but before notice could be sent to Gen. Ewell, Gen. Johnson had already become engaged, and it was too late to recall him. The enemy attempted to recover the works taken the preceding evening, but was repulsed, and Gen. Johnson attacked him in turn. After a gallant and prolonged struggle in which the enemy was forced to abandon part of his entrenchments, General Johnson found himself unable to carry the strongly fortified crest of the hill. The projected attack on the enemy's left not having been made, he was enabled to hold his right with a force largely superior to that of Gen. Johnson, and finally to threaten his flank and rear, rendering it necessary for him to retire to his original position about one in the afternoon.

Gen. Longstreet was delayed by a force occupying the high, rocky hill on the enemy's extreme left, from which his troops could be attacked from reverse as they advanced. His operations had been embarrassed the day previously from the same cause, and he now deemed it necessary to defend his flank and rear with the divisions of Hood and McLaws. He was therefore reinforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, to the command of which Maj. Gen. Trimble was assigned. Gen. Hill was directed to hold his line with the rest of command, to afford Gen. Longstreet further assistance if required, and to avail himself of any success that might be gained.

A careful examination was made of the ground secured by Longstreet, and his batteries placed in positions which it was believed would enable them to silence those of the enemy.

Hill's artillery and part of Ewell's were ordered to open simultaneously, and the assaulting column to advance under the combined fire of the three. The batteries were directed to be pushed forward as the infantry progressed, to protect their flanks and to support their attack closely.

About one o'clock at a given signal a heavy cannonade was opened and continued for about two hours with marked effect upon the enemy. His batteries replied vigorously at first, but towards the close their fire slackened perceptibly, and Gen. Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, in two lines, Pickett being on the right. Wilcox's brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth was supported by Lane's and Scale's brigades, under General Trimble.

The troops moved steadily on under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left centre. His batteries re-opened as soon as they appeared. Our own having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply or render the necessary support to the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our left, already wavering under the concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering the advanced works and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks and driven back with heavy loss. The troops were rallied and reformed, but the enemy did not pursue.

A large number of brave officers and men fell or were captured on this occasion. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders Generals Armisted and Garnett were killed, and General Kemper dangerously wounded. Major-General Trimble and Brigadier-General Pettigrew were also wounded, the former severely.

The movements of the army preceding the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarrassed by the absence of the cavalry. As soon as it was known that the enemy had crossed into Maryland, orders were sent to the brigades of Robertson and Jones, which

had been left to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge, to rejoin the army without delay, and it was expected that General Stuart, with the remainder of his command, would soon arrive. In the exercise of the discretion given him when Longstreet and Hill marched into Maryland, General Stuart determined to pass around the rear of the Federal army with three brigades and cross the Potomac between it and Washington, believing that he would be able by that route to place himself on our right flank in time to keep us properly advised of the enemy's movements.

He marched from Salem on the night of the twenty-fourth of June, intending to pass west of Centreville, but found the enemy's forces so distributed as to render that route impracticable. Adhering to his original plan, he was forced to make a wide detour through Buckland and Brentsville, and crossed the Occoquan at Wolf Run Shoals on the morning of the twenty-seventh. Continuing his march through Fairfax Court House and Dranesville, he arrived at the Potomac below the mouth of Seneca creek in the evening. He found the river much swollen by the recent heavy rains, but after great exertions gained the Maryland shore before midnight with his whole command. He now ascertained that the Federal army, which he had discovered to be drawing towards the Potomac, had crossed the day before and was moving towards Frederickstown, thus interposing itself between him and our forces.

He accordingly marched northward through Rockville and Westminster to Hanover, Pennsylvania, where he arrived on the thirtieth; but the enemy advanced with equal rapidity on his left, and continued to obstruct communications with our main body.

Supposing from such information as he could obtain that part of the army was at Carlisle, he left Hanover that night and proceeded thither by way of Dover. He reached Carlisle on the first of July, when he received orders to proceed to Gettysburg. He arrived in the afternoon of the following day and took position on General Ewell's left. His leading brigade, under General Hampton, encountered and repulsed a body of the enemy's cavalry at Hunterstown, endeavoring to reach our rear.

General Stuart had several skirmishes during his march; and at Hanover quite a severe engagement took place with a strong

force of cavalry, which was finally compelled to withdraw from the town. The prisoners taken by the cavalry and paroled at various places amounted to about eight hundred; and at Rockville a large train of wagons coming from Washington was intercepted and captured. Many of them were destroyed, but one hundred and twenty-five, with all the animals of the train, were secured.

The ranks of the cavalry were much reduced by its long and arduous march, repeated conflicts and insufficient supplies of food and forage, but the day after its arrival at Gettysburg it engaged the enemy's cavalry with unabated spirit, and effectually protected our left. In this action Brigadier-General Hampton was seriously wounded while acting with his accustomed gallantry.

Robertson's and Jones' brigades arrived on the third of July, and were stationed upon our right flank. The severe loss sustained by the army and the reduction of its ammunition rendered another attempt to dislodge the enemy unadvisable, and it was therefore determined to withdraw.

The trains with such of the wounded as could bear removal were ordered to Williamsport on the fourth of July, part moving through Cashtown and Greencastle, escorted by Gen. Imboden, and the remainder by the Fairfield road. The army retained its position until dark, when it was put in motion for the Potomac by the last named route. A heavy rain continued throughout the night, and so much impeded its progress that Ewell's corps, which brought up the rear, did not leave Gettysburg until late in the forenoon of the following day. The enemy offered no serious interruption, and after an arduous march we arrived at Hagerstown in the afternoon of the sixth and morning of the seventh of July.

The great length of our trains made it difficult to guard them effectually in passing through the mountains, and a number of wagons and ambulances were captured. They succeeded in reaching Williamsport on the sixth, but were unable to cross the Potomac on account of the high stage of water. Here they were attacked by a strong force of cavalry and artillery, which was gallantly repulsed by Gen. Imboden, whose command had been strengthened by several batteries and by two regiments of infantry which had been detached at Winchester to guard prison-

ers and were returning to the army. While the enemy was being held in check, Gen. Stuart arrived with the cavalry, which had performed valuable service in guarding the flanks of the army during the retrograde movement, and after a short engagement drove him from the field.

The rains that had prevailed almost without intermission since our entrance into Maryland and greatly interfered with our movements, had made the Potomac unfordable, and the pontoon bridge left at Falling Waters had been partially destroyed by the enemy. The wounded and prisoners were sent over the river as fast as possibe in a few ferry boats, while the trains awaited the subsiding of the waters and the construction of a new pontoon bridge.

On the eighth of July the enemy's cavalry advanced towards Hagerstown, but was repulsed by Gen, Stuart and pursued as far as Boonesboro. With this exception nothing but occasional skirmishing occurred until the twelfth, when the main body of the enemy arrived. The army then took a position previously selected, covering the Potomac from Williamsport to Falling Waters, where it remained for two days with the enemy immediately in front manifesting no disposition to attack, but throwing up entrenchments along his whole line.

By the thirteenth the river at Williamsport, though still deep, was fordable, and a good bridge was completed at Falling Waters, new boats having been constructed and some of the old recovered. As further delay would enable the enemy to obtain reinforcements, and as it was found difficult to procure a sufficient supply of flour for the troops, the working of the mills being interrupted by high waters, it was determined to await an attack no longer. Orders were accordingly given to cross the Potomac that night—Ewell's corps by the ford at Williamsport, and those of Longstreet and Hill on the bridge. The cavalry was directed to relieve the infantry skirmishers and bring up the rear.

The movement was much retarded by a severe rain storm and the darkness of the night. Ewell's corps having the advantage of a turnpike road, marched with less difficulty and crossed the river by eight o'clock the following morning.

The condition of the road to the bridge and the time consumed in the passage of the artillery, ammunition, wagons and ambu-

lances, which could not ford the river, so much delayed the progress of Longstreet and Hill that it was daylight before their troops began to cross. Heth's division was halted about a mile and a half from the bridge to protect the passage of the column. No interruption was offered by the enemy until about eleven o'clock, when his cavalry, supported by artillery, opened in front of Gen. Heth. A small number in advance of the main body was mistaken for our own cavalry retiring, no notice having been given of the withdrawal of the latter, and was suffered to approach our lines. They were immediately destroyed or captured with the exception of two or three, but Brig. Gen. Pettigrew, an officer of great merit and promise, was mortally wounded in the encounter. He survived his removal to Virginia only a few days. The bridge being clear, Gen. Heth began to withdraw. The enemy advanced, but his efforts to break our lines were repulsed, and the passage of the river completed about one in the afternoon.

Owing to the extent of Gen. Heth's line, some of his men, most remote from the bridge, were cut off before they could reach it; but the greater part of those taken by the enemy during the movement, supposed to amount in all to about five hundred, consisted of men from various commands who lingered behind overcome by previous labors and hardships and the fatigue of a most trying night march. There was no loss of material except a few broken wagons and two pieces of artillery which the horses were unable to draw through the deep mud. Other horses were sent back for them, but the rear of the column had passed before their arrival.

The army proceeded to the vicinity of Bunkerhill and Darksville, where it halted to afford the troops repose.

The enemy made no effort to follow except with his cavalry, which crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and advanced towards Martinsburg on the sixteenth of July. They were attacked by Gen. Fitz Lee with his own and Chambliss's brigade and driven back with loss.

When the army retired to Virginia it was intended to move into Loudon, but the Shenandoah was found to be impassable. While waiting for it to subside, the enemy crossed the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge and seized the passes we designed to use.

As he continued to advance along the eastern slope, apparently with the purpose of cutting us off from the railroad to Richmond, Gen. Longstreet was ordered on the nineteenth of July to proceed to Culpepper Court House by way of Front Royal. He succeeded in passing part of his command over the Shenandoah in time to prevent the occupation of Manassas and Chester Gaps by the enemy, whose cavalry had already made its appearance. As soon as a pontoon bridge could be laid down the rest of his corps crossed the river and marched through Chester Gap to Culpepper Court House, where it arrived on the twenty-fourth. He was followed by Gen. A. P. Hill without serious opposition.

General Ewell having been detained in the Valley by an effort to capture a force of the enemy guarding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad west of Martinsburg, Wright's brigade was left to hold Manassas Gap until he arrived. He reached Front Royal on the twenty-third with Johnson's and Rodes' divisions, Early's being near Winchester, and found General Wright skirmishing with the enemy's infantry, which had already appeared at Manassas Gap. General Ewell supported Wright with Rodes' division and some artillery, and the enemy was held in check. Finding that the Federal force greatly exceeded his own, General Ewell marched through Thornton Gap and ordered Early to move up the Valley by Strasburg and New Market. He encamped near Madison Court House on the twenty-ninth of July.

The enemy massed his army in the vicinity of Warrenton, and on the night of the thirty-first of July his cavalry, with a large supporting force of infantry, crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station and Kelley's Ford. The next day they advanced towards Brandy Station, their progress being gallantly resisted by General Stuart with Hampton's brigade, commanded by Colonel Baker, who fell back gradually to our lines about two miles South of Brandy Station. Our infantry skirmishers advanced and drove the enemy beyond Brandy Station.

It was now determined to place the army in a position to enable it more readily to oppose the enemy, should he attempt to move southward. That near Culpepper Court House being one that he could easily avoid, Longstreet and Hill were put in motion on the third of August, leaving the cavalry at Culpepper.

Ewell had been previously ordered from Madison, and by the fourth the army occupied the line of the Rapidan.

The officers of the general staff of the army were unremittingly engaged in the duties of their respective departments, much depending on their management and execution. The labors of the quartermaster, commissary and medical departments were more than usually severe. The Inspector-Generals were also laboriously occupied in their attention to the troops, both on the march and in camp; and the officers of engineers showed skill and judgment in expediting the passage of rivers and streams, the swollen condition of which, by almost continuous rains, called for extraordinary exertion. The chief of ordnance and his assistants are entitled to praise for the care and watchfulness given to the ordnance trains and ammunition of the army, which, in a long march and in many conflicts, were always at hand and accessible to the troops. My thanks are due to my personal staff for the constant aid afforded me at all times, on the march and in the field, and their willing discharge of every duty.

R. E. Lee.

NORTH CAROLINIANS AT GETTYSBURG.

Baltimore, October 15th, 1875.

S. D. Pool:—I see by your October number of "Our Living and Our Dead," that you defend the reputation of the North Carolina Troops as earnestly as ever, while doing full justice—as you do at all times—to those from other States.

On page 457, October number, under the heading "Another Witness— Gettysburg," you have taken in hand the now stale, though yet oft-repeated assertion, that Pickett's Division was repulsed on 3rd of July because not supported by other troops; and have shown that the erroneous statements first made by writers both from the North and South, are still blindly adhered to by all who attempt to describe the operations of that day.

No account of the three days fighting at that noted town has yet been given; that is, not full of errors of fact, and errors of

inference, and a truthful relation of the occurrences of these days has yet to be given. The reason why these mistakes have been made is, that no careful study of the subject, with documentary and other evidences at hand, has as yet been made by a competent writer. Those who have treated the subject, have been eye witnesses of but *a part* of the lines, near six miles in circuit, and hence, to make up a full relation of the *whole*, must adopt the hasty and erroneous accounts of others, or even call in the aid of their own imagination to fill up and embellish the picture.

That mistakes, misstatements, or even intentional perversions of truth in the accounts given of hostile armies, should be made, is both natural and unavoidable, during the heat and bitterness of the conflict. These and other errors of the war, on either side, must, for the present, be borne patiently, but corrected assiduously, fairly and generously by North and South, that each section may the sooner appreciate the other.

So far as relates to the good conduct of North Carolina troops from the beginning to the close of the war, I think their unpretending courage in action; their patient submission to the privations of the camp and the march; their almost child-like docility and acceptance of discipline everywhere; and when circumstances needed it, their daring valor, are now recognised and highly appreciated by all—thanks to your journal. Why should the conduct of men from any State be extolled at the expense of those from their sisters?

Brave "Jonny Rebs" belonged exclusively to no State, but made glory enough for all, whether in the sore privations of the camp, or in the heat of the conflict, as they sent up to "the welkin" that dauntless shout, so often the harbinger of victory.

No officer who commanded North Carolina troops has ever, that I know of, complained of their behavior.

At the risk of being tiresome, I propose to make a brief statement of what passed under my *own* eye during the third day's fight on the right of our army. A topographical sketch of that part of the field can alone convey a full understanding of the movements of our troops, but a brief description of ridges, woods and road, will help much to elucidate the situation and conduct of divisions.

Cemetery Ridge or plateau, extends from the town of Gettys-

burg to Round Top Hill, say two to three miles long. The Emmettsburg road runs northeasterly not far from the western edge of this plateau, but generally below it in elevation, entering Gettysburg on the south directly below the Cemetery. Tracing the Emmettsburg road southwesterly from Gettysburg, it is found to diverge more and more from the plateau of Cemetery Ridge. At and near the town the road lies at the foot of its abrupt slope, but about a mile south, in front of Pickett's division, the road is over half a mile from the elevation on which the Federal lines were posted, with a small stream and valley between. These lines, infantry and artillery, occupied moderately elevated ground commanding the fields between them and the Southern lines on Cemetery Ridge to the westward. This last ridge makes a considerable angle with the Emmettsburg road. At the point occupied by Gen. Pickett, the crest of the ridge is about one-third of a mile from the road; at the point from which Pettigrew started it is *over* a mile from the road.

Gen. Pickett's line was formed about one hundred yards from and west of the Emmettsburg road, at that point occupied by Southern troops the day previous. That part of the road in Pettigrew's front was occupied by the Federal troops, and not over one hundred yards from the Federal line on the crest of Cemetery Ridge.

From the preceding it can be understood that Pickett started in his charge *from* the Emmettsburg road, and Pettigrew and Trimble started from the top of Cemetery Ridge. The former about three-fourths of a mile, the latter one mile and a quarter from the enemy's lines.

Pickett's line being in view of the enemy at the start, and nearest to him, would naturally attract the most attention, and receive at first the severest fire from his front, and his division be the first to suffer; as the one which most threatened the enemy and therefore the first to be crushed. As soon, however, as Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions fairly appeared in the open ground at the top of Cemetery Ridge, furious discharges of artillery was poured on them from the line in their front, and from their left flank by the line which overlapped them near Gettysburg. To the artillery fire was soon added that of small arms in a ceaseless storm as they marched down the smooth, even slope-

It will be easily understood that as Pickett's line was overlapped by the Federal lines on *his* right, and Pettigrew and Trimble's front by the Federal lines on *their* left, each of these commands had a distinct and separate discharge of artillery and musketry to encounter, the one as severe and incessant as the other, although Pickett's men felt its intensity sooner than the others, and was the first to be crushed under fire before which no troops could live; while Pettigrew and Trimble suffered as much or more before the close, because longer under fire, in consequence of marching further.

The returns of killed and wounded show that the other commands lost as heavily as Pickett's, some brigades more. Not one of my staff escaped severe wounds, and all had their horses killed.

It would have been more in accordance with military principles had Pettigrew and Trimble started fifteen minutes before Pickett, so as to have brought them all to the enemy's line at the same moment. The result would probably have been the same; yet ten or fifteen minutes sooner or later in the movement of a heavy column, often produces a decided difference in the result of a battle.

Both Northern and Southern descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg in the third day's contest, have, without perhaps a single exception down to the present time, given not only most conspicuous prominence to Gen. Pickett's division, but generally by the language used, have created the impression among those not personally acquainted with the events of the day, that Pickett's men did all the hard fighting, suffered the most severely, and failed in his charge because not only or rigorously supported by the troops on his right and left. It might with as much truth be said, that Pettigrew and Trimble failed in their charge, because unsupported by Pickett, who had been driven back in the crisis of their charge, and was no aid to them.

These statements or inferences do such great injustice to other troops, who displayed equal daring, and are so contrary to well known facts, that the errors can only be accounted for by one or two considerations, viz: First, that Pickett's division being much nearer the enemy when it began the charge, became at the start the most prominent body in the field, the most to be dreaded, and

which would, if any did so, be the first to pierce the Federal lines and decide the contest.

Second: As these were the first who "shattered to atoms" and recoiled from the advance, the fate of the day seemed solely to rest with them, and that when they fell back the contest was over. No one acquainted with the facts can, for a moment, doubt the intrepid bravery and splendid bearing of Pickett's men; they did all that any men could do under the circumstances, but others did as well, went as far, or further, fought longer and lost as heavily. The simple truth is, that Pickett's, Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions were literally "shot to pieces," and the small remnants who broke the first Federal line, were too feeble to hold what they had gained.

So the result of that charge only proved over again the axiom in war, that "no single line of infantry without artillery can carry a line, protected by rifle pits, knapsacks, and other cover, and a numerous artillery; *if* the assaulted party *bravely* avails itself of its advantages." It was so at Fredericksburg, reversing the parties, and will be so everywhere.

Now a word about North Carolinians in this charge at Gettysburg, and of what I was an eye witness.

On the morning of the 3rd, I had been put in command, by order of Gen. Lee, of two of the brigades of Gen. Pender, who had been wounded. These were both of North Carolina troops, commanded by J. H. Lane and Alfred M. Scales. On taking command of these troops, entire strangers to me, and wishing as far as I could to inspire them with confidence, I addressed them briefly, ordered that no gun should be fired until the enemy's line was broken, and that I should advance with them to the farthest point.*

When the charge commenced about 3 P. M., I followed Pettigrew (Heth's division) about 150 yards in rear, a sufficient distance to prevent the adverse fire raking both ranks as we marched down the slope. Notwithstanding the losses as we advanced, the men marched with the deliberation and accuracy of men on drill. I observed the same in Pettigrew's line. When the latter was

*Gen. Trimble did keep in the line on horseback as far as it advaneed, and the Major General who did so.

within one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards from the Emmettsburg road, they seemed to sink into the earth under the tempest of fire poured into them. We passed over the remnant of their line, and immediately after some one close by my left, sung out "three cheers for the old North State," when both brigades sent up a hearty shout, on which I said to my aid. "Charley, I believe those first fellows are going into the enemy's line."

They did get to the road and drove the opposing line from it. They continued there some minutes, discharging their pieces at the enemy. The loss here was fearful, and I knew that no troops could long endure it. I was anxious to know how things went on with the troops on our right, and taking a quick but deliberate view of the field over which Pickett had advanced, I perceived that the enemy's fire seemed to slacken there, and men in squads were falling back on the *west* side of the Emmettsburg road. By this I inferred that Pickett's division had been repulsed, and if so, that it would be a useless sacrifice of life to continue the contest. I therefore did not attempt to rally the men who begun to give back from the fence.

As I followed the retiring line on horseback at a walk, to the crest of Cemetery Ridge, under the increasing discharge of grape, shell and musketry, I had cause to wonder how *any one* could escape wounds or death.

On reaching the summit of the ridge, I found the men had fallen into line behind some rude defences. I said "that is right my brave fellows, stand your ground, and we will presently serve these chaps as they have us." For by all the rules of warfare, the Federal troops should (as I expected they would) have marched against our shattered columns and sought to cover our army with an overwhelming defeat.

In turning over the command to Gen. Lane, I used some emphatic expression of commendation for the gallant behavior of these men, but I am sure did not use the profane terms which Gen. Lane quotes as my language.

Being severely wounded and unable to follow the army in its retreat, I made no report of the battle, or return of killed and wounded. Gen. Lane and Gen. Scales have done this, which shows the fearful loss of these two brigades in the charge of July third.

S. D. Pool:—I laid aside what is written above, but delayed to send it to you. Having since then attended the ceremonies of unveiling the Jackson statue at Richmond, on the 26th October, and while there heard the brilliant address of J. W. Daniels, of Lynchburg, on the battle of Gettysburg, intended to be a correct account of the occurrences of the 3rd July, in which I find the same old errors repeated, I was preparing, as Gen. Wilcox has done, a brief article to correct the mistakes of Mr. Daniel, in what he says of the troops on Pickett's left, when I received from him the following letter, which, with my reply, will close this defence of North Carolina troops:

LYNCHBURG, Nov. 22d, 1875.

Gen. J. R. Trimble:

DEAR GENERAL—Gen. Wilcox thinks I have made some errors as to the 3rd day's charge at Gettysburg. If I have made any in respect to the troops which came under your command or observation, will you do me the honor and kindness to point out my error, and thus greatly oblige,

Yours with much respect,

JNO. W. DANIEL.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 24th, 1875.

Jno. W. Daniel, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Your favor of 23d received. As respects the errors made in your able address in Richmond, as to the action of Pender's division under my command, they are not very important, but may as well be corrected.

First. You state that "our left under Trimble staggered at the start, &c." That is an error. There was no hesitation in my command at the start, for *at first* the fire of the enemy did not reach us, being directed at Heth's division in advance under Pettigrew.

Secondly. You say "Pettigrew's and Trimble's men had broken before the tornado of canister in their front, and had disappeared," inferring that these men quit the assault and left Pickett's men unsupported, whereas my men were the *last* to leave the field (or the charge.)

This I know, as I rode in the line between the two brigades

from the start down to the Emmettsburg road, passing over the wreck of Heth's division, (Pettigrew's.) Before my line recoiled under a concentrated fire from my front and left, I looked to the right where Pickett's men had been seen to advance, and beheld nothing but isolated and scattered remnants of that splendid line.

When we reached the Emmettsburg road, the terrific fire, right in their faces, with their comrades melting away around them, our line slowly began to yield, or rather ceased to advance beyond the road. It was there as I still sat on my horse, wounded and *at the road*, that my aid, Charley Grogan, said: "General, the men are falling back, shall I rally them?" Before replying, I looked again to our right for the effect of Pickett's charge, but could see nothing but a few men in squads moving to the rear, and at a considerable distance from the Emmettsburg road. It was there, after a brief but deliberate view of the field, that I said, "No, Charley, the best thing these brave fellows can do, is to get out of this." So mounting my horse, from which I had alighted, with help of Grogan, we followed, at a walk, our men to the rear, who marched back sullenly and slowly in almost as good order as they had advanced, and I halted them on the summit of Cemetery Ridge. On the presumption that the enemy would pursue us, I here prepared for defence, and feeling faint from my wound, turned over the command to Gen. Lane.

Thus I am sure that my command continued the contest *some time* after Pickett's force had been dispersed, not that we fought better, but because as a second line, we did not reach the enemy quite as soon as the troops on our right, but maintained our ground after they had been driven back.

It was hard in your splendid composition to avoid some errors. Not until every one puts down what *actually took place under his own eye* in a battle, can its true and exact history be related by one writer.

Pickett's men were nearer the enemy at the start, and did bear the brunt bravely, but they were not the only "heroes of Gettysburg."

Yours truly,

J. R. Trimble.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The most ancient manuscripts are written without accents, stops, or separation between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between words.

The first piece of artillery was invented by a German, soon after the invention of gunpowder, and artillery was first used by the Moors at Algesirar, in Spain, in the seige of 1341.

The first banks were established in Italy, in the year 808, by the Lombard Jews, of whom some settled in Lombard street, London, where many bankers have ever since resided.

The oldest version of the Old and New Testament belonging to the Christians, is that in the Vatican, which was written in the fourth or fifth century, and published in the year 1597.

Ancient books were originally boards, or the inner bark of trees; and bark is still used by some nations, as are also skins, for which latter, parchment was generally substituted.

Bowling is an old English game, and was very common as early as the thirteenth century. Charles I. played at it and it was a daily sport of Charles II.

Stones were first used for bullets; iron ones are first mentioned in 1550. Leaden bullets were made before the close of the sixteenth century. Stone cannon balls are still used in the East.

The most stupendous canal in the world is the one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-one cities; it was commenced in the tenth century. A monster work of man.

VON MOLTKE ON WEST POINT.

The Reason Why Our Civil War Failed to Produce a Distinguished General.

[London Correspondence of the Capital.]

Shortly after our arrival here in London we encountered a distinguished gentleman on his way to the continent, armed with letters of introduction, and among the rest one to Von Moltke. Wishing to know whether the famous general had really said what had been attributed to him "that evolutions of armed mobs had no interest to him from a military point of view," we asked our friend, if the opportunity occurred, to fetch up the subject and give us the result of the interview. Our friend's letter is now before us, and it is gratifying to know that the views we expressed ten years since, from actual observation, are those of this great captain. Our friend writes:

"I brought up the subject, and the old hero expressed himself very frankly. He said:

"'I was asked why neither side in the civil war in America produced a very distinguished general. Even their respective partisans hardly claim any leader of transcendent genius. In so long a war, and where so many men fought, does it not imply a lack of military talent in Americans? I answer, no. The true reason was because their field of selection was so limited. No officer could hope to attain the supreme command of their armies unless he had been a student at their military academy, called West Point, on the Hudson river, in the State of New York. The number of these students, deserving as they might be, was and is extremely limited. The Southerners adopted the pernicious system of exclusiveness, as many of these West Point officers had joined their side, and their President had also been at the academy. It was, perhaps, fortunate for the North that the South did not seek for talent among the mass of the people. It is evident that the chance of obtaining a distinguished general increases as the field of selection widens, and diminishes as it contracts. In our army every soldier may aspire to the supreme command, but in the American armies the line of demarkation was drawn as deeply as between the former slaves and their masters. The volunteer, who represented the great bulk and strength of the people, might, indeed, attain distinction in a subordinate position, but the highest place of all was forbidden. In reading the records of the American civil war it really appears as if the whole contest was between a few officers of West Point, and the mighty heart of the nation had never throbbed. This aristocratic

system, which the Americans still follow, was formerly the practice in all European armies. In the revolution of 1793, Carnot, the French Minister of War, first abandoned it, and we have followed. For the sake of example, and not binding ourselves to any exactness of figures, except that the one is very small, and its opposite, with which it is compared, very large, let us suppose the number of West Point officers to be about 500, and the number of Prussian soldiers, 500,000. Evidently we have a fund a thousand times larger to draw upon, to render the chances of obtaining a great general equal, each American must possess a thousand fold the talent of a Prussian, which is absurd.'

"'But,' I said to him, 'do you not regard the South as having the advantage in this respect?'

"'Not at all,' he responded, 'the leaders of that section did not seem to comprehend the situation. Their advantage was the excess of military spirit; their disadvantage, the lack of resources and the prestige of an established government. Their blows, therefore, should have been swift, sudden and aggressive. On the contrary, they acted on the defensive, thereby giving the government of the United States full time to develop its immense resources. Every day the North had its opportunity to grow stronger, while the South weakened. On the other hand, the Northern leaders, instead of using the advantage tendered them, by creating armies and calling to the front the military genius of the country, exhausted themselves by throwing armed mobs into the field, so badly disciplined and drilled that their battles were fought by regiments and separate brigades. The one great axiom which directs the concentration of a heavy force against the weaker point of the enemy, that the side of the government had in its power to illustrate, was neglected and lost. Four years of a depressive war exhausted the South, without in any way contributing to the military renown of the successful side.'"

It is related that after the battle of Marathon, when the ten commanders were called upon to designate him who had most contributed to the victory, each, with modest assurance named himself; but by concurrent vote Themistocles was assigned the *second* place. By that decision of his peers, he was, by the voice of the rest of Greece, as well as of all posterity, promoted to the first. The story contains a moral against the sin of self-seeking and the folly of self-assertion, which should commend itself to those who win battles and those who do not. Nevertheless, the first as a class are not prone to profit by the lesson. Heroes rarely lose pre-eminence by failure to claim it. When they do history usually asserts herself and rectifies the omission, proclaiming thereby

that modesty is the attitude of true heroes as well as of true women, and becomes the one class no less than the other. In view of the fact, it would appear the part of wisdom in great captains, "to affect a modesty which they do not feel," by deferring to, instead of forestalling her verdict. The historic muse is such a perverse jade that she generally estimates a man's merits in the inverse ratio to those of his own guage. No more thankless task can be essayed, than that of chronicling his own actions with the view to inducing her to take him at his own exorbitant valuation. "The Muse" is a woman, and like all sensible women, is inclined to be somewhat suspicious of braggarts and boasters, especially if their gorgeous assumptions involve detraction of others.

Since the close of our late war, writers of memoirs have arisen on both sides who are as little backward as "the ten" of Marathon, in asserting their own position; but unlike them, they had no *second* man. The gap between was too immense to permit them to decide "who comes next." They, however, prove to their own satisfaction, each for himself, that their own was the leading role in the little drama. These conflicting claims of conflicting captains are apt to engender a serious difficulty in the mind of the general reader who would fain know "who was first at Marathon;" causing him to confound Box with Cox, and him of Syracuse with the Ephesian Dromio.

We had fondly hoped that human vanity and military exclusiveness could no further go We were mistaken. A German hero, Von Moltke, (spare us, ye gods, the pronunciation!) after stigmatizing the operations of opposing armies in the bloodiest war on record, as "the evolutions of mobs," now boldly asserts that four years of this terrific carnage, failed to evolve a single soldier with any pretensions to the title. Even Gen. Sherman was willing to concede us one; but this doughty Dutchman tears the epaulet from his shoulder, the laurel from his brow. Luckless Tecumseh! are all thy labors as fighter and writer to go for naught, and the New World to be denied a hero? Forbid it, ye fates! What avail books of "Memoirs," if the dictum of a Dutchman is to prevail against them? To the rescue, then, namesake of the big and bloody Indian, and prove the Dutchman derelict, his premise false, his postulate unfounded. No hero, no

soldier! Send him a copy of your memoirs, General, and if under such persuasion he refuse to eat the leek and acknowledge the lie, well, it proves his preference for sour krout and slander.

What would be thought of us in "Faderland," if we should attempt to deprive the countrymen of Von Moltke, of their hero, Hermann? We submit whether Von Moltke has better right to shear up our Sherman. We commend to him the story of my uncle Toby and the fly. "The world, quoth my uncle Toby, is large enough for both thee and me." Is the hero of Gravelotte so greedy of honors as to refuse one poor little hero to "the Model Republic"(?). Surely, thou swallower of lager, the world is large enough for both him and thee.

But badinage aside, it must be confessed that for dogged dogmatism, impudence and presumption, this declaration of the German "Boanerges" has few parallels in history. No one can deny the magnitude of the struggle or the stubbornness of the contest.

The invaders eclipsed in numbers, first and last, the mythic hosts of the Persian, as did results in blood and consequences. It was no Persic-Hellenic war, but one of countrymen. It was Greek and Greek, which means "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt." Whatever there was of soldierly talent, instinct or aspiration in the land, took sides for or against. Year after year rolled by, and still this carnival of hell continued. Every inch of ground was contested with the rank of brotherly hate, until half a million of men went down, and yet forsooth, no soldier came to the surface! The inference is unmistakable, that whilst four years of such strife failed to develop a soldier here, a fifth of that time sufficed to incubate, full fledge, and perfect a first class one over there; and his name is Von Moltke. Barring the good taste displayed, it must be admitted that judged simply by palpable results, the claim is scarcely extravagant. Within less than twelve moons the German legions swept over a hostile land, numerically equal in population, regardless of the opposition of a million of armed foemen; compelled the surrender of fifty and a hundred thousand at a time; captured their sovereign; took their strongholds; beleagured their capital, and dictated an ignominious peace at the gates to the conquered race. Judged from the conquerer's standpoint, it is unquestionably one of the most

wonderful campaigns on record. The achievements are stupendous, the results incalculable. The facility with which it was all done, however, must raise a doubt as to the genius and prowess necessary for its accomplishment. Neutrals must be pardoned if they see in such unheard of results, less cause of gratulation to the conqueror than of shame to the conquered.

After conceding everything to the genius, the discipline and courage of the victors, nevertheless where such unprecedented results attend their advance, it argues either pusilanimity, incompetency or treachery in commanders, or cowardice or discord in the ranks of the subjugated race. The surrender of a hundred thousand armed men is a moral impossibility upon any other hypothesis. Gen. Sherman never effected it, John Pope never did it, and that other annihilator of armies (on paper) Captain Bobadil himself, never aspired to do it, Hence, we submit whether the thing is feasible by any other calculation. True, these were only representatives of a branch of the English speaking race, and their opponents only unadulterated descendants of the original branch of that family; neither side of which have ever achieved anything grand, glorious or beneficent in war, government, philosophy or literature. There's no telling what they might have done, if they had only had the prefix Von to their patronymics. But abstract results of themselves are no certain criteria of merit. It is advisable to consider them in connection with the concomitants and surroundings. A young English Captain of Engineers, not long ago, with less than a thousand turbulent cut throats, composed of all nationalities, suppressed in a brief period a rebellion which threatened for a time to upset the throne of a government outnumbering in population, the aggregate peoples of Europe. It was a marvellous feat, no whit behind that of Gen. Von Moltke, all things considered, and yet not one man in twenty of the reading world can recall the identity of "Chinese" Gordon. His victories were won over Celestials!!!

Again we read of a "constable" of renown who, with nearly a hundred thousand Frenchmen, allowed himself to be routed by about one-tenth of his own number, commanded by a mad-cap young King. And yet "Harry, of England," did not, nor have his countrymen since, pretended to claim that that wonderful

fight of "Agincourt," comprising in itself a campaign, a war, and a peace, entitled him to a ticket of admission into that exclusive hall of Walhalla, reserved for the world's great Captains. His countrymen are "hero worshippers," and have ever been; but they demand the genuine article before yielding their idolatry. They know the difference twixt bullion and "brumegan," (generally known as *German* silver!) and entertain a profound contempt for the counterfeit. The first passes current without endorsement, the last only under the assurance that "it ish goot monish."

But Marshal Von Moltke, not content with refusing us a soldier, goes a step beyond and proclaims to his impressible American auditor the reason why we did not and should not have one. Both governments were so one idead as to refuse high command to any man unless he carried a West Point diploma in his pocket. Well, this *is* news! We had all along supposed that if "honors were ever easy" in this wicked world, it was during our late "unpleasantness." "Butchers and bakers, and candlestick makers," ranters and canters, tanners and dancing masters, obtained their regiments, brigades and divisions from easy "old Abe" almost for the asking. But, the government of Richmond was not quite so pliable and pliant, and yet men gained their "corps" and earned them too, who had scarce ever seen the Hudson and never set a squadron in the field. We would not be invidious in the selection of exemplars, but would like to know what war has ever produced grander lieutenants than Hampton and Cleburne, Gordon, Forrest and Breckenridge? Cooper and the Johnstons, Lee and Jackson, as well as some others, (including Wellington and Napoleon,) labored under the *disadvantage* of a military education, according to Von Moltke. That fact being taken into account, they did as well as could reasonably be expected.

American armies may be less proficient in the evolutions of the line, and less susceptible to the discipline which follows the unquestioning obedience of the Teuton nature; but we doubt whether even this arrogant boaster would care to duplicate his record as against either side in that struggle, the numerical equality being such as it was between his own and that of his friends across the Rhine. We have our own misgivings (if absolute skepticism can be so designated,) whether he could even have

forced to terms "a rabble rout," known as the army of Northern Virginia, and commanded by a military tyro, one Robt. E. Lee. if the odds had not exceeded five to one in his favor. That "mob" was not overmuch impressed by German valor, for it had been told that once upon a time a prince of "The Confederation" had sold an army to an English King at a shilling a head per diem, to teach Americans how to win battles." But the gentleman from "Hesse" could not comprehend the tactics of "the mob," and whilst eating their prison rations under a rebel guard, were wont to complain that the people of the new world fought against all rules and disregarded all method, thus placing true soldiers at a disadvantage. The wearers of the gray had likewise seen the cotemporary countrymen of the redoubtable Von Moltke on scores of bloody fields, and were not abashed by their presence or panicked by their jargon or maneuvres. In fact, as a rule, it was their delight to meet them, they were so very civil in yielding the way. Not so the uncouth Celt, who knew no better than to dispute their progress. After a few interchanges of compliments with the immortal "Eleventh Corps," it passed into a proverb with "the mob," better six Dutchmen than a single Paddy. That showed appreciation of their well known "*suaviter in modo*," though it implied depreciation of their "*fortiter in re.*"

Furthermore, Mynheer Von Moltke, although the ear was saluted almost as frequently in a Federal camp by the sweet gutturals of your mother tongue, as by the discordant dialect of Bill Shakspeare, and although the vons and the vans and gentlemen whose names were composed of half a dozen consecutive consonants and a grunt, were in high command, no one ever heard of the war developing a second or even a third rate soldier of "that persuasion." It was not unusual to find in Confederate prison pens gentlemen who "fights mit Siegel;" but it was a little more difficult to ascertain where Siegel fought. In view of all this, Americans must be pardoned if they fail to be as much impressed by the war genius, prowess and elan of your countrymen, and yourself, as people nearer home are. Recurring to a previous reflection, an idea arises. Under the dome of "The Invalides," there is a porphyry sarcophagus containing all that was mortal of the conqueror of "Jena." Some half century before he had

enacted at Berlin the part Kaiser William was then performing in Paris. There is a country church at Potsdam containing a granite coffin, and the dust of Prussia's real hero. He, of Jena, was heard to say, whilst standing by the last, "If you had been alive, old friend, I had not been here.,'

Some think that he of "Gravelotte" might have plaguarized this pretty speech in that hotel of shattered veterans. Certes, if the little occupant within, had been alive, it would have been no walk over from the "Linden Strasse" to the Tuilleries. The war had been no repetition of the "Fronde" as regards fighting, and none of Poland as regards partition. Luckily for our hero, "the Corsican," was asleep! Unluckily for France!

It is to be regretted that owing to the aversion of the great Von Moltke for "mobs" and mob leaders, he seems never to have heard of one who was thought to possess some of the elements of the hero, philosopher and sage. If the verdict of cotemporary literature; of soldiers who fought with and against him; of those who viewed him from afar and dispassionately; and of war critics, generally competent to judge, is to be taken as final, few men have ever died whose letter of credit upon posterity is so certain to be honored. With a pure old English pedigree that would rival that of any "legionary of the Rhine," if not of the dexter branch of the ducal house of Brandenburg itself, with ample fortune, with assured position and unbounded promise held out to him by the stronger side, he shut his eyes to all these allurements, clung to his convictions and espoused the weaker. His recompense was commensurate to the sacrifice. It was immortality of the purest lustre evolved in all antecedent ages. We are no prophet, but it requires no prophet's ken to predict with the certainty of revelation, that as his record becomes known, his glory will grow; and that a no distant future of other peoples will learn to appreciate him as those do who knew him best. And that in the more remote hereafter, when the names of self-elected "Invincibles" shall be buried in the rubbish of musty archives, that of this simple, retiring, unpretentious Christian soldier will be as familiar as a household word. Not the peer simply of the German Frederic, but in the grand combination of qualities which go to make not only the soldier, but that grander character, *the man*, he will, by common consent, tower as far above him and

other *soldiers simply*, as does old Fritz above his countryman, and would be emulator of to-day.

Pardon us then, prince (of dogmatists,) we *think* we had a soldier. If it were not for fear of being considered avaricious, we would go further. We *know* there were *two;* but a chance bullet at Shiloh cheated us of one, and of national independence, before the world had learned to know him such as he was, and hence we must perforce content ourselves with one. Its no mean average for a single war, when it is considered that five thousand years, and as many wars, have produced but—FIVE. That makes one for a thousand years. There was a thousand years in the world's age unprovided for, and it was ours to fill the void. We pit the millenial of Lee against those of Alexander and Hannibal, of Cæsar, Napoleon and Frederic. W. J. G.

THE CROSSING OF THE POTOMAC BY THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

FRIDAY NIGHT, Sept. 5th, 1862—*Near Leesburg, Va.*

There is no event in the history of the War of Independence of '76 more interesting and more indelibly fixed upon the memories of American people, than Washington crossing the Delaware. Faithfully and graphically recorded by the historian, the incidents of the great achievement has become as familiar as household words of all classes; and school books—readers and primers—as well as the elegant library volumes, give us accounts and pictures of *Washington Crossing the Delaware.*

I am now about to speak of an event of the present war for Southern Independence, which will pass into history, and become as wonderful and as memorable as the celebrated one I have just mentioned. I allude to the crossing of the Potomac by the Confederate Cavalry, the renowned Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's division of the Southern army, in its march into Maryland.

After the defeat of Lincoln's grand union army under McClellan, in the series of battles around Richmond, and which ended the celebrated Peninsular Campaign, that general withdrew from

his "base of operations" on the James River, and formed a junction with the army of Gen. Pope, endeavoring to reach the Confederate Capital by a march from Washington South, *via* Culpepper and Gordonsville. This army of Pope's had been defeated by Gen. Jackson, (Stonewall,) in a desperate conflict at Cedar Run Mountain, in Culpepper, Saturday, August 9th, with a loss almost unparalleled, in comparison with that of the Confederate troops.

Pressed hard by the forces of Gens. Lee and Jackson, now combined, the Union army began a retreat upon the fortifications around Washington City; and encountering a series of minor defeats, in combats and skirmishes, till the line of Bull Run was reached, where a junction with McClellan's army was effected. Burnside's force, withdrawn from North Carolina, having also been joined to the army of Pope. A stand was now made, almost on the identical field of the first Manassas, where, on Friday and Saturday, August 28th and 29th, one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought, resulting in the defeat of the Union army, which pursued its retreat in the direction of Washington.

On Monday evening, 31st, another severe engagement ensued, between portions of the two armies, some eight miles north of the other battle grounds, in which the loss of the Union army was very heavy—two of its most cherished generals being among the slain—Gen. J. J. Stevens and Gen. Kearney, the latter distinguished for heroism and efficiency during the Mexican war.

After a display of successful *feints* on the part of the Northern Generals, they succeeded in throwing almost their entire army far up the Potomac for the purpose of executing the design of entering Maryland.

Gen. Stuart's cavalry, covering mainly the rear of the Confederate army now, arrived before Leesburg, Va., Friday morning, Sept. 5th. We learned that large forces of the infantry had already crossed over, and that the cavalry would follow in the evening. Gen. Wade Hampton, commanding the 1st brigade of the cavalry, (composed of the Hampton Legion Cavalry, South Carolina, Maj. Butler; Cobb Legion, Georgia, Lieut. Col. Young; Jeff Davis Legion, Mississippi and Alabama, Col. Martin; and 1st North Carolina Cavalry Regiment, Col. L. S. Baker,) applied to Gen. Stuart, for the privilege as commander of the first brigade,

to cross with his forces in the advance. But the honor was reserved for the second brigade, (Virginia,) Gen. Fitz Lee, which crossed over in the early evening.

The first brigade continued its march till in sight of the river; orders being received, we went into camp (or bivouac) for the night, as we supposed. The troops were busily engaged in preparing supper, which consisted chiefly of fruit, roasting ears and fresh beef roasted over the coals, when a courier dashed into camp and informed us that we were to cross over that night. Hearts that had been saddened by neglect, and spirits chafed by delay, beat high and swelled gayly at the happy prospect before us all. We were soon moving, and lively and animated strains of conversation and song were heard on every tongue.*

The night had now come, and as the gray and dashy columns filed out into the road, the moon, slow rounding up the heavens, shed her holy radiance as on a band of pilgrims going up to a shrine of the worshipping. All nature appeared unusually beautiful, tranquil and lovely. Memorable—aye, undying—is that night in the hearts of the brave ones who acted parts in the great drama, soon to terminate in terrible tragedy! Moving steadily onward, long ere I had reached the river bank, a wild joyous shout was heard to burst on the calm evening air, and to echo and reverberate among the surrounding and distant hills. "What is that?" says some one. "It is the shout of welcome on the other shore!" "No, it is the loud cheer of those of our soldiers gaining the opposite bank." And this was so.

We were moving very slowly. What interrupts us so? Why halts the column thus every now and then? It is provoking to see such eager spirits subjected to these annoying delays in their progress. But I know the cause now. Here is the river, and we are going in "by single file;" the stream is very deep, and the jaded horses must move slowly and cautiously; and they descend

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*Alas! how many of those brave men passed forever from their native land that night! To this day I have a vivid recollection of my feelings as I bade farewell to the Virginia shores, so lustrous in the mellow moonlight. But thanks to a merciful Providence, I was spared a realization of the dread forebodings that crept into my heart and mind on the occasion. I had a presentment that I was one of those who would never return, and I so wrote home at the time—June 1875.

carefully into the dark and heavily moving waters. The distance across to where the file seemed to be gaining the Maryland shore just opposite, was, I think, about one hundred and fifty yards, and as I reached the landing there, I was about to congratulate myself upon being at last in Maryland, when some one remarked that we were not yet across—that this was but an island.

Turning up the banks of this island we reached the point where it jutted out into the waters, another hundred and fifty yards from our landing. From this position I had a splendid view of the whole column as it passed over. It was a grand picture!—it was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever beheld. I had seen "marshalled hosts in splendid array"—I had gazed upon wonders and magnificence bathed in the most beautiful beams of sunlight, and starlight, and moonlight; I had stood upon the deck of a noble steamer as it ploughed and surged through the grand ocean waves, by starlight and moonlight most serene; I had roamed over the vast plains of our western world and seen its moon set and its sun rise, but never had I seen any thing that excelled in magnificence and splendor, any thing that awoke within me a more inspiring and touching and profound sense of the grand and beautiful than the scene I was then witnessing; and to describe which adequately, would require pens deeper dipped in eloquence than mine.

As I have said, the moon was shining in all her splendor, and the trembling beams fell with transcendant glory on the shimmering expanse of water. Not a cloud obscured the pure sky, and the stars, faded away, gave additional refulgence to the pearly whiteness of the "Night Queen." Not a sound broke upon the stillness but those of harmony—all the clouds of nature seemed to be in unison.

From the position at the northern extremity of the island, which I have just mentioned, the column turned immediately down the eastern bank and moved until it reached a point a short distance below one opposite where the cavalry was approaching from the Virginia shore. A complete semi-circle, half a mile in extent, was then formed by the troops, the nature of the ford being such that this was the only manner in which the river could be forded here. Steadily, nobly were the toil-worn horses

pressing through the deep waters; occasionally the smallest ones could be seen almost swimming, the waves leaping over their croups. I discovered that mine was pressing his bit in an unusually eager manner, as anxious as his rider to reach "Maryland." Perhaps he caught the spirit of the music that was coming softly, sweetly, distinctly over the waters; the band on the shore was playing the strain of "Maryland, my Maryland," and as the notes came and went into each heart, a braver and more enthusiastic spirit was enfused there; as each company of the different commands reached the shore, loud and long cheers mingled with the sweet strains of the music, and woke ten thousand echoes in the hills. I could but notice, too, the wonderful regularity with which each horse followed his leader—it was almost impossible to make one deviate from the perfect semi-circle of the line. With necks proudly arched, each eager steed pressed on as if conscious of the grandeur and importance of the occasion.

The reflection of the moon on the waters was intensely beautiful, as her image, lustrous beyond the power of words to portray, leaped and played on the light waves of the river. No rude ripples disturbed the placid flow of the deep current. Solemn and strong the vast volume poured on, proud, I fancy, of the noble treasures of chivalry and worth pressing on through its current. No rich-freighted argosy ever bore such treasures before; no historic stream ever stemmed by braver, truer and more determined souls than here.

For hours and hours these gray columns kept pouring onward, keeping this same sigular line; first a due east from the Virginia shore to the island, then nearly north to its farthest extremity, then nearly south along the eastern banks, forming a very acute angle around the point, then that beautiful semi-circle, the arc sweeping downwards, then along the bank upwards for half a mile, and the long column then passed underneath the massive aqueduct of the canal, closing again into "fours"—and the Confederate army was in Maryland.

What the future distinctions and fate of this army is to be is vain for me to speculate upon now. But from the spirit that animates its heart—from the prestige it has won, in the successful events it has wrought, crowning its heroes with immortality, no

one here doubts the final issue, we shrink from its duties; but we all feel that when led by such commanders as the Southern army boasts, and when they are followed by their valiant men, we are but going on to new triumphs and new glories.

Urbania, Maryland, Sept. 10th, 1862.

CARVED IN BRASS AND MARBLE.

BY JOHN S. LONG, ESQ.

The leading citizens of the South, its heroes, statesmen, journalists and scholars, have inaugurated a noble movement, in their multiplied attempts to perpetuate the memory of the Confederate dead. In the establishment of Historical Societies there is a guarantee, that the deliberate and corrected opinions of the wisest thinkers will be put upon record as to the causes, principles and developments of the war. By the publication of memorial magazines buried incidents will be resurrected, controverted statements will be settled at the bar of criticism, modest merit will be unveiled before the public gaze, false and arrogant claims will be ventilated and exposed, and reliable materials collected out of which to write an imperishable narrative of the great struggle. In this connection our impoverished people have not been amiss since they laid down their crown of victory, and took up the cross of suffering. Everywhere books, pamphlets, and essays have been issued, increasing the splendor of our achievements, turning fresh laurels for the living and the dead, making more precious the graves of the departed, binding us with diamond links to the brighter days before the Iliad of our woes, and illustrating the annals of our conflict with unsurpassed vigor, brilliancy and beauty. All this is well enough. History lives long, and the ballads of a nation live longer still. But will any one tell us why the immortality of our heroes should be entrusted to the tender mercies of the publisher, rather than to the "loving phrensy" of the sculptor and engraver?

"It is an homage due to departed worth," says Robert Hall,

"wherever it rises to such a height as to render its possessor an object of general attention, to endeavor to rescue it from oblivion, that when it is removed from the observation of men, it may still live in their memory, and transmit through the shades of the sepulchre some reflection, however faint, of its living lustre." What worth more binding upon the admiration and gratitude of this land than that of the Confederate soldier, and what more touching method of commemorating that worth than by carved effigy, sarcophagus or monument. The gorgeous cities of the old world are literally crowded with these bronze and marble tributes to the illustrious spirits of the past. Each church, temple and cemetery is a pantheon of ascended demigods. The tourist is taught to believe, that, though he should see the richest painting of Guido, Titian and Rembrant, and realize the splendid genius of the noonday of art in the fairest regions of the South, his education would be incomplete if he had not studied the storied sculpture dedicated to vanished chivalry, heroism and intellect. What are we doing in this direction, to perpetuate the virtues of our Confederate dead? The knightly form of General Lee sleeps under a chapel at Lexington, erected by his own indefatigable piety and devotion, a fit mausoleum for so distinguished a Chieftain. A noble statue has been consecrated in Richmond to the fame of Stonewall Jackson. But outside of these two conspicuous examples, but little has been done by the liberality and affection of our people for their illustrious dead.

That those beautiful memorials are appropriate no one can call in question. What more superb commission can be bestowed upon the artist, than to invoke the magic power of his fancy to rehabilitate in marble the manly faces of our loved and lost. It is the culling of the radiant sweets of poetry and song, the materializing of the glorious shadows and enthralling visions of dreamland, to restore to our pensive musings the heroic shapes of the martyred men in gray. How cold the elaborate pages of some snarling hero-worshipper like Carlyle, sounds by the pedestal of a statue like that unveiled in Virginia the other day. There is life in the touch of the sculptor, life in the transferred image of his brain, life in the carved lineaments of the marble, and over all there is the fadeless and unutterable love which the devotee of courage and self-sacrifice gives to the memory of our soldiers.

The skilled and faithful chisel brings the warriors of Manassas and Antietam from their graves. The miracle of a resurrection is wrought in stone and brass. We can almost imagine, so potent is the skill of the enchanter, that we hear again the sound of cannon, see the serried lines of bayonets, hear the whisperings of the swaying folds of the "furled banner," and stand on the verge of one of those stormy battlefields which drank up so much of the blood of our sons and brothers. Surely there is no commemoration of the struggles of the "Lost Cause" more suitable than this which has been associated with the grandest remembrances of history.

It is also a durable method of perpetuating the fame of defenders. Written history is always open to skepticism and doubt. As age after age passes away, the tangled web of political and military events becomes an absolute maze. The scholarship of the world is employed, not in illustrating and enforcing the lessons of the past, but in impugning their truth, in throwing the shadow of tradition over well established facts, and even disputing the existence of the very actors who have been the foremost workers in the busy scene. So that if the carping spirit of criticism keeps pace with its previous arrogance and infidelity, it will soon come to pass, that even the romances of Sir Walter Scott will be held to be as reliable history as the learned productions of Hume, Prescott or Gibbon. But somehow let criticism, revolution and invasion do their worst, the sculptured memorials of art stand about as long as any other records of the earth. The oldest narratives of human ambition and natural power are the sepulchres of the Egyptian Kings. When historical critics have long since agreed that Agamemnon and Hector are but the myths of the blind old minstrel who sang their deeds, the pick of the explorer is unearthing the palace of Priam, and unveiling the richest contributions of truth in the sculptured remains of the artist. The colossal form of St. Peters, either in its integrity or ruins, will be a memorial of the genius of its architect, when the last picture and fresco shall have vanished from the galleries of Florence, and the thoughts of Alfieri, Petrarch and Tasso shall be mentioned only to provoke contempt. Let us, then, erect monuments of bronze or marble, to our fellow soldiers. Let us make them as imperishable as any skill of the engraver, or ma-

terial of the earth will permit. Let us not trust simply to historical societies and memorial magazines, though these are very efficient in their way. But let us follow the Old World in its admiration and employment of art.

Upon the ground of merit, no martyrs to a great cause ever deserved more of their surviving countrymen than our martyrs do of us. Whether their blood shall be the seed of our political future or not, their claims upon our generous remembrance surpass all other claims, whether of public or private obligation. Take all the martial glory out of their achievements, the sacrifices which they made for liberty, for the safety of their homes, for social purity, and for the preservation of private property, constitute us who remain their debtors to the end of time. And what analist will ever do justice to their privations or their principles. We knew a brilliant young lawyer, who, though bitterly opposed to secession, laid himself cheerfully upon the altar of sacrifice when the crisis came. He gave up wealth, the most opulent professional prospects, wide-spread political influence, and joined himself to the men in gray. No terrors of the fight, no exposure of the march, and no allurement of office was able to draw him from the field. Beloved by the people of his county, though in the army, he was elected to the legislature, where he might have honorably devoted his noble talents to the public weal But believing that honor kept step to the beat of the drum, and led the charge of Lee's veterans, he clung to the thinning ranks of his company. Until at last in the same storm of battle which swept down the gallant Branch, he found his apotheosis without a murmur and without a stain. Shall such men as this be forgotten by their countrymen, or be rewarded only with a newspaper notice of their gallantry and courage? Even under the walls of Ravenna, in a foreign country, the French have erected a monument to the young Gaston De Foix, who so gallantly broke the ranks of the Spanish infantry, and plucked victory out of the very jaws of defeat by throwing his own life into the uncertain scale. And shall we be less grateful to as courageous and gifted a race of men as ever made a battle charge or resisted the onset of an enemy.

We are sorry to see such inadequate interest and such mistaken ideas prevailing on a subject so close to the Southern heart. The

poverty of the country ought not to be a serious obstacle in our way. Extravagant donations would be in wretched taste for the accomplishment of this work. That exchequer is always the fullest and the noblest which is replenished by the small contributions of the many. If every citizen in this land, from the prattling orphan of the Confederate soldier up to the Senator in his robes, would give a mite from their daily stores, the Southern States would speedily become a vast, magnificent burial Abbey, gleaming with heroic monuments and tablets. As it is our Memorial Associations are rowing against wind and tide, struggling faithfully but unsuccessfully to place a marble shaft here and there over an entire Confederate cemetery. How long shall this ingratitude chill the memories of our precious dead? Shall we stand idly by and know that these manly forms which were rent and mangled by shot and shell for us, or were wasted in the hospitals by wounds and fevers for our advantage, are mouldering into ignoble dust without a cinotaph or effigy to reflect the undying remembrance of our love and tenderness? Away with such cruel words, such brutal thoughts. Let us renew our vows of fidelity at the tombs of our dead. Let us crown with marble the sepulchres of the rank and file, who fought for their country without even bread or raiment. And then let us place the most enduring offerings over the tombs of their commanders.

It is good and safe to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest."

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and clocks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, and the former to make us forget them."

For Our Living and Our Dead.

MOVE PROMPTLY AND STRIKE HARD.

(D. H. Hill's command to Breckenridge at Chicamauga.)

BY S. D. BAGLEY.

'Mid the rolling of the thunder
Over Chicamauga's stream,
Thousands brave contending under
That dark cloud, whose lightning gleam
Blazed from angry cannon flashing
In the terrible bombard,
Rang the words 'mid rifles' crashing,
"*Now move promptly and strike hard.*"
Did they do it? Sternly dashing
On the foeman's flaming lines,
Though the canister was crashing
Where the star-cross banner shines,
Through the storm of iron rushing,
Fierce as tiger, swift as pard,
Backward swift the foeman pushing,
They moved promptly and struck hard.
Vict'ry on their banner gleaming:
Back the routed foemen fell,
Through the mountains quickly streaming,
Flying from that battle-yell:
Breckenridge's troops are pouring
On their routed rearward guard,
And the gallant braves of Loring
Have moved promptly and struck hard.
Thus in life it must be ever;
Who would win the prize must be
Ready with a stern endeavor
To strive for the victory.
And when all the world opposes,—
None your toils seem to regard,—
Dream not then of beds of roses,
But move promptly and strike hard.
Soldier, on the road to glory,
Sailor, in the path to fame,
Would you live in song and story?
High and proudly write your name?
Though the sky be dark and glooming,
And far distant the reward,
Through opposing thunders booming
Still move promptly and strike hard.

Student, goaded by ambition
To attain your being's end,
Would you reach its full fruition?
To it all your powers bend.
Seems the prize too far to win it?
Foes thy progress to retard?
Mark thy path—be firm—begin it—
Then move promptly and strike hard.
Laborer, on anvil singing,
Workman, with the spade and hoe,
Competence from sweat-drops wringing,
Cheerful on your journey go.
Never lean upon your neighbor—
Toil will bring its own reward—
Work for loved ones is not labor—
Then move promptly and strike hard.
When afflictions lower o'er you,
And so dreary is the way
And no sunshine gleams before you;
Do not *then* your trust betray:—
Still press onward. It is given
But to sweeten the reward:—
For they only enter heaven
Who move promptly and strike hard.

A GENTLEMAN saw his little daughter dipping her doll's dress into a tin cup, and inquired, "What are you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion into your head, child? You can" color red with beer." "Yes I can, pa, because ma said it was beer that made your nose so red." That man had business that required him down town immediately.

AT HIS POST.

In Memoriam.

BY LEE HAMPTON.

"Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man doing his duty."

A stillness as of death brooded over the blue waters of the fair bay which girted the shores of a Southern city.

The harbor was full of merchant vessels and men-of-war belonging to the U. S. Navy, but between them and the town, barring all inter-communication, stretched that grim guardian of the public health and safety, The Quarantine Station! It was a long narrow strip of land, barren and desolate, upon which the waves of the sea beat a ceaseless "tattoo," adorned with but a single building, the Quarantine Hospital. That scourge of our sunny Southern cities on the Gulf, Yellow Fever, had signalled its dread approach, in its most fatal form, and was hewing down the hardy sailors of the merchant men and the stalwart seamen of the fleet, attacking with its deadly poison officers and men alike, and even the Commodore of the squadron.

Fearful was the panic in the little city. Hearts yet sore with sad memories of stricken households, trembled with apprehension, while the lips and cheek of many grew pale with fear as they clasped more fondly the treasures that yet remained. Long familiarity with sickness and death, throughout many weary summer months, when fashion and wealth were dancing away the hours at the watering places, had not hardened their hearts, or deadened their sensibilities to the awful peril that warned them annually when the Harvest Moon was brightest, and Nature most luxuriantly beautiful, of the uncertainty of life, the hopelessness of human skill, the helplessness of human love. And their escape from the untold terrors of this [illegible] pestilence, depended, after the mercy of God, upon the fidelity of one man, the physician in charge at Quarantine!

Cutting himself loose from all intercourse save with those smit-

ten by disease, and their nurses, his own life exposed to constant and deadly peril, it is the duty of this man to watch, day and night, with sleepless vigilance and untiring energy, lest the traitorous disease be smuggled on shore; and should he prove unworthy of the terrible responsibility; should he stop to consider his own safety or comfort for one moment, or in any particular, fail to meet the issue of the hour, the consequences must be *death!*

No wonder, then, there is anxiety and apprehension in this city by the sea, that the citizens are excited and alarmed, for their safety is in great jeopardy; the Cerberus, who guards the plague-stricken within the gloomy shades of the Naval Inferno, is an indifferent and untrustworthy keeper. Placed there by official appointment for the sake of the "loaves and fishes," before there was fear of the fever, he is ignorant, untried, and inexperienced, and they know that they cannot trust him to peril his life, or even expose his safety, so now that the great crisis has come, he must be removed, and he has signified his readiness to vacate in favor of any man the Board of Health might prefer. But who would take his place? what [illegible] would consent to throw away so rashly his chances for life?

"Never mind," said the Vox Populi, "we can find the man," and for once it was right. There were few in the place who did not know Dr. Roy Campbell, of Virginia, who had so unhesitatingly accepted the position, and so faithfully performed its duties during the last season that the fever had prevailed to any extent; and after nursing hundreds untiringly through the epidemic, at last, when there was nothing more to do, had taken it himself and recovered. Not many knew his history, but there were lines on his face, and a look of melancholy in his brown eyes, when at rest, that was unutterably pathetic, while his form was bent and his long beard thickly sprinkled with gray, *but not of years.* He never spoke of himself or the past, or made any allusion to his sorrows. Whatever they were, or had been, he bore them bravely and silently; he was always so "diligent in business," so overwhelmed with labors that he had little time for society, and none but intimate friends knew that he had a young wife buried among the hills of his native State, and some motherless children there; but the little ones of the place knew him well, and loved him

dearly; for they, young and unerring readers of human nature, found out there was beneath that quiet and indifferent exterior, the tenderest and most unselfish heart that ever beat and broke.

And so a committee of citizens waited upon Dr. Campbell, who listened quietly to their petition, heard their pleading, and answered promptly, "*I will go;*" and while the town once more drew a free breath, ten days later there was mailed from the dismal Quarantine to loved ones far away in the old home, where an aged mother and motherless children were expecting to see the dear absent face of son and father, a brave, cheerful letter: "he felt it his duty to the city; he did not fear, they must not be uneasy, he had had the fever, and there was little danger—: he would come by and by, when the frost had killed Yellow Jack."

"Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred," sings the Laureate, and the charge at Balaklava "in its chivalry sublime," has been handed down in song, and story, and history; but who tells of those who go as bravely "into the jaws of death," of whom the world never hears, whose noble deeds are not heralded, nor even praised, save in the presence of Him whose clear eye alone can discern the true manhood? And *they* go to *save*, not to *destroy*, to *relieve*, not to *mutilate*—which is the nobler hero? Both do their duty, but *the one* to win fame and glory, *the other* to gain no plaudits, and to receive no honor, but only like the Master, to give his life for men; and will not *the Master* reward?

And as the long hot days wear on, and the plague increases in malignity, the Doctor is going incessantly from morning till night, from night till morning, now "boarding" a vessel, now removing the sick, now ministering to the suffering, patient, indefatigable and tender as a woman, in those scenes of agony, where no woman's hand is present to wipe off the death-dew, nor whisper of God and Heaven, and the atoning blood of Jesus to the dying.

But soon, exhausted nature can bear no more, and the brave physician feels that the dread disease has fastened itself upon him, when his broken down and overworked system is unable to resist its attack; but self-forgetful as ever, he keeps up, and at his duties as long as possible, taking the medicines himself, he administers to his suffering patients, until at last he falls on the floor by a bedside, and is taken by the nurse to his own room,

and laid on his couch. Alas! alas! to rise no more. And there he lay, scorched with the raging fever, but quiet and uncomplaining, apparently in a state of semi-unconsciousness. Once seeming to have a lucid interval, they ask to be allowed to send to the city for Dr. Randolph, his friend and kinsman, but he shook his head, saying, "he has a large family, his life must not be endangered;" but when he relapsed, they sent a messenger and Dr. Randolph, hesitating not a moment to answer the sad summons, though leaving his own child ill, went over quickly to the infected hospital, and found that skill and care could avail naught; for the brave man was dying, the life spent for others was going out for others, and the long years of toil and suffering were about to close. Silently and anxiously throughout the long brooding hours of the night, they kept their solemn vigil, Dr. Randolph seeking for some sign of consciousness as he saw the life-tide ebbing, slowly, but surely away; but none came, only broken words of the "long ago," murmured low and softly, "mother," "father;" the burden of years had been rolled backward, and his mind was wandering in the golden days of a happy boyhood, he was becoming a child again, that he might enter the kingdom of Heaven; the mute watchers saw a smile begin to dawn upon the still lips, as he said again "mother," and then the hands were clasped, the eyes reverently raised, and again closed softly, as they caught the faint words:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I—pray—the Lord—"

And with the child's prayer on his lips, he had murmured at his mother's knee, the brave soul winged its flight from earth and finished the words at the great white Throne.

The gray dawn looked in upon two men gazing sadly upon a calm, still face, very peaceful in its perfect repose, long, heavy lashes shading the pale cheeks, the brown hair, so thickly sprinkled with gray, brushed back from the broad white brow, and the arms folded over the most faithful and most loving heart that ever lay pulseless in death; a great heart that had bravely shouldered heavy burdens; that had suffered long and silently under great losses, injustices, failures, bereavements, at peace at last! The wicked had ceased from troubling and the weary was at rest.

"And when the morn came young and fair,
Brimful of blushes ripe and red,
Knee deep in sky sent roses there,
Nature began her earliest prayer,
Above the noble dead!"——

* * * * * * *

"You knew him well, Doctor, did you not?" said the young man who had been faithfully nursing him, one of the officers from the fleet, who had recovered from the fever, and felt he owed his life to the devotion of the man who now lay dead before him.

"I have often wondered, as I have watched him in his indefatigable labors, and noticed his indifference to life, what was his history. I imagined some heavy sorrow must be his portion, though he never spoke of it, and worked like a Trojan all the time."

"Yes," said Dr. Randolph, with a deep sigh, arousing himself from his mournful reverie, "I have known him from boyhood, and we were together in the army. I never knew a braver or a better soldier; there, as here, always at the post of duty. No wonder he was so sad, poor fellow! poor fellow!" He stopped, but moved by the deep interest in the face of his companion, he continued. "At the beginning of the war he was among the first to respond to the call for the defence of his country, (there was never any holding back or shirking duty with him or any of his name; he came of a good stock,) and his prompt devotion to duty and patriotism, caused him the sacrifice of all his property, as was the case with many of the sons of the grand old Commonwealth. The Virginians certainly proved the sincerity of their conviction that they had their "quarrel just" by more than mere gallant fighting; for could such hardships, such losses, such sacrifices as was with most of them, an every day experience, ever have been cheerfully endured, save through the purest and holiest motives?" "I think not," said the young officer, who wore the blue of the U. S. Navy. "But it was the women, God bless them!" continued Dr. Randolph, "after all, ever our superiors in fortitude, who bore the brunt of the war, suffering in their quiet homes untold privations, and daily anxiety of agonies and suspense and waiting, that would have made the most manly spirit quail, and yet they toiled and sacrificed, and suffered, without

one word or murmur of complaint, aye, even smiled and cheered us on, while their own heroic hearts were silently breaking, and many even bravely died and gave no sign. Roy's wife was young and very delicately reared, and unaccustomed to toil, privation began to tell upon her health, but never a complaint escaped her. and, I think, he never knew how much she was quietly enduring until he saw with terrible anxiety, (for he was the most devoted husband and father I ever saw, utterly absorbed in his wife and children,) that her life was slowly killing her, and that the fell destroyer, consumption, had fastened itself upon his treasure. Strongly as he was tempted by this severe trial, he never dreamed of abandoning his country in her sore need, but sending his wife to her father's, away from the excitement of the seat of war, he bore as well as he could, the sad separation. But soon the end came, the tragic close of so much sacrifice, and daring, and glorious valor, and it became evident that the army, all that was left of it, must retreat, and ultimately surrender. Crushed to the earth as the men and officers were by this unexpected blow, the cup of poor Roy's sorrow was not yet full. I was with him on the retreat when we passed through the small inland town where his family were "refugeeing," and, being his relative and a physician, I went with him to see his wife. I saw, as soon as I entered her room, that her days were numbered, for death had already set his dread signal upon her brow. Roy exclaimed, with a gasp of agony I shall never forget: "Oh! Agnes, why did you not let them write me you were so much worse?" She shook her head gently, and replied: "No, no, I knew you could not leave, that you could not be spared, and I did not wish to distress you, but I am so thankful to God that you have come now; that He has permitted me to see your face once again, my dear, dear Roy?" "And I will never leave you again while you live, my darling," said the stricken husband. Dr. Randolph's voice was husky, for memory took him back to that saddest scene of all the last, sad days, in those times of trial, none of us can ever forget, and he saw again the fair, sweet face, so calm and patient, the soft blue eyes lighted by so brave and patriotic a spirit, as the faint tones asked, "Where is the army now?" "On the retreat from Richmond," answered Roy, "but do not agitate yourself, now, by thinking of that, for I am with you and safe." "And your regi-

ment?" she persisted, "has gone on." She started up, "and you, my husband, why are you here? Oh! Roy, you knew I could not die in peace, thinking you had deserted your country, your duty, your post, for *me!* Go, my husband, go, do your duty, and leave me in the hands of God!" "I cannot," groaned the man, "I cannot go, and leave you to die without me!" She raised herself, and clasping her arms around him, said, "not when *I* beg you to go, to return to your post you have never left before! What! Shall my husband desert his country in such an extremity as this? *Never, never!*" Roy buried his face in his hands and when he raised it, it was more deathly pale than her own, and as I left the room, feeling I must not witness the sacredness of such a parting, I heard him say: "You are right, I must go, but it will break my heart!" I waited for him in the next room, and after awhile he came out with his beautiful little girl in his arms, clinging to him in childish, unconscious glee, and I shall never forget the expression of his face, as he put the child in its grandmother's arms, pressing one last kiss on the rosy, smiling lips, and wrung her hand in a silent farewell. And in a moment we were on our horses again, dashing off like lightning to catch up with the men, and———

"Oh! did he never see her again," interrupted the listener, in a husky whisper.

"No, alas! we returned to the army only to fight the last battles, and witness the last scene of the bloody drama of the war; the troops were disbanded, and poor Roy returned to M , only to find a new made grave in the village church yard, the house shut up and tidings from a servant on the premises that his wife had died three days after he left, and the family had gone, she knew not where, taking his children with them!" * * *

"I did not see him again for years," continued Dr. Randolph, after a few moments silence. "I returned South, and hearing he had found it impossible to retrieve his broken fortunes in Virginia, I wrote to him offering him a share in my practice in this city. He came, and you know the rest—his life here, and how often he has bravely risked it during the prevalence of our epidemic. I begged him not to go to the Quarantine again, but his only answer was: "I feel it to be my duty, I must go," and I

knew then that it was useless to argue with him, and now he has gone, noble, loyal soul, and friend of my youth, farewell!"—

"May God receive his spirit," murmured the young man, with tears rolling down his manly cheeks, as he looked sadly at the handsome, tranquil face, "cold in the alabaster arms of death." "At rest at last! And it seems to me, verily, such a death is the noblest a man could ask. It *is* 'a sweet and beautiful thing to die for one's country,' but how much more noble, more Christ-like to die for *man*, like Him, too, to give your life a ransom for many!" "Yes," said Dr. Randolph, "and he would have desired nothing more than to have fallen thus at the post of duty, and when duty demanded his life, to have *yielded* it unhesitatingly and unfalteringly! I pray God his orphan children may heed the voiceless eloquence of such a sacrifice, and that their young lives may be inspired by the solemn lesson taught by the grand pathos of such a death, for it is his inheritance to them more precious than jewels, and far richer than gold!"

THE POETRY OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. K. M. ROWLAND.

Leigh Hunt observes that "one of the triumphs of poetry is to associate its remembrance with the beauties of nature." And thus natural objects become the property of the poet. Lovers of Homer and Shakspeare, in looking at the moon, recall the famous night scene in the *Iliad*, and that romantic moonlight colloquy in the *Merchant of Venice*. In this way the English nightingale belongs to Milton and the youthful, dying Keats. The lark would be Shakspeare's, but that Shelley has won it from him in right of his immortal Ode. But our critic does not suggest to us the practical ownership of the rose, the flower of love and beauty, the favorite of the lyric muse. We propose to consider some of the associations it has gathered around it in the poet-mind of man throughout the ages. Among the imaginative and beauty-loving Greeks, the "roses of Pieria," symbolized the gifts of the

immortal nine, as Sappho sings. And Theocritus tells us the rose is "sacred to the Heliconian muse."

Sappho in glowing words has painted the beauty of the rose:

> "The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:"
> "Whose "fragrance is the breath of love."

Anacreon dedicates two of his odes to the rose, which he celebrates as "the flower of love." He alludes in his verses to its use as an ingredient in medicine, and to the custom of employing roses in embalming the dead. The rose also was hung in garlands over graves, not alone for its short-lived beauty, but for its more enduring fragrance. Moore, in his notes to Anacreon, remarks upon the great admiration the Greeks had for this flower, giving rise to the proverbial expression, "You have spoken roses." Anacreon uses the epithet, "rosy-fingered," as applied to the dawn, a phrase original with Homer. The expression "under the rose," survives to denote what to the Latins was the symbol of honorable secrecy at the festive board, as it was anciently the token of initiation. The Greek and Latin poets give the mythical origin of the rose, as formed from the blood of Adonis. His death, according to classic fable, was caused by a wound from the wild boar. Venus, lamenting his fate, her tears fell to earth and the delicate anemone grew in their place. In the words of Bion:

> "Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers:
> From these in crimson beauty sprang the rose
> Cerulean bright anemones from those."

Ovid, however, gives the anemone the origin usually ascribed to the rose. Moore translates a Latin epigram which derives the roseate hue of this flower from the blood of Venus, dyeing the white red

> "While the enamor'd queen of joy
> Flies to protect her lovely boy
> On whom the jealous war-god rushes:
> She treads upon a thorned rose,
> And while the wound with crimson flows,
> The snow'y flow'ret feels her blood and blushes."

The rose thus enshrined in classic story, is above all the flower

of the East. Its natal land is Persia, and from those wonderful gardens, fitly termed *Paradises*, the rose, with so many of her sisters, found her way into the gardens of Europe. In the East, the most beautiful of flowers is personated as the beloved of the most melodious of birds. The lovers of the rose and the nightingale, the "Gul" and the "Bulbul" forms the favorite theme of the poet.

Byron, Moore, and all who have adopted the oriental imagery, dwell upon this charming fable in which the rose is throned.

> "Sultana of the nightingale,
> The maid for whom his melody
> His thousand songs are heard on high."

In Eastern love-songs, the lover of the rose is often commissioned to sing the poet's secret to his beloved, of whom the rose is but a type, as it blushes on beauty's cheek. In *Lalla Rookh* is a description of the Eastern feast of roses, called also "The Scattering of the Roses." In a note to this poem, Moore tells us of the choice roses of the "Garden of the Nile," from which fragrant couches were made for the officers of the Moorish Emperor's household.

The poetical treatment of the rose, as observed lastly, in the modern mind, reserves its earliest illustration in the "Romaunt of the Rose," the famous French allegorical poem of the thirteenth century. This, the work of two successive poets, is known to English readers through Chaucer's translation. The hero of the story wanders into an enchanted garden tended by the maiden *Idleness*. Here, beside the "Well of Love,"

> "The mirror perilous,
> In which the proud Narcissus,
> Saw all his fair face bright,"

he meets a similar fate. "Don Cupid" lurks near unseen, and as he gazes at the reflection of a rose in the water, the mischievous archer lets fly a shaft. Straightway he is enamored of the rose and strives to kiss it, but is repelled by *Danger* and *Chastity*, who are the guardians of the rose. Thus the fable proceeds, through some of the quaintest and sweetest *Trouvere* verse, until the *romaunt* is lost in the satire and the poetry dies out of with the fragrance of the forgotten rose.

The origin of the rose from the inanimate form of a lovely wood-nymph, is a conceit of the Gallic fancy, and forms the subject of a poem translated by Hughes, a forgotten "British Poet." The favorite classical analogies find expression in a poem of Sir Walter Raleigh's. It is the song of "The Shepherd to the flowers" The roses are to bear *their* peculiar message to his mistress:

"Vermeillion roses, that with new day's rise,
Display your crimson folds, fresh looking, fair,
Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich adorned rays of roseate rising morn!
* * * * * * *
If chance my mistress traces
Fast by your flowers to take the summer's air,
Then woful blushing tempt her glorious eyes
To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,
And tell Love's torments, sorrowing for her friend,
Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting,
Report fair Venus' moans to have no end!"

Drummond, of Hawthornden, whom Lamb lovingly includes among those three or four sweetest names of poets, "which carry a perfume in the mention," writes of the rose in the same strain of classical allusion. A poem on "The Rose," by Sir John Davies, forms one of twenty-six acrostics in praise of *Elizabetha regina;* more ingenious than original. The last stanza reminds us of the historic roses of York and Lancaster:

"Rose of the queen of love belov'd;
England's great kings divinely mov'd,
Gave roses in their banner;
It show'd that beauty's rose indeed,
Now in this age should them succeed
And reign in more sweet manner."

And we have in our own day, Canon Kingsley's word for it that she *was* pretty, *England's great queen*, so we need not smile at the zealous courtier phrase, "beauty's rose."

As a sample object of natural beauty, divested of the classical and not yet clothed with the more strictly modern or ethical associations, the rose has place in some of the most honeyed verse of the genuine poets. It is not alone, but clustering with her fellows, as the queen of the bouquet, we find her. As in the "Prothalmien" of Spencer, so admired by Coleridge for the

"swan-like" movement of its refrain. A "flock of nymphs" gather flowers for the bridal:

> ——"The violet pallid blue,
> The little daisie that at evening closes,
> The virgin lillie and the primrose true
> With store of vermeil roses."

Again in Ben Jonson's "Shepherd's Holiday:"

> "Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
> With every flower, yet not confound
> The prim-rose drop, the spring's own spouse,
> Bright daisy-eyes, and the lips of cows,
> The garden-star, the queen of May,
> The rose to crown the holiday."

Thus scattered up and down through English poesy we find the flowers, and chiefest among them, "Mid-May's eldest child." To give one more selection under this head: in the "Muses Elysium" of Drayton, is the following description of a fairy's bed, noticed by Leigh Hunt, for its delicate and Shaksperian fancy:

> "Of leaves of roses white and red
> Shall be the covering of the bed;
> The curtains, vallens tester all,
> Shall be the flower imperial;
> And for the fringe, it all along
> With azure hare bells shall be hung.
> Of lilies shall the pillows be
> With down stuft of the butterfly."

A poem on "Flowers," very spirited and graceful in its playful fancy has been written by Hood, in which he assigns each her character, and none other will he woo but the

> ——"dainty rose
> With her cheeks of tender red."

As a very beautiful instance of the poet's "sympathizing with creation," Leigh Hunt calls attention to a thought in Keats' *St. Agnes' Eve*, which is appropriate to our purpose as illustrating another phase of the poetry of the rose.

It is in the stanza that describes Madeline "asleep in lap of legends old," and forms the climax to a succession of precious images:

"Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

The ethics of the rose, or the moral and spiritual analogies, to be drawn from it, conclude and complete the scale of poetic association. From Shakspeare we cull an example, it is a part of one of the *Sonnets*. The flower of love becomes didactic, a preacher of truth:

"O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live."

Waller, in lines that have been often quoted, bids the "lovely rose," remind his mistress of the perishableness of earthly beauty

Holy George Herbert, the sweet singer of the church, in his lines on *virtue*, says of this fairest flower:

"Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die."

Keble, a sacred poet of wonderful delicacy and purity of thought, compares the rose-bud to the flower of Heavenly Love in the believer's heart.

Wendell Holmes has noticed in one of his thoughtful rambling books, the suggestion of religious reserve and modesty here taught.

Mrs. Browning gives utterance to the hopes and aspirations of the youthful poet in her *Lay of the Early Rose*. It is written for the struggling, aspiring soul of man or poet, for the two are one, in this element of mingled strength and weakness. She would have him perceive that

"No rose can shed her leaves
Far less poet fall from mission,
With an unfulfilled fruition."

And with this gentle optimist we leave the poetry of the rose; raised, as we have seen her, from all her lower and sensuous associations, into the atmosphere of the "eternal vereties," we may reverently recall, in closing, the Hebrew associations with this flower: "The Rose of Sharon" typifies the church, the Bride of Israel's Heavenly King.

CARMENENSIS.

BY JOHN W. MOORE.

My sabre hangs high on the wainscotted wall,
Of this dim ancient room where the thick shadows fall,
On the hilt that once blazed with battle's red glare,
The last beams of sunset glint feeble and rare:
For the night comes at last, and the long day has gone,
And I and my falchion are left all alone;
Save my dog who looks up with fond faithful eyes,
Disturbed in his dreams by his master's deep sighs,
My faithful staghound who in happier days,
Found life but one round of light gambols and plays;
Now solemn and staid on the hearth sleeps secure,
From the ills I trust he may never endure.

The rain which has pattered all day on the roof,
Has ceased and I hear it no longer aloof;
Even through the shut windows, I scent the faint breath,
Of the poor flowers drooping in Autumn's wide death.
The long spectral limbs of a mighty oak tree,
Seem ghastly in outline with its shadow on me;
A bird of ill omen is shuddering there,
And making more dismal this night-fall so drear.
O'er the mantel I trace in the fast deep'ning gloom,
The portrait of one in her heavenly bloom;
A sweet pensive face that long years ago,
Paled slowly and hid itself under the snow.

I am sitting alone by a slow dying fire,
And behold in its ashes a type of desire,
Of yearnings unfathomed, of love never told,
Fond dreams of my youth, sweet visions of old,
That thrilled me with gladness, then sunk out of sight,
Leaving many a trace of their depth and their might,
On the brow that was gay, now furrowed with care,
And the silver threads creeping into my dark hair.

* * * * * * *

Sad memories crowd on me out of the past,
With a few golden glimpses too radiant to last;
Deep questions of Providence, of Free-will, and Fate,
Of poor human frailty, and man's weak estate,
Are stealing like phantoms o'er my thought-laden brain,
Dear friends and stern foemen are with me again.

Once more the wild shouts of the armies I hear,
And battle's deep joy has banished my fear;
'Midst the plunging of shot and glitter of steel,
Again I see columns in their blood faintly reel.

But hark! my strong nerves are losing their tone,
So humane it sounded, that low, wailing moan,
Of the night-wind that reaches now even my sword,
That vibrates so slowly upon the frail cord,
That long has suspended my blade in its place,
Like that of Damocles in primeval days.
* * * * * * *

Oh blade of rare temper, long hanging on high!
Like me from thy ills, thou art powerless to fly;
The slow tooth of time on thy brightness is set,
A foe to consume us, old friend, we have met.
Our scabbards are worn and exhibit decay,
But longer and shorter shall both be my stay:
A hatchment of honor to this body of mine,
You may prove when no longer around me shall shine
The light of sad heavens, but the Pyramid's might,
Shall crumble to dust ere I know such a night,
As shall visit the falchion, when into thin air,
Thy last atom rises from steel once so fair.

Those mills grinding slowly grind never so fine,
As when meeting resistance persistent like thine;
To die is to live, but not so with thee,
Into infinite space thy substance shall flee,
Into utter consumption, disintegrate, lost,
Each particle severed, not even a ghost,
To haunt the lone ruin, or weep o'er the past;
To the length of my ages thy time is but haste.
But when in the lapse of the slow-moving years,
When eyes that are brightest then, darkened with tears,
Have slept long forgotten 'neath beautiful flowers;
And lichens have covered the proudest of towers,
Then when into ether thy semblance has passed,
What fate may await thee can scarcely be guessed.

Thou art now but an agent of wrath and of blood,
Death, Famine and Grief, thy legitimate brood;
But when metamorphosed into life-giving air,
Some spirit may breathe thee and grow strong and fair,
So at last incorporate, alliance may make
With a soul ever deathless and thus to partake,

In the ages to come, with descendant of mine,
Some show of relation I dare not define.

Rust on, trusty steel, in thy place on the wall,
The heart-aches of life on thee never fall;
The tale of disaster, the malice of foes,
Can bring thee no hurt or break thy repose.

No more for us blowing the bugle's loud breath,
Calls the grim reapers forth to the harvest of death;
No more fiery shells rushing madly on high,
Tell of Battle begun and the Carnival nigh:
No more weary watches at night on the plain,
'Midst cries of the wounded and heaps of the slain;
No more charging blindly at dawn on the foe,
With the faint Eastern hills beginning to glow.
The long-roll at midnight is now never heard,
Nor with the wild cheers are our dull pulses stirred:
The thunder of conflict is hushed by the sea,
In the mountains no longer the air pure and free,
Is laden with fumes from the cannon's deep throat;
O'er no lines confronting do battle-flags float.

Oh, long ago, vanished such scenes from the land;
We rust, goodly sword, there's never a hand,
To wield thee or scatter the dust from my lips,
The way is uncertain, and feeble my steps.
Good sabre, we perish like yon slow-dying fire,
Consuming ourselves, yet rising no higher:
Ah, well-tempered blade, as you hang there so free,
Such promptings and thoughts arise unto me.

We have heard a good story of Stonewall Jackson. It came to be said in camp that nobody knows Stonewall's secrets except his negro body servant. Some one talking to the old negro, asked him how he came to be so much in the confidence of his master. "Lor' sar," said he, "massa never tell me nuthin', but the way I knows is dis: Massa say his prayers twice a day, morning and night; but ef he gits out ob bed two or three times in de night to pray, you see I just commences packing my haversack, for I knows dar will be *de debble to pay next day.*"

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL, *8th Reg. Va. Volunteers.*

How joyous, how buoyant, how frolicsome were we all in those after days of June, 1863, bivouacing in the beautiful valley of Cumberland, Pennsylvania, with our feet upon the enemies soil, and our faces turned towards his chief cities!

Gen. Lee's headquarters were in the old Dutch town of Chambersburg, surrounded by the bulk of the army, though one or two divisions were thrown out as 'feelers,' a day's journey to the North and East. Gallant Rodes, of Ewell's corps, was holding dress-parades in the magnificent grouds of the U. S. Arsenal and Barracks at Carlisle, built by the Hessians in 1777, and occupied by Washington in 1794; Jubal Early was drawing supplies and clothing from the Federals of York, on the Susquehanna; while the lively veterans of A. P. Hill's corps were making the echoes of South Mountain, at Cashtown Gap, ring with their exultant shouts—"*On to Baltimore!*"

Among our Northern Brethren—wild consternation, confusion of counsels, curses of the government and the latest broken idol—"Fighting Joe," absurd alarms, hurrying to and fro of hot riders, and tocsins roaring at midnight to call out not very anxious "Home Guards." Loyalists of Washington, Baltimore and Harrisburg catching snatches of sleep upon the tops of packed trunks, and awakening from hideous *night-mares*, to imagine the clatter of "Black Horse" in the streets. In other great cities, hourly bulletins multiplying the numbers of the Rebels with each edition and causing able-bodied militia men to offer fabulous sums for medical exemption. The value of rheumatic legs ascends to thousands of dollars. Gold and patriotism on the contrary are quoted "low and declining."

Meanwhile we, whose voluntary return to the Union after great solicitation, has produced this hub-bub, bask in the rich abundance of the Dutch settlements that are in very deed a land of "milk and honey," and "oil and wine," to the half famished

Southerners with their rations of one-fourth pound of meat per day. Until our advent, the natives of this region knew nothing of the war. It was a thing at a distance: to be read of, and talked of at idle moments, and a good deal boasted of, in the intervals between "Rebel" successes, as proof of the superiority of Yankee valor and resources. But not, of course, a matter to interrupt the rearing of calves, or the manufacture of sour krout.

The habits of these burly "Deutchers" and their very transparent schemes to propitiate "Dose nice Rebel gentleman's from de Souf," might be narrated with much humor, did not more important affairs demand my space.

SOLICITOUS RESPECTING OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY.

Notwithstanding the delights of repose after five hundred miles of daily marching, there was a good deal of uneasiness among the better informed officers, at the loss of nearly a week, at this critical period of our invasion. Every hour of such inaction, they felt, must lessen the panic at the North, and bring out a mighty horde of militia and volunteers to engulf us, should we advance, or swarm at our heels in case of a retreat. And while our confidence in "Uncle Robert" was, like that of Stonewall Jackson, "willing to follow him blind-folded," there were disquieting rumors to the effect that Lee himself was perplexed—not being able to learn anything of the whereabouts of "our friends, the enemy." This was true, and calls for explanation.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with the major portion of the cavalry, had been left in Virginia to watch Hooker, but with instructions to hasten to rejoin us soon as the latter should leave the State. The Federal army, however, moved to the upper fords of the Potomac, near Leesburg, occupying all the roads leading to Lee, and forcing Stuart to cross lower down, make a wide detour, and head for Carlisle, where he arrived on the 1st of July, too late to be of service. Thus it happened that the army *was without its eyes* at the time they were most needed, and Gen. Lee was compelled to halt in his march of invasion till apprized of the movements of Hooker.

That commander, with a largely re-inforced army, marched northwestward from Leesburg, with the design of covering Washington and Baltimore, and also checking Lee's advance upon

Harrisburg by threatening his communications. But whatever his plans, they were relinquished with the command of the army on the 20th of June, from *pique* at the refusal of Halleck to order to his support some 10,000 Union troops that were lying idly at Harper's Ferry. He was succeeded by Gen. Geo. E. Meade, a more cautious commander, whose first act was to direct all his Generals to concentrate upon Pipe's Creek, 15 miles southeast from the town of Gettysburg. One corps (Reynolds) being in the vicinity of the latter place, was permitted to remain as a support for the cavalry outposts.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

On the 30th of June, Gen. Harry Heth, of A. P. Hill's corps, in bivouac near Cashtown, was ordered to march to Gettysburg, and occupy it while contributions of clothing, shoes and medicines should be levied by the Quartermasters. To Pettigrew's brigade was assigned the duty of picketing the eastern approaches of the town, and it was already within one or two miles of the place, when the skirmishers of the 11th North Carolina arrested a well mounted citizen, professing to be a physician, riding to visit a patient in the country. Colonel Collett Leventhorpe, of the 11th, without suspecting the presence of the enemy, questioned the Doctor rather closely, when, to the surprise of all, he confessed that four or five thousand Federals were in the vicinity, and a much larger force a few miles from town.

Upon this information, Col. Leventhorpe ordered a halt, to consult Gen. Pettigrew; and the latter continued the halt till Gen. Lee should be heard from. Meanwhile a strong body of cavalry began to hang about the brigade, and when two hours later it was ordered back to camp, the movement was not effected without considerable risk; the 11th regiment being compelled to form line of battle in the rear no less than four times.

FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

To ascertain the strength of the Federal force in his front, Gen. Hill on the following morning (July 1st) threw forward the whole of Heth's division, Archer's brigade sweeping the right, and Davis' the left of the turnpike, with Pettigrew and Brocken-

borough supporting. Gen. Archer, having encountered the enemy's cavalry pickets, drove them in so rapidly that he fell into an ambuscade of Reynolds' infantry, and in the confusion which ensued, was captured, with his staff, and several hundreds of his men. Pettigrew's men opportunely coming up checked the rout, and restored the lines.

A new disposition was now made. Pettigrew's brigade rested with its left on the right of the turnpike, Brockenborough's next to the right, and the survivors of Archer's on the extreme right. On the left of the turnpike Davis was instructed to form connections with the right of Ewell's corps, which having arrived on the northwest of town from Carlisle, was ready to take part in the assault. The enemy's position in front of Heth was an excellent one. Drawn up along the slope of a rolling ridge, wooded at the crest, and planted with grain, breast high, which impeded both the aim, and advance of our troops, were three lines of Federals, encouraged by the immediate presence of their Major General. As our men approached the hill, a severe artillery fire depleted their ranks; but nothing could stop them till the three lines were driven into one, and that one behind fences and other defences. For half an hour the fight wavered over a space of a few yards, backwards and forwards, when suddenly the Federals broke in confusion, leaving their dead General, (Reynolds), and a large number of slain, and prisoners. In this fierce struggle, though Virginians, Tennesseans, Georgians and North Carolinians fought side by side, the meed of praise fell, by common consent, upon the latter, whose losses attest the obstinacy of their valor. Figures alone might sadly, but faithfully, tell the tale; as, for instance, the 26th N. C. regiment lost 549 out of 800 men, and the 11th N. C., 250 out of 550, including its noble Colonel, afterwards Gen. Leventhorpe.

The enemy, having fallen back to the suburbs of the city, was now vigorously attacked by Ewell, and Pender, of Hill's corps, (embracing the North Carolina brigades of Scales and Lane) with Anderson supporting. Simultaneously the lines were broken at all points and the panic stricken Federals, with yells of terror, fled through the streets of Gettysburg in wild disorder. The rush of innumerable feet, the ceaseless crack of the rifle, the shouts of the pursuers, the shrill screams of women

within the houses, accompanied with the Wagnerian symphony of artillery booming from Seminary Ridge constituted one of the most exciting and remarkable episodes of the war. Five thousand prisoners, and the same number of killed and disabled, were among the fruits of the victory; and the veterans of Ewell and Hill uniting in the public square congratulated themselves upon the new name added to the banners.

Although but 5½ P. M., Gen. Lee, who had now come up, decided not to continue the pursuit, as the enemy had taken position on an high ridge about a mile eastward of town, and was believed to be receiving reinforcements. As a fact, we know from Northern sources, that Gen. Hancock, sent by Meade to take charge of operations at Gettysburg, met the runaways on the brow of the ridge, and cheering them by assurances of speedy support, posted them in a strong position, behind a succession of stone fences, with artillery commanding all the approaches.

Whether Lee erred, as is generally charged, in failing to advance upon the Heights, I am not prepared to say; though it is likely he followed the course of a prudent General. Before he could extricate his wearied troops from the city, and arrange them for a vigorous assault, "night and Blucher" must have been at hand to resist him; reinforcements having reached Hancock about sunset. During the night. Meade, with above eighty thousand men, came up, and were posted along the crest.

THE FEDERAL POSITION.

In a beautiful valley, a little more than a mile in width, opening towards the southeast, lies the quaint old town of Gettysburg. On the west, the valley is bounded by a range of sloping hills to which the name of "Seminary Ridge" has been given because a Female Seminary occupies its most conspicuous point. Over this ridge two roads pass into Gettysburg: the Carlisle road, upon which Ewell came, as before stated, and the turnpike from Chambersburg, whereon A. P. Hill routed Reynolds' advance corps. After passing through town the traveller on this turnpike finds himself ascending the rather steep slope of the eastern wall of the valley, which is considerably higher than Seminary Ridge, and commands it fully. Gaining the crest, along which the turnpike continues for more than a mile, he perceives that

the ridge is shaped like a big fish-hook, or an horse shoe with part of one side broken off. It is three miles long, and, above the town, curves around towards the north forming the bend of the horse shoe or hook. Different portions of the ridge, are, now designated by special names: the northeast end, or barb of the hook, being called CULPS HILL; the curve, or bend, called "Cemetery Hill;" and a couple of small knobs or peaks, arising like pyramids from the level of the ridge, near the stem of the hook, called "Round Top," and "Little Round Top." The Federal army lay behind stone fences, and earthworks, along the whole crest from Culps Hill to Round Top. Upon the high backbone of the ridge behind the infantry were nearly 100 guns, with an equal number in reserve. As this position could not be flanked, its great strength will be apparent even to non-military readers. By noon of July 2d, Meade had more than one hundred thousand men concentrated for its defence. The Southern commander-in-chief, from the lofty tower of the college, must have seen the hourly thickening fringe of bayonets upon the crown of Cemetery Ridge; but, although it is known with certainty, that he had less than half the strength of his adversary, his great confidence in the prowess of his ragged followers, must have blinded him to the inequality of the contest. Besides he must either fight or retire, as there was little or no provision or forage in the mountainous region immediately in his rear.

SECOND DAY'S FIGHTING.

The plan of attack comprised a demonstration by Ewell, on the enemy's extreme right at Culp's Hill, to call off all extra troops to that quarter. Then on our right, Longstreet, with two divisions, supported by Pender and Anderson, should charge upon Round Top, which, if taken, would command not only the whole ridge, but Meade's sole line of retreat. Unfortunately Gen. Lee did not know that his antagonist had men enough to form double lines of reserves at both the menaced points.

The battle opened about 2 P. M. with a grand charge by Hood and McLaws, at whose head rode Longstreet, waving his hat, and cheering on his men. Upon the slope of Round Top, the crack corps of Dan Sickles' was drawn up in three lines; and for a time

they fought desperately. But, like a wave of steel, the brave Texans, Mississippians, and South Carolinians rolled up the ascent, sending Sickles to the rear with one leg oft, and causing the majority of his men to seek the same quarter, carrying off two legs. Yelling triumphantly, our men clambered towards the summit of the mountain, but only to encounter rank upon rank of fresh troops hurried forward by the Federal commander, who now saw his danger. All the guns that could be brought to bear, were trained upon the flanks of one column, sweeping away many hundreds of the bravest of Southern blood.

At this juncture, the hopes of the spectators on Seminary Ridge were quickened by the spectacle of Anderson's Georgians and Alabamians swarming up the rugged sides of Little Round Top, to the left of Longstreet. For a moment the starry cross was seen floating on the summit, and all knew that if this key to Meade's position could be held, the day was ours. Alas! Hancock sends forward brigade after brigade, whose successive volleys make the little mountain quake, and so envelope it in smoke the struggle is hidden from view. But the cloud gradually sinks lower and lower on the slope, indicating the sullen withdrawal of our thinned ranks. As night settled o'er the bloody scene, it is apparent the assault has failed, though we still hold ground wrested from the foe.

What had *Ewell* accomplished? From some reason his demonstration, instead of drawing off troops from in front of Longstreet, was delayed till late in the afternoon, when Longstreet's movements had weakened the lines in his own front, to some extent. I do not state this as a refleetion on Ewell, for Gen. Lee, who was aware of the delay, does not censure it; but merely give it as the fact.

Again, comparing the ridge to a fish hook, let us say that Early's division assailed the bend or curve of the hook, and Johnson charged upon the point or barb. Early's men dashed straight up the hill and planted their banners upon the Federal breastworks with shouts of victory. But the narrowness of the apex made it easy to concentrate troops behind any threatened point, and our men were soon thrust off the ridge. Johnson had better luck, driving back the force in his front, and penetrating into the woods to the rear of the Federal works, where he lay upon

his arms throughout the night. The lodgement thus effected appears not to have been duly appreciated by Gen. Lee, as he made no effort to strengthen Johnson in his position, and by 9 A. M. of the succeeding day, Meade regained all the ground he had lost in that quarter. Upon the whole, the results of the day's fighting could neither be called discouraging, nor very favorable. "These partial advantages, says Lee, in his official report, alluding to Ewell's and Longstreet's slight gains, "determined me to continue the attack next day."

PICKETT'S DIVISION COMES TO THE FRONT.

The division of Gen. Geo. E. Pickett, having been left at Chambersburg to destroy the railroad shops, track, &c., started for Gettysburg on the morning of July 2d. As the head of column took the Baltimore turnpike, loud shouts shook the air, and every face beamed satisfaction. Thirty miles under a vertical July sun is not conducive to enthusiasm in a pedestrian, yet I never knew more spirit and *elan* among the men. The idea of "going ahead" was exhilirating.

At Cashtown, 8 miles of Gettysburg, a sullen booming in the air, aroused conjecture, and to the surprise of all, a quartermaster coming from the front, exclaimed—"Been fighting for two days —driving the Yankees all the time—got 6,000 prisoners already —hurrah for Lee!" And to be sure we *did* hurrah for the old chieftain. In confirmation of the good news, soon came the splendidly caparisoned black charger of Gen. Reynolds; and in a field by the road side were apparently acres of blue coat prisoners. Bivouacing some four miles from Gettysburg, we fell aleep to the lullaby of deep reverberations from the battle front.

THIRD DAY'S FIGHTING.

While the round red sun was yet balancing atop the mountains towards the east, Pickett had his 5,400 Virginians along the west slope of Seminary Ridge, confronting the Federal left-centre.

Gen. Lee's plans for the third day's operations were based on the supposition that the enemy, in anticipation of the old Jacksonian flank movement, would gather the bulk of his troops upon one or both wings, leaving the centre as his weakest point.

Here again Lee underestimated Meade's strength, (he was able to form triple lines at *all* points,) and overestimated the capacity of his own troops, whose valor might carry them to death, but not always to victory.

It was decided that after a preliminary cannonade by all the batteries of the centre and right wing of the army, a direct assault upon Cemetery Hill should be made by Pickett's division, seconded by Heth's, under Pettigrew, and with the co-operation of Pender's, under Trimble.

In accordance with this plan, 140 pieces were planted on Seminary Ridge, while the assaulting column formed along the slope in rear of them, out of view of the enemy. Of Pickett's division, Garnett's brigade held the right, Kemper's the left, and Armistead followed in support of both. Pettigrew's division was in single line of four brigades, Archer's, Pettigrew's under Marshal, Brockenborough's and Davis' in the order given. Scales' and Lane's brigades, of Pender's division, joined Davis on the left.

I will here remark that originally Pettigrew was instructed to *support* Pickett, but subsequently the order was changed to *co-operate* with him; the movement to be *en echelon*. That is, Pickett should move first; when he was fairly started, Pettigrew start on his left; and when Pettigrew got under way, Pender start on his left. Thus, when Pickett struck the Federal works, Pettigrew would be within gunshot on the left, threatening that part of the line, so that there could be no massing of troops against any one column.

HEAVEN'S ARTILLERY COUNTERFEITED.

Come with me, reader, to this scene of terrible strife. The sun is at meridian; the more careless of the two armies have opened their greasy haversacks, and are making their frugal dinner. Others are lying on their backs, in desultory chit-chat, or deep in thought. All is peaceful, idle, lazy looking and rather sleepy—as if it were a July noon-hour *siesta* in the harvest field. It *is* the harvest-field of death!

Ah! a sudden movement among the artillerymen as its one armed chief gallops down the line. The ball is about to open! "*Lie down, men!*"—shouts the Colonel; and one after another the Captains repeat "Lie down."

The cannoneers open their ammunition chests; the caison drivers crouch in shallow trenches they have scooped out for their protection during the row. Suspense for 20 seconds. Boom!-*err*-BANG!!—a thundering explosion on the right of the line! The sound startles us, though we have been expecting it; just as we shrink from the crack of thunder which a previous flash has foretold. Then a crash of unearthly peals! As the solitary huntsman's shot among the Alps brings down a mighty avalanche from the overhanging glaziers, so this signal gun echoing, like Heaven's thunder along the ridge, awakes an awful hurricane of fire and smoke, and hurtling death-strokes, accompanied by hideous screeching and ear-deafening reverberations, such as never before were heard on this continent! It is an artillery duello of 250 cannons at short range, throwing 500 shells per minute and each shell bursting into myriad fragments with its own special scream and explosion! Not as a figure of rhetoric, but as a perceptible fact, the earth quivered under the incessant concussion. Nor is the sensation of sound alone appalling; the eye takes in a work of destruction that well may shake the steadiest nerves.

INCIDENTS.

Reclining in front of my company, I was watching the struggles of a wounded artillery horse, when a shell whizzed over my head, and struck behind me. Seeing a peculiar expression upon the countenance of an officer, who was looking back, I also glanced around, and saw a most shocking spectacle. The heavy missile had descended six feet behind me, and *ploughed through* the bodies of Morris and Jackson of my own company. Poor fellows! they were devoted friends, and lay side by side on their blankets: and side by side were ushered into eternity! While assisting in removing the mangled remains, Lieut. Charlie D—— left his sword and haversack where he had been lying. A shell burst upon the spot, tearing those articles into shreds—a narrow escape for their owner.

This was within the first ten minutes. Presently the air seemed full of flying lead and iron; and it was not entirely fancy for the field was covered with fragments of metal after the battle.

Fortunately the Federal gunners began to aim higher, supposing the woods in our rear to be full of troops, and sending most of their missiles screaming beyond us.

SKIRMISHERS TO THE FRONT.

It is about 1 P. M. All over the South the farmers are coming in from the harvest fields in obedience to the long-drawn tooting of "old Aunt Dinah's" dinner-horn, and mothers as they place the 'vacant chairs' around the well-worn table are wondering how long 'twill be ere 'the boys' come back from that far away trip to the north ward. How strange the contrast from these quiet Southern home-scenes to that, now enacting in this Pennsylvania valley, and wherein 'the boys' are about to participate! The cannonading has ceased. "Let us stop to see what the Rebels are up to"—says the Federal chief of artillery. "We have silenced the enemy—he is perfectly demoralized"—says our own chief. The duello has lasted nearly two hours, and our gunners have not a shot to divert the attention of Meade's batteries while we are advancing—a sad mishap!

Riding coolly down the lines, now, comes Gen. Pickett, well mounted, rather *dandyish* in his ruffles and curls, but ready to ride to the death if need be. He pauses at the head of our brigade. "Have you any further instructions?" asks Garnett puffing at his cigar with splendid unconcern. "No, Dick, I don't recollect anything else"—says Pickett—"unless it be to advise you to make the best kind of time in crossing the valley; its a *h—l of an ugly looking place over yonder.*" As they converse, Col. Hunton orders my company to deploy as skirmisders—advance and drive in the enemy's sharpshooters—pull down a couple of cross-fences that would obstruct the charge of the division—and await further instructions. 'So we are to have the honor of piloting the corps into that "h—l of an ugly place" '—I reflect, as we move forward over the brow of the hill, and I am not sure the glory repays the risk; though it is better to be in motion, even under fire, than lying in suspense. Passing between the smoking cannon, that should now, of all times, be bellowing fiercely, we are cheered by the powder-grimed cannoniers, who have mounted their pieces to witness the fight.

Measuring by the eye, from the crest of the ridge to the Federal works on the opposite slope, one would estimate at a little over a mile, descending swiftly over the Emmettsburg road near the eastern side of the valley; then ascending somewhat steeply towards the summit of Cemetery Ridge with its crown of earthworks, surmounted by scores of flags, telling of the masses gathered under them. Just beyond the sunken road is an unfinished brick house, with one or two outhouses, which are the only obstrnctions of the view or the *range* between the lines. I have but a moment to glance at the scene ere we are hotly engaged with the Federal sharpshooters; firing on Paddy's rule in a "skrimage"—"Whinever ye see a head, hit for it." Soon we reach the last fence, and pull it down, throwing the rails in piles, and lying in the tall grass behind them to await the advance of the main column. More than one of us has already been 'phlebotomized' by the Federal bullets.

PICKETT'S ADVANCE.

Presently behind the hill a stentorian voice is heard giving the command—"FORWARD!—Guide-on-the-Right—MARCH!" Gen. Pickett appears on the crest among the artillery and sends his brother, Charlie, to bid us keep about 120 yards in advance of the division. Now we hear the murmur and jingle of a large corps in motion. Colonels on horseback ride slowly over the brow of the ridge; followed by a glittering forest of bright bayonets. The whole column is now within sight, coming down the slope with steady step and superb alignment. The rustle of thousands of feet amid the stubble stirs a cloud of dust, like the dash of spray at the prow of a vessel. The flags flutter and snap —the sunlight flashes from the officer's swords—low words of command are heard—and thus in perfect order, this gallant array of gallant men marches straight down into the valley of Death! Two armies, for a moment, look on, apparently spellbound; then the spell is broken by the crash of one hundred guns trained upon the advancing troops. Shot, shell, spherical case, shrapnel and cannister—thousands of deadly missiles racing through the air to thin our ranks! A bomb explodes in front of a regiment—three men fall lifeless,—five men limp,

moaning, to the rear—"Close up men!"—the gap disappears and there is no falter in the line. Two or three men drop out of different companies—"killed by sharpshooters"—"Close up men!" An officer's head is blown off by a round shot—the men step over his body—"Close up!"—"Not too fast on the left"—"Major take command, Colonel is down"—on moves the devoted column into the jaws of Destruction! Lee, standing with Longstreet, and a group of staff officers, on Seminary Ridge, watching this last attempt to break the enemy's lines, must have felt a throb of the heart at each peal of the ravaging artillery.

PETTIGREW AND PENDER.

As has been stated the divisions of Pickett, Pettigrew and Pender were to move successively, *en echelon*, not *following* each other as has been generally understood. When I first noticed Pettigrew's column, it was emerging from the skirt of timber on the brow of the ridge about 800 yards to our left and rear. So great an interval was due, I suppose to the fact that Gen. Pettigrew, and most of his brigadiers were *new* in their positions, having been called to the command by casualities of the previous days; hence did not get in motion so promptly as usual. In advancing these troops encountered the same storm of mangling missiles, including a rapid enfilading fire from the apex of Cemetery Hill, that fairly melted away the two left brigades of the division before it reached the sunken road. Pettigrew's old brigade, under the noble Marshall, and the remnants of Archer's, however, came on with springing steps, not far behind the left of Pickett's line.

Here it may be mentioned that a conflict of orders occasioned considerable interval between the divisions. In the morning orders were given to "dress to the left"—the meaning of which will be understood by all old soldiers. Afterwards Pickett's men were instructed to "dress to the right;" and as the others went to the left the interval grew larger as the columns advanced. This change of direction, probably, gave rise to the common statement that Heth failed to "follow and support" Pickett.

THE SIMOON OF DEATH.

When half the valley had been traversed by the leading col-

umn, there came such a storm of grape and canister as seemed to take away the breath, causing whole regiments to stoop like men running in a violent sleet. Shower upon shower of the fatal shot rattle through the ranks, or scream through the air overhead till one wonders that a single human being can escape. But there is no pause, scarcely a waver; on, on, on! Within six hundred yards of the Yankee breastworks! The "grid-iron" flag waves every fifty paces, but not a blue coat is seen, save the gunners plying their pieces. Five hundred yards of the works! Four hundred! No sign of the foe. Three hundred! Can he have fled? Two hundred!—(passing the sunken road) and, with a shout we start to run up the slope. Lo! from behind the breastworks on the crest arises a dense rank of blue coats, whose polished musket barrels are seen to glitter for an instant. Then bursts forth a puff, a blinding, withering, wasting blaze, a long sheet of lightning, as if from the summit of the hill had suddenly sprung a vomiting volcano of deadly gases! Think of more than twenty thousand muskets hurling their fatal contents in a single volley! Think of the havoc such a volley must make in the compact columns swarming up the ascent! At 40 paces it was almost impossible for the poorest of the Yankee marksmen to avoid hitting some one of the advancing throng. It were strange indeed that any of the latter escaped unscathed. All around me were men weltering in their life-blood, some on their faces, some on their backs, some writhing and moaning, others still forever! Half the flags of the division fell with the first fire, but quickly they were raised by the survivors and borne forward. At twenty paces from the works, those who had not fired their muskets in the confusion of the first volley, poured a fusillade upon the Yankees with so much effect that I thought the day was ours, as whole companies ran back towards the upper line. At this juncture Gen. Garnett was riddled with bullets; Kemper carried off with a shattered leg; Pickett wounded; all the field and staff officers killed or disabled; and more than two-thirds of the men *hors du combat.* I felt stunned, dazed, bewildered, but picked up a musket and fired repeatedly. All the foregoing had occupied less than five minutes. Armistead's brigade now swept up to the works, and the General, at their head, waving his hat, attempted to jump upon the works, but fell dead in the ditch. His men,

with some of my regiment, clambered atop the breastworks, and seemed to have possession of them. At this a long line of bayonets rushed down from the rear of the artillery and everything went to pieces. *Sauve qui peut!*—and be quick about it!

To retreat was nearly as dangerous as to advance, and scores of men threw themselves behind some piles of stone in front of the works, and held up their hands in token of surrender. Liberty looked too sweet to lose without an effort, and I started back but halted in the road to see the result of Pettigrew's assault upon the left.

A portion of the division, as has been stated, did not go farther than the road, being terribly cut up and scattered by a severe flanking fire. Judging by a momentary glance, about one thousand or twelve hundred North Carolinians and Tennesseeans swept over the road, and up to the enemy's works. At their head was the noble Marshall, acting Brigadier of Pettigrew's brigade, who fell within a few feet of the Yankee bayonets, and was buried by them. His horse was ridden off by a Tennesseean, showing how the two States were mixed in the fray. Thinking the North Carolinians had secured a lodgement on the crest, I picked up a musket and started to move towards the left. But on firing the gun (which probably had three charges rammed down one upon the other, as was common in the excitement of battle) it kicked so violently as to nearly cause me to turn a summersault. When I recovered myself the enemy was pouring a terrible volley into the retreating Confederates, and all was over. Farther to the left Lane's and Scale's brigades of North Carolinians were struggling for the heights, but their movements were not discernible from the point I occupied.

Wilcox's brigade, I neglected to state, was to follow Pickett on his right to prevent a flank attack, and it now came to the road a little to my right, exchanging several volleys with the enemy. This demonstration was mainly useful in allowing time for the fragments of the two attacking divisions, with many of their slightly w unded to get out of range of the Federal sharpshooters. With the same object in view, a number of us, officers and men together, paused in a gulley on the north of the road, and peppered every Yankee who dared show his head over the works. During this time I saw a man, lying behind a pile of stone within

fifteen feet of the works, tear a flag from its pole and conceal it in his breast. The enemy, imagining there were a good many of us in the ditch, threw out a regiment to take us in flank. At this I started for our lines, amid a shower. Of those who started with me none escaped, though one or two threw themselves in the grass, I think, to avoid the severe fire.

"UNCLE ROBERT."

Almost broken down by fatigue and relaxation from the intense excitement of the battle, I was dragging myself over the brow of Seminary Ridge, when I noticed a solitary horseman surveying the field, and on nearer approach, recognised our beloved Commander-in-Chief. His bridle rein was carelessly upon his horses' neck, and in the whole attitude of the trim soldierly figure was an air of sadness, weariness, regretfulness, akin to depression, such as I had never known in him before. It was easy to believe he was thinking more, at that moment, of the loss of brave men, than of the defeat, and the danger, then staring him in the face, of a Federal counter-charge upon the 140 pieces of artillery, all unprotected as it were.

Giving the military salute, I was passing to the rear, when to my surprise, he accosted me, asking, in a compassionate tone, "Are you wounded?" "No, General—only a little fatigued; but I am afraid there are but few so lucky as myself." "Ah! yes,—I am very sorry—the task was too great for you—but we mus'nt despond—another time we shall succeed. Are you one of Pickett's men!" "Yes, sir." "Well, you had better go back and rest yourself. Capt. Linthicum will tell you the rendezvous for your brigade."

At this moment an officer galloped up and reported that some division (I have forgotten the name) was coming into line in the ravine behind the ridge. "It is well," said Lee, gathering up the reins, "those people over yonder seem to be advancing, and I was becoming a little anxious." In fact, the enemy's skirmishers were already south of the Emmettsburg road, within musket shot of the artillery.

Suppose that during the hour succeeding the annihilation of Pickett and Pettigrew, Meade had advanced even a single division against our shattered right wing? The consequences must

have been fearful, even if the assault were ultimately repulsed. But he had been too roughly handled to venture upon the offensive, and ere sunset, all was in order again along the lines.

I found Capt. Linthicum, our soldier-parson, standing by a wounded horse, with his head against the animal's mane, weeping silently for his slain friend, whose blood still stained the saddle—Gen. Richard S. Garnett, a cavalier *sans puer, sans reproche.* At the wagon camp, on the following morning the remnants of the division were drawn up to act as the escort of 4000 prisoners, and then it was seen that less than 800 of the 5600 who went into the battle were able for duty. Two Generals, killed, two wounded ; twenty field officers killed or disabled ; and *four men* out of *every five* killed, wounded or captured. constituted the losses of the division ! Of my own regiment 20 men, out of 209, survived the march across the dark valley.

The precise loss of Pettigrew's division I am not able to give, though it must have been very heavy. His brigade in the three days fighting, was cut down from near 3,000 to less than 1,000—a loss of *two* men out of every *three !* Gen. Heth, with several of his Colonels were wounded the first day ; and Col. Harry Burgwin was slain.

Gen. Pender, Trimble, Scales, Hood and Anderson, were, also, on the list of wounded—the first named, mortally. Of this brave soldier, Gen. Lee, in his official report pauses to express the highest encomiums. Respecting the four slain Generals, Garnett, Armistead, Semmes, and Barksdale, the same report thus speaks: "These brave officers and patriotic gentlemen fell in the faithful discharge of duty leaving the army to mourn their loss and simulate their noble example."

THE UN-TITLED DEAD.

Of the humble rank and file, whose names are unknown, though their deeds have emblazoned the fame of their States as proudly in defeat, as if victorious, Lee may well say—"The con-"duct of the troops was all that I *could desire* or expect, and they "deserved success by heroic valor and fortitude. More may have "been expected of them than they were able to perform ; but my "admiration of their noble qualities and confidence in their abil-

"ity to cope successfully with the enemy has suffered no abate-"ment."

In conclusion, I shall add no florid comments to this 'plain, unvarnished tale' of Southern patriots battling for freedom; but will merely remark that those who may have inadvertently given credence to statements disparaging the troops of any State in the mighty struggle at Gettysburg, should note the language of the illustrious eye-witness, above quoted, and remember, too, that the dead of four Southern States lay side by side on the crest of Cemetery Hill.

DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY.—1863.

January 1*st.*—The following official dispatch from Gen. Bragg gives us further particulars of the Murfreesboro fight in Tennessee: "The enemy has yielded his strong point and is falling back. We occupy the whole field and shall follow him. Gen. Wheeler with his cavalry made the complete circuit of their army on the 30th and 31st. He is again behind them, and captured their ordnance train to-day. God has granted us a Happy New Year."

January 2.—Another dispatch from Gen. Bragg: "The enemy retired last night but a short distance in the rear of their former position. We had a sharp and short contest this evening. We drove his left flank from its position, but our attacking party again retired with considerable loss to both sides. Wheeler and Wharton were again in their rear yesterday and captured 200 prisoners, one piece of artillery, and destroyed 200 loaded wagons."

The enemy finding all his efforts unavailing to make any inroads on the position of the Confederates at Vicksburg, have embarked leaving considerable quantities of entrenching tools, and other property, and apparently has relinquished his designs on Vicksburg. Lieut. Gen. Pemberton is in command of the Confederates at that point.

January 4.—President Davis arrives in Richmond in good health and fine spirits after his Southwestern tour.

January 5.—An official dispatch dated from Chattanooga informs us that our army has retired from Murfreesboro in perfect order. All the stores saved.

January 12.—Confederate States Congress assembles at Richmond.

January 19.—The Legislature of North Carolina assembles at Raleigh.

January 30.—The gunboats Chicory and Palmetto State, C. S. Navy, under command of Flag-officer D. N. Ingraham, leave Charleston harbor, attack the blockaders, destroy three and scatter the others to the winds of heaven.

March 3.—An attack made on Fort McAllister, below Savannah. The gunboats succeeded in dismounting one columbiad, which was without difficulty restored to its position. No injury done to the fort and the boats retire.

March 5.—The enemy attack Gen. Van Dorn at Thompson's Station, between Columbus and Franklin, Tennessee. They were handsomely driven back, and five regiments of infantry, and 2,200 officers and men captured.

March 17.—A slight skirmish on the Rappahannock, between our forces under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and the enemy under Gen. Stoneman. The Confederate forces succeeded in driving the enemy back, with small loss on our side.

March 14.—An engagement in Eastern North Carolina between our forces under Gen. Hill and the enemy. The Confederates made the attack and afterwards retired. The object of the expedition not yet disclosed. The loss on both sides was small.

April 7.— The attack commenced at Charleston. Seven monitors and the frigate Ironsides crossed the bar and steamed in towards Fort Sumter. At three in the afternoon they opened fire, and were replied to by the batteries at Sullivan's Island, Sumter, Moultrie and Morris' Island. The fire was, after a while, concentrated on Fort Sumter. The Keokuk and Ironsides withdrew, apparently disabled. The firing ceased, and there was no renewal of the attack. The Keokuk was certainly sunk off the beach at Morris' Island. Fort Sumter is uninjured. Gen. Beauregard in command of the Confederates.

April 13.—The following is an official dispatch sent by General Bragg to the War Department: "General Wheeler's report from Lebannon is as follows: 'I divided my command into two parties and made a raid upon the Louisville and Nashville, and Nashville and Murfreesboro Railroads, capturing a large train on each, and many officers and men.'" Portions of Wharton's and Morgan's Cavalry Divisions composed his command.

April 12.—A fight occurred at Franklin, Tenn. General Van Dorn attacked the enemy with 1000 Cavalry and Freeman's battery. The Federals retreated, but advanced again with heavy re-inforcements. A bloody fight ensued. Freeman's battery was captured. Our loss is heavy. We retreated from the place after six hours hard fighting. Later accounts represent the re-capture of our artillery.

April 28.—A slight skirmish, scarcely worth recording, nine miles below Kinston, N. C., at Gum Swamp. The fight lasted about two hours, when our forces were overpowered and obliged to retire. We had several killed and wounded.

April 29.—Six gunboats, averaging ten guns each, opened a terrific fire upon two batteries at Grand Gulf at 7 A. M., and continued without intermission for six hours and a half, when they withdrew. Grand Gulf is in Mississippi, within a few miles of Jackson.

May 1.—Congress adjourns *sine die.* Forrest repulsed the enemy with considerable loss yesterday at Danville, fifteen miles from Decatur, and is still pursuing. Forrest meets the Yankees a at Moulton and repulses them after a hand-to-hand fight. The enemy is in full retreat, and Forrest is pursuing.

May 2.—A terrible battle commenced on the Rappahannock. Gen. Jackson penetrates to the rear of the enemy, and drives him from his position from the Wilderness to within one mile of Chancellorsville. He was engaged at the same time in front by two of A. P. Hill's divisions.

May 3.—This morning the battle was renewed. The enemy was dislodged from all of his positions around Chancellorsville, and driven back towards the Rappahannock over which he is now retreating. This is one of the most terrible contests of the war. Our loss is very heavy in officers and men. It was indeed

a dearly bought victory. Many noble spirits breathed their last on this memorable occasion.

May 10.—We have to mourn the loss of that unflinching hero, whose dauntless spirit has shed its lustre on every battle-field in Virginia. The lamented Gen. T. J. Jackson, expired to-day, from wounds received in the battle of Chancellorsville, combined with an attack of pneumonia. This loss can never be repaired, and his memory will ever be cherished with the highest marks of esteem by a grateful nation. All is now quiet along the Rappahannock, Gen. Hooker's grand army having made their escape across that river.

EDITORIAL.

OUR PURPOSE.

On the 4th page of cover, we publish the prospectus of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY. It has long been our wish to establish such a magazine, and more than twelve months ago, we should have commenced its publication, if the peculiar field we desired to cultivate had been unoccupied. At that time, however, the Southern Historical Society was connected with an able magazine, published in Baltimore, and we did not think it either prudent or proper to commence an enterprise which would have brought us even in seeming antagonism, or would have divided the support of the Southern people. To-day no such cause for hesitation exists. Our publication will have none other similar in the South with which to be brought in competition, and we therefore appeal with confidence to Southerners to give us an earnest, hearty support.

It is proper that a few words be added here to those contained in the Prospectus. As one of our objects is "to gather and publish Southern Historical materials," it is necessary that copies of such material as is in the hands of individuals, societies, &c., be

furnished us—that officers and privates send us authentic accounts of battles in which they were engaged, official reports in their possession, and well written memorial sketches of men of all ranks whose gallantry was marked, and who died in defence of the inalienable rights of freeborn Americans.

We do not purpose to make a record—that was done by the gallant men who for four long years contended with a world in arms. To *preserve* the record that Southern statesmen, sailors and soldiers made is the mission upon which we have embarked, and we ask all interested in having the truth of Confederate history go down to posterity to render us all the assistance in their power.

While collecting and publishing the story of the bloody War between the States, and while presenting the Southern side of the great questions involved, we shall endeavor to give no occasion for a re-awakening of strife, sectional animosities, or hate; but we shall strive with "pious assiduity and care to preserve a true and full record of the sufferings, privations, fortitude and heroism of the people of the South, and of their unwavering devotion to a cause they sincerely believed to be just."

In this undertaking, we can but do our best, and we feel how feeble that must be unless our hands are upheld by those who fought under the "Stars and Bars," who sat in the council chambers, or who directed the affairs of the Confederacy. Let all who favor our enterprise come to our aid, and success will crown our labors.

TO BOOK PUBLISHERS.

A brief review of all publications sent to the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY for that purpose will be given in each number, by a competent person. All books, essays, magazines, &c., should be directed to Publisher SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY, Raleigh, North Carolina.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS.

We have received the first paper issued by the Southern Historical Association. Its contents are appropriate and interesting. Under direction of the Executive Committee of the Society, and of the efficient Secretary of the Society, Rev. J. Wm. Jones, it is safe to predict that the publication will become a very valuable addition to the literature of the South, and that the "Papers" will do much for the future historian, furnishing him with a faithful record of the most important events which occurred in the memorable struggle in the years 1861 to 1865 inclusive; with well written and carefully digested articles setting forth the causes which led to the war, from the pens of representative Southern men.

The number before us is a neat pamphlet of 48 pages, handsomely printed, bearing the imprint of Gary, Richmond, Va.

From the Editorial Department we select a short article:

OUR FIRST PAPER.

"As intimated in the last annual report of the Executive Committee, we have decided that it will be best for the Southern Historical Society to do in the future its own publishing, and we send out our first number with the firm conviction that those who are interested in vindicating the truth of Confederate History will sustain the enterprise and make it a complete success.

"It seemed appropriate that our first number should contain some discussion of the causes which led to the war, the motives which prompted the Southern States to attempt the establishment of a Confederacy of their own, and the spirit in which they entered upon and prosecuted the great contest for constitutional freedom. Accordingly, we present the able paper of the distinguished statesman, Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, who graced the United States Senate in its palmier days—the famous "Botetourt resolutions" of the distinguished jurist, Judge Allen, which produced a profoud impression at the time they were first published, and deserve to be put in more permanent form—the Inaugural Address of President Davis, the classic English of which is only equalled by its sentiments of lofty patriotism—and the address of the Confederate Congress, which is understood to have emanated from the able, facile pen of Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Alabama, was signed by all of the members of Congress, and deserves to have a place in every vindication of the South."

Terms, $3 a year. Address Rev. J. William Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.

CENTENNIAL YEAR, 1876.

This being the Centennial of American Independence much attention will be directed to historical subjects, and we purpose to devote some of our space to revolutionary incidents, and to the part the Southern Colonies bore in that great struggle. Of the "old thirteen" were Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and on their soil some of the best blood of the Revolution was shed. Their sons stood in the front rank of the "Ragged Rebels" of 1776, and their descendants of to-day are proud of their name and fame. In this Centennial year, those who (like Washington, Nash, Lee, Marion, Sumter and hosts of other patriots of Revolutionary fame), claim the Sunny South as their home would participate in any movement to give *eclat* to the Philadelphia celebration, if they could do so as the equals of any there, and not simply as the conquered, permitted to be present only on sufferance and to swell the pageant. Proud of their race and lineage, proud of their revolutionary sires, proud of the great names that have adorned their annals in every decade of the century past, and proud of their own heroic deeds, the sons of the South will take no heart-felt part in the great celebration of the 19th century, unless they can do so on terms befitting them and the section to which they belong.

Let us hope that the angry passions aroused by the inflammatory harangues of an aspiring politician may quickly subside, and that the North will soon learn that much of its own prosperity depends upon a rehabilitated and prosperous South. Should this fact be learned and acted upon, it may be that this Centennial Year will witness the firm re-uniting of two sections, greatly estranged by four years of war, and still more widely separated by the years of misrule, and the bitter hatreds engendered by it.

A SERIAL STORY.

At least one serial story will run through each volume of the Monthly. In the February number one will be commenced written by a popular Southern authoress. Name of the writer will be given with the initial chapter of the story.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

From causes that we have not been able to control, our first number does not contain that variety which it shall be our aim to give the readers of this Magazine.

The table of contents, though lacking in great variety, will be found to embrace articles of value and of great interest: The Causes which Produced the War; the Correspondence between Confederate States' Commissioners and Mr. Seward; Gen. Lee's Official Report of the Pennsylvania Campaign; North Carolinians at Gettysburg; the reply to Von Moltke on West Point; Crossing the Potomac by the Confederate Cavalry; Carved in Brass and Marble; Move Promptly and Strike Hard; At His Post; The Poetry of the Rose; Carmenensis; Virginia and North Carolina at Gettysburg: &c.

There are also defects in the typography and press work, but these are of minor importance and will be readily overlooked by those who read the Magazine for the matter it contains and by all others, except a few who read it to indulge in captious criticism and general fault-finding. We issue it in the confident belief that its imperfections will be overlooked, and that it will be welcomed by the people of the South, as an earnest and sincere laborer in their vindication, and in defense of the cause they espoused.

It may not be improper for us to state here and in this connection that we have already been promised the aid and co-operation of the very best talent of the South in the Historical, Literary and Poetical Department of the Magazine.

TO THE PRESS.

We send our Magazine to many of the leading journals of the country, and we ask them to give to it such notice as they may think it merits—commending its object and purpose if they can, pointing out its defects, suggesting improvements, and, in all *respects, fairly and impartially* criticising it.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We think that no periodical published in the South will offer greater inducements to those desirous of bringing their business before the substantial men of the Southern States, than the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY. It will go to every Southern City, and very soon it will become, we have reason to believe, a welcome visitant to very many Southern homesteads. Its advantages as an advertising medium can too easily be seen to need much comment. We tender its pages at moderate rates—see prospectus—to all who wish to advertise a legitimate business.

A FEW ERRORS CORRECTED.

The foot note on page 60 should read: "Gen. Trimble did keep in the line on horseback as far as it advanced, and was the only Major General who did so." In 7th line, page 61, "those first fellows" should read "those fine fellows;" and the signature on page 63 should be I. R. Trimble and not J. R. Trimble. Minor errors it is unnecessary to notice.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

We have devoted much of the space of our 1st number to the great battle of Gettysburg, and we shall continue accounts of it in the February and March numbers. By the month of April, we expect to have material, already in our possession, so arranged that we can begin at the beginning, and go on in order to the close. Whenever we take up a subject or battle, we shall continue it until all its main points are presented, if not exhausted.

SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN PRISONS.

In the March and subsequent numbers this subject will be discussed. The relative condition of the two sections; their capability for caring for the unfortunate prisoners in their hands; the efforts made by each to alleviate the horrors of prison life; why exchanges were broken off; and which government is the more responsible for suffering, disease and death.

Authentic accounts from Northern prisons, and a detailed history of Salisbury prison, and as far as possible of Andersonville will be published. We shall withhold nothing authentic that comes into our possession from fear, favor or affection, nor will we write or cause to be written any statement from malice, reward or the hope of reward. We will, to the best of our ability and from the most reliable sources, ventilate this subject, and we ask *now* that those in possession of FACTS will send them on.

TO THE ADJUTANT GENERALS OF EACH SOUTHERN STATE.

Will you not furnish, for publication in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY, a detailed statement of the troops furnished by your State, giving the sum total in each branch of the service, with the number killed or who died in the service, or were disabled by wounds? Such a statement would be of great value to the future historian, and should be published for the information of this generation.

THE REAL NAME.

Every historical incident or sketch should be accompanied with the writer's real name, so that its value may be correctly estimated. In all cases, we shall publish the authority for any historical statement made in this publication, when that authority is known or can be procured.

BY WHOM COMMENDED.

Our purpose to commence the SOUTERN HISTORICAL MONTHLY has been submitted to many of the leading men of the South, and especially to officers and soldiers of the late Confederate Army, and we have many letters of approval and commendation. We regret that no response has as yet come to us from those engaged in the Naval service, although we have written to many of them. Knowing their patriotic devotion to the "lost cause," we feel an abiding confidence that abundant evidence will be furnished in our pages that they, too, commend, and that their pens have been employed in many an interesting "Report," or sketch of Confederate service afloat.

BACK NUMBERS.

The publisher is now prepared to furnish several hundred copies, bound in volumes of six months each, or in monthly editions, of OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD, for the entire year of 1875. These numbers contain a large amount of Historical matter, Literary articles, Statistical information, Educational Essays, &c., and will be an excellent addition to the Library of any lady or gentlemen. Bound copies—2 volumes—$4.50 to $5.00. Monthly editions—12 numbers—$2.50.

Address S. D. POOL, Raleigh, N. C.

"OUR CAMP CHEST."

Under the above heading, in the next number of our magazine we shall commence the publication of a series of war anecdotes, incidents, &c. Our readers will confer a favor by sending us anything suitable for this department, immediately.

1876. A New Volume and A New Year. 1876.

"OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD;"

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF 128 PAGES,

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"It deserves a liberal patronage by the people of the State."—*Asheville Pioneer.*

"This admirable paper should be in the hands of every true North Carolinian."—*Concord Sun.*

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"Col. Pool is engaged in a work for which both the present and future generations will have cause to thank him."—*Hillsboro' Recorder.*

"No enterprise since the war has such strong claims upon North Carolina soldiers and we cannot too strongly urge them to aid it."—*Gen. D. H. Hill, in Southern Home.*

"As a mine for the historian it will be invaluable and inexhaustible.—*Wilmington Journal.*

"It is a most valuable idea. Keep it going."—*Ex. Gov. Z. B. Vance.*

"Col. Pool is doing a good work for the history of the South * * —we hope every aid will be given him."—*Tarboro' Enquirer.*

"It is one of the most interesting Journals we have ever read."—*Cleveland Banner.*

"It is especially the duty of every surviving Confederate soldier to render you all the assistance in his power. As one of those accept my thanks for what you have undertaken."—*Gen. T. L. Clingman.*

"I feel a deep interest in the success of your enterprise and cannot believe that the living soldiers, and the friends of the noble dead will allow it to fail. * * * We must see to it that you have proper aid and encouragement."—*Gen. A. M. Scales.*

"I think OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD has done more to publish historical details of the war than any other paper or Magazine in the South."—*Gen. I. R. Trimble.*

"I have been a subscriber for, and reader of, OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD since its establishment, and take pleasure in recommending both its literary and historical character."—*Gen. Wm. R. Cox.*

"I consider OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD a very valuable Magazine. It especially contains much important historical information, particularly such as shows the part taken by North Carolina in the late war. I trust that the intelligent people of the State will, by timely and liberal patronage, second your efforts to secure its continuance."—*Hon. Kemp P. Battle.*

"Your Magazine is not only creditable to your energy and enterprise, but in my judgment, is so well conducted as to reflect credit upon the State. In style and finish it is certainly up with the taste of the age, while its contents are often instructive and always pleasing and entertaining. It merits, and I hope will receive a liberal share of the public patronage. * * —*Capt. Sam'l A. Ashe.*

Address

S. D. POOL,
Raleigh, N. C.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Southern Historical Monthly,

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE SOUTH.

I HAVE COMMENCED the publication of a Magazine devoted to the preservation of historical materials, and to the vindication of the people of the States known as Confederate in the late war, under the title of the

Southern Historical Monthly.

The first number bearing date January 1876, was issued February 8th, and subsequent numbers will be about the 1st of each succeeding month.

The great popularity of "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD," published to vindicate North Carolina and to gather the precious memorabilia of the past, has emboldened the subscriber to undertake the publication of a Magazine more general in its character, embracing the entire record made by the soldiers and sailors who fought under the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederate States.

The Magazine will deal with the past. Its mission will be preservative. Its purpose will not be to promote strife, to awaken sectional animosities, or to fan the flame of hate; but with pious assiduity and care to preserve a true and full record of the sufferings, privations, fortitude and heroism of the people of the South, and of their unwavering devotion to a cause they sincerely believed to be just.

It will bear faithful testimony, endeavoring to be fair and just to both friend and foe. In vindicating the action and achievements of the South, no wrong will be done the North. The truth shall be so written that the labors of the historian of the war will be greatly facilitated. From its pages may be gathered such a correct view of the great struggle, that the men of other generations, and other countries and peoples may know what were the great principles at stake, what deeds were done, and what were the strength and resources of the combatants.

The Magazine will contain 128 pages, making two annual volumes 768 pages each It will be printed on good paper, with new type. At least one-half of each number willibe devoted to the historical record, and the remaining part to literature, including stories, essays, poetry, criticism, &c. Its contributors will be Southern gentlemen and ladies with established reputations in letters.

TERMS—$4,00 per annum, postage prepaid; single copies 35 cents.

As the Magazine will certainly appear at the time mentioned, remittances may be made at once by all who desire to begin with the first number.

An extra copy will be sent to any one sending us eight names with the cash. For $35,00 we will send ten copies; for $65,00 we will send twenty copies.

Active agents wanted in every town and county throughout the entire South.

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